

doubt, be advantages in the adoption of a referendum in England, some of which Mr. Bryce set forth in our columns three years ago. It would check the domination in a party of small cliques. It would promote real political education. It would, perhaps, get us a written Constitution, and remove much dispute as to the validity of certain Acts into the calm atmosphere of courts of law. But it would undoubtedly weaken the authority of Parliament; it would be extremely expensive; it would open the way (at present) to a vast amount of illicit and corrupt influence, and it would be an appeal from the intelligent to the ignorant—that is, not from Parliament to the people, but from the people who usually take part in politics to the people who usually do not. As to its compatibility with the Constitution, the less said the better. Mr. Parker Smith's amendment is only a fresh proof that the Conservative party have finally disclaimed the title of Constitutionalist, which they did their best to assume a few years ago.

#### GOOD WORK.

IN his recent peregrination northward, Lord Randolph Churchill astonished the "Tory working men," those most rare birds, of Liverpool, with a recital of all the fine things which had been done for the cause of Labour by the Tory party when it was in office. When his right hon. friend, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, was at the Board of Trade, said Lord Randolph, he established that most useful institution, the Labour Bureau. Sir Michael likewise established the important office of Labour Commissioner, and placed in the post that admirable friend of the working man, Mr. Burnett. Not content with this, Sir Michael, in his great zeal, in order to spread far and wide the information collected by the Department, founded the Board of Trade *Labour Gazette*. Two days after making this impressive announcement Lord Randolph Churchill got up in his place in the House of Commons and admitted that it was all a mistake. All these good works had, indeed, been performed, but it was only since the Liberal party had come into office and since Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had left the Board of Trade. While Lord Randolph was in Mashonaland or elsewhere he doubtless dreamed that his party had done these things. They were in office six years, and ought to have done them, he knew. But that is not the way of the Tory party, either in or out of office. The same evening that Lord Randolph made his *amende* to Mr. Mundella, his friends in the House blocked three of the measures which the Labour Bureau of his admiration had been trying to get passed in order to render its machinery more complete—to wit, the Notification of Accidents Bill, the Conciliation Bill, the North Sea Fisheries (Intoxicants) Bill—and they set their canon similarly against a fourth measure, the Railway Servants' Hours of Labour Bill, promoted by the Board of Trade. During the present week the same friends of Labour, assisted this time by Mr. Chamberlain, have been obstructing to the best of their ability—though happily without complete success—the Employers' Liability Bill, the Railway Servants' Bill, and the Registration Bill. This instructive contrast between the efforts of the Government and the efforts of the Opposition ought to be taken note of just now. The Government has the honour of being criticised from the rear as well as from the front, and it is perhaps as well to refer again to the quickly forgotten fact that it has, so far, simply broken the record of all previous Governments in the matter of actual achievement and fulfilment

of pledges; and that if it does not break the record still more brilliantly, it is because it is thwarted by a dishonest Obstruction campaign. In six months, by administration alone, it has accomplished more democratic reform—reform all along the line, from the magisterial bench to the workshop—than its predecessor dreamed about in six years. And now it is labouring resolutely and steadily, in face of tremendous difficulties, at all the immediately possible items on its legislative programme.

It is no small measure of good work done that in the present week, besides the Budget, the Second Readings of two such important Bills as the Employers' Liability and the Registration Bills should have been carried, and the Railway Servants' Bill passed completely. But for Mr. Chamberlain, the Employers' Liability Bill might have been weeks ago before the Standing Committee on Law and on a fair way to its Third Reading. Our object here, however, is not so much to complain of Mr. Chamberlain or to deal with the merits of these Bills (or else we might refer to some defects in the Registration Bill in especial which we hope to see amended) as it is to call attention to the moral of the homely apologue of the Boy and the Jar of Nuts. The boy, being greedy and innocent, could not withdraw his very full hand from the jar, which obstructed its egress by means of a narrow neck, until the sage bystander recommended him to let go some of the nuts and bring out a smaller handful. Acting upon this simple tip, the boy was quickly able to empty the jar. This is ancient wisdom, but somehow it never grows too old for the world. The jar of the Liberal party for the present year contains several nuts—Home Rule, Parish Councils, Registration, Employers' Liability, Equalisation of London Rates—all of which must be got out. But we must proceed on the method recommended to the boy; and if we do, we shall both accomplish our object and preserve our equanimity. Upon Home Rule, the biggest nut of all and the one nearest the neck, we must concentrate our attention first of all, for once that is out of the way the rest will slip out easily. We must work at it in Committee stage *de die in diem*, fighting them "on that line," as General Grant said, if it takes all summer. If it does, a brief recess and an autumn session *de die in diem* on the other Bills will complete the year's programme without an omission.

#### THE AMERICAN CURRENCY CRISIS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is showing skill and energy in the efforts he is making to strengthen the Treasury. It is to be hoped that he will succeed in averting a panic until Congress is called together and has time to consider what definite measures are to be adopted. But, even if he succeeds so far, what he is doing is merely a makeshift, and cannot permanently avail. The position, stated as briefly as possible, is as follows. The Treasury for many years past has been issuing certificates for gold deposited with it, the express condition being that the gold is to be kept for those who lodge it, and therefore against every gold certificate in the hands of the public an exactly equivalent amount of gold has to be retained. Furthermore, the Treasury has to hold for the redemption of the greenbacks, as they are called—that is, the Treasury notes issued during the Civil War—100 million dollars in gold, or twenty millions sterling. When we subtract these two sums from the gold held by the Treasury, we find that this week there remains no more than \$900,000, or £180,000. But, over and

above the greenbacks and the gold certificates, there are various kinds of paper money outstanding, amounting, at the beginning of this month, to about 118½ millions sterling. This immense mass of paper money is either directly redeemable in gold or is exchangeable for forms of currency which are themselves redeemable in gold. But to redeem so enormous a mass, as already said, the Treasury holds barely £180,000 in gold; and it has even this small reserve only because it has been able to borrow very considerable sums from the banks all over the country. Unfortunately the paper circulation is being increased every month by the issue of Treasury notes, which are legal tender for all public and private purposes, in the purchase of 4½ million ounces of silver. In other words, the circulation, which is already redundant, is being increased every month at the rate of nearly a million sterling.

It need hardly be said that no community, however wealthy and enterprising, can use an indefinite amount of money. There is a limit which cannot be exceeded, and it is quite clear that in the United States the limit was reached a couple of years ago. Consequently every fresh issue of paper money drove gold out of the country. The gold is received freely all over the world, but the paper circulates only at home. Consequently the gold went abroad to purchase what was required, or else was withdrawn by foreign owners alarmed by the unwise experiment the United States Government has engaged in. The only true remedy is to stop the purchases of silver and so cease altogether issuing more paper. If that were done the fears that now exist would probably disappear, and after a while the growth of wealth and population would enable the country to use what money it has. Besides, subsidiary measures of various kinds could be adopted to make room for the Treasury notes. But as long as silver continues to be bought, distrust and apprehension will exist, gold will be sent out of the country, and there will be incessant danger of a panic. President Cleveland recognises this very clearly, but he feels that Congress is not yet prepared to stop the purchases of silver; therefore he has abstained from calling Congress together. He hopes, however, that a little more experience will convince even the most obstinate that the present policy of the country is suicidal.

The banks of the West and the South have come to his assistance with much public spirit, but the New York banks have not hitherto responded very freely. At the beginning of this month the Treasury held about six millions sterling of Treasury notes, and the President offered to exchange these notes with the banks for gold. The New York banks replied that the notes would not suit them, but that they would be willing to lend gold to the Treasury if it would issue United States Government bonds. These bonds would enable the banks to increase their note issues, and the notes might be employed in lending and discounting. Thus the banks would profit doubly, first by receiving interest upon the bonds, and secondly by receiving interest on the notes which could be issued on the security of the bonds. Up to the present the President has refused to issue the bonds, but probably in the long run he will have to give way. If he does, it is to be hoped that a panic will be prevented until Congress can be called together. What Congress will do nobody can say. The West and the South are strongly in favour of the present policy, and the West and the South return a majority to Congress. Unless that majority can be converted, it is greatly to be feared that the present year will not come to an end without a very serious crisis in the United States.

## FINANCE.

ABOUT the middle of last week there were signs of improvement in Australia, and the best informed had begun to hope that the run upon the banks was coming to an end. Unfortunately the hope has been falsified, and at the end of the week the Australian Joint Stock Bank was obliged to close its doors. On Tuesday of this week the London Chartered Bank of Australia had to follow suit, making the fifth Australian bank that has suspended this year. The Australian Joint Stock was founded just forty years ago. Its paid-up capital was a little under three-quarters of a million. It had a reserve of half a million, and there were notes out of nearly half a million. The deposits in the colony were a little under seven millions, and those raised in this country were about four millions. It is said that when its difficulties became acute, it had only £150,000 in cash remaining in its till, and that it applied to the other banks for a loan of a million sterling immediately, and two millions at a short date afterwards. The application was refused, as was natural under the circumstances, and the bank had to suspend. The London Chartered was founded a year earlier, or forty-one years ago, by Royal Charter. It has a paid-up capital of a million; its reserve fund is £320,000; its notes in circulation amount to £219,000; and the deposits amounted, at the end of last year, to somewhat over 6½ millions, about half of them being British. As a matter of course, these two failures have intensified the panic, which, having spread first from Melbourne to Sydney, has extended to Brisbane and other towns. The weaker banks are undoubtedly in danger. The Government of Victoria is considering how it can give assistance to the banks, and the Government of New South Wales has introduced a Bill which, unfortunately, is more likely to do harm than good. It proposes not only to make the notes a first charge upon all the assets of the banks, but in certain circumstances to give a legal tender character to the notes, apparently for the purpose of enabling the banks to pay their deposits in the notes. Giving a legal-tender character to the notes would mean suspension of specie payments, and paying the deposits in notes would mean asking British depositors to take notes which are not current here, and, therefore, have no real value.

The growing acuteness of the currency crisis in the United States, on which we comment elsewhere, and the rapid succession of bank failures in Australia, have naturally had an influence upon the Money Market, making bankers and bill-brokers unwilling to lend or discount at all freely. Everyone, in fact, is waiting to see what will happen, and consequently bankers prefer to keep their funds in hand rather than lend, unless at good rates. Certain temporary influences have also affected the market, such as the preparations for issuing strong balance sheets at the end of the month; and the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange. But the main cause of the hardening of the Money Market is the panic in Australia and the crisis in the United States. Even on Tuesday, the day before the Stock Exchange Settlement began, a considerable amount was borrowed from the Bank of England, and on Wednesday the borrowings were on a larger scale. The discount rate in the open market rose to 2 per cent., and 2 per cent. was freely paid for short loans. There are rumours that the bank failures will bring down some mercantile firms trading with Australia, and there are also reports of difficulties in the shipping and ship-building trades. The price of silver continues to fluctuate about 38d. per ounce, and the India Council has succeeded in selling its drafts in large amounts, and at good prices. On Wednesday it sold altogether 81 lakhs, at an average price of about 1s. 2½d. per rupee. Business upon the Stock Exchange continues very inactive. There is, indeed, a good demand for Home Government



securities, Home Railway stocks of all kinds, and municipal stocks. But, very wisely, investors are holding aloof from all other departments.

#### UNCLE SAM IN A RUSSIAN HUG.

WHEN Grover Cleveland shall have passed away from this earth, history will record much in his favour, particularly actions reflecting personal courage and political disinterestedness. But I doubt if anything which he has said or done as President or private citizen will evoke amongst those of us who detest tyranny, so much of gratitude as recalling his efforts against an extradition treaty with Russia. The late Presidential Administration, personified by Mr. Blaine, lent itself to the Czar's Government with so much zeal and so much secrecy as to suggest that its action was not one palatable to honest people out of doors. Russia has for years sought to secure by treaty the right of seizing in other countries men who have escaped from her. To be a criminal in Russia, it is enough that the police discover in your possession a copy of *THE SPEAKER*, a volume of John Stuart Mill, or, worse still, a letter from abroad praising constitutional government. The Russian criminal whose crime has limited itself to patriotism has, in past years, found a refuge on American soil as he has on that of England, but if the newspaper reports are correct, from this time on, Russia can reach out into New England and call back to Siberia any one of her subjects whom she is pleased to consider as unsafe in his political creed.

But I hear agents of the Russian Government saying that this treaty is only intended for the punishment of Russians who have committed murder.

The treaty may say this, but there is already too much evidence of a trustworthy kind showing that the Russian police are not over-scrupulous in their regard for the truth when it is a question of condemning one suspected of political heresy.

Protestant clergymen have been imprisoned for no crime but that of ministering to their coreligionists; Protestant peasants have been flogged and fined for having their children baptised by their Protestant pastors; and what is true of Protestants, who represent the most thrifty, the most highly educated, and the most loyal subjects of the Czar, is vastly more true with reference to millions of others whom the Holy Greek Synod regards as heretic.

If the Russian Government takes a fancy to extinguish one of her subjects who may be preaching liberty in Boston or San Francisco, it must be a very inexperienced police official who cannot make out a satisfactory case of murder against him. The victim may protest his innocence before Heaven, but he will find no hearing in a court of law. The Russian official will manufacture a dozen, a hundred, or a thousand affidavits, each one more conclusive than the last, proving beyond the possibility of doubt that the said victim did, upon a certain occasion, in the presence of a dozen or a hundred witnesses, seek to encompass the death of some person, no matter whom. So far as the law is concerned, there will be not the slightest difficulty in producing as much evidence as is needed, against which nothing can be offered excepting the bare denial of a homeless and probably penniless fugitive.

Is there an American city that would not gladly welcome "Stepniak," who now lives in London, enriching our literature by his novels and maintaining the scanty line of communication between his oppressed compatriots and lovers of humanity in the outside world? Mr. Volkhofsky also shares with Stepniak the hospitality of London. He is absorbed in literary work, his last achievement being the editing of "Russia under Alexander III." George Kennan devotes a large share of his great work on "The Russian Exile System" to Volkhofsky, whom he became acquainted with on his journey through

the penal colonies of Eastern Siberia. Stepniak and Volkhofsky have both been in America, but they can never go there again while this treaty remains in force. They are both regarded by Russian officials as murderers, although there is no satisfactory evidence to fortify this official view. A Cobden or a Henry George would in Russia be regarded as a murderer, because reform in that country implies dissatisfaction—dissatisfaction means revolution, and revolution is murder.

Russia scores heavily by this triumph. Under Bismarck she succeeded in extraditing from Germany nearly every refugee she demanded; but to break the back of the Russian party of reform it was necessary to draw republics under her influence. Her Government has felt that the United States could, by signing such a treaty as the present one, discourage the dissatisfied Russians so completely that henceforward there would be an appearance of domestic peace.

But why, of all countries, should it be the United States to set the lead in assisting to hound down fugitive slaves? Why could Uncle Sam not have waited until at least England, a monarchy, had gone ahead? Russia, to be sure, professes great friendship for America, but these professions do not harmonise at all with the actual state of things. Last summer the United States shipped a great quantity of wheat and a large sum of money to Russia, in order to mitigate the effects of her great famine; but, so far as I am able to get reliable information, this spontaneous act of generosity on the part of humane people was resented rather than otherwise by His Majesty the Czar. The Russian official mind deemed it exceedingly dangerous that the people of Russia should imagine that a republic was so prosperous as to be able to give assistance to an Empire like that of the Czar. When the American ships sailed with their cargoes of wheat, I requested a Russian editor to make me up a set of newspaper clippings representing all that was said about the United States in connection with this gift. After six months had passed by I met my friend, and he told me that, so far as his part of Russia was concerned, the censor did not allow the subject to be discussed for fear of encouraging disloyal sentiment. To test his statement I made inquiries, and found what he said was true, and that those who had accidentally heard of America's gift had done so through foreign papers surreptitiously read.

Last year the chief of American artists in his line, Frederick Remington, left his country for the first time in his life, for the purpose of making a general sketching tour in Europe. To protect himself he carried, in addition to the usual passport, a special letter of introduction from the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the late Mr. Blaine. In order to facilitate his movements he brought with him from America a canoe, hoping by this means to avoid annoyance while pursuing his objects. Mr. Remington was shadowed by the police from the time he entered Russia until he was back across the frontier. He went to St. Petersburg and formally applied for permission; the permission was refused him, his boat was seized, and only liberated upon payment of a fine. It was then so late in the season that the artist was already sketching up in the Rocky Mountains of the far North-West before he got news that his canoe was liberated. Mr. Remington went to Russia under every circumstance calculated to excite sympathy on the part of the people he visited. He had never written anything about that country, and travelled with a single eye to his art. He wasted a whole summer—in fact, never saw his canoe once in the water. The Russian Government subsequently sent him about four pounds sterling as an indemnity for the treatment he received, but oddly enough this amount of money came, not through the American Legation in St. Petersburg, but through the hands of the German Consul; all of which is a trifling commentary on the

alleged warm feeling which the Russian Government feels for the American Republic.

When I was in Washington, last month, those who were in a position to know, gave it as their opinion that Mr. Blaine had made a bargain with Russia under the terms of which he would hand out refugee political suspects, and Russia should sustain the United States in the Behring Sea dispute. Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated too late to stop the consummation of this unholy alliance, even by the energetic use of cable correspondence; but there is good reason to think that his Government will examine any Russian affidavits with considerably more care than would have done the Government of Mr. Blaine. Committees have been formed in America to protest against this treaty, and these committees are represented by names of excellent men, of both parties. Mr. Cleveland has shown a disposition to do what in him lies to undo the mischief done, and it is earnestly to be hoped that such a disgrace as this treaty of extradition will not be allowed to long stain the records of the Republic.

If I were a friend of the Russian Czar, I should recommend him, when he sends for his first victim, to send a much larger fleet than he is sending to the Columbus festivities and be prepared for a long campaign.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

#### THE IRISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

AT "The Old House at Home," as so many Irishmen have called it affectionately, there is no sign of impending change. The fine sweep of the buildings stands greyly, dustily, against a clear April sky. Up and down the piazza clanks the soldier on guard. The thin stream of Dublin business men hurries in and out. The Bank of Ireland does not seem in the least as if it were under notice to quit. Here less than anywhere does one catch an echo of the historic debate now proceeding at Westminster. A bland and kindly porter, who is the most willing of guides, is alarmed at the new measure. He inclines his comfortable face to one side as he ponders the question I have asked him. "Anxious for the Bill to pass?" he repeats after me. "Well, Miss, I can't say that I am. I don't like old things to be altered. They're nearly always changed for the worse. But I hope whatever happens will be for the good of the country." The Bank directors are evidently kindly masters, or this official would be less conservative.

The Bank is here since 1802, when they removed from their old premises in Mary's Abbey to the last Senate House of the Irish people. Alterations and all, their bill came to £222,492. On the site of the Commons Chamber, which had been destroyed by fire, they built their big cash-office, a stately hall, seventy feet in length by fifty-two in breadth, and fifty-two feet six inches high. With certain alterations it would serve again, no doubt, for the Irish House of Commons. Mr. Francis Johnston was the Bank's architect. This imposing chamber would be very fine with some warmth of colour and woodwork introduced. At present it is repellently cold, its lantern light and clerestory windows shedding cold white daylight on the stone walls and twenty-four fluted Ionic columns.

The corridors of the House are low and homely, with frequent doors of beautiful Irish oak, many of them bearing carved wreaths and scrolls. One could not but think of their feet that went up and down here, Grattan, Flood, Charlemont, all the heroes and worthies of the Irish Parliament, as one knows them by heart or finds them in the racy pages of Sir Jonah Barrington. When the Governors of the Bank of Ireland purchased the old Parliament House they proved themselves capable men of business. They had an exemption already of a building-spot facing the new Carlisle Bridge, at the head of the still

newer Westmoreland Street. This they ceded, finding the historic building was in the market. It might have fared worse. Windy orators have talked of the money-changers defiling our National temple—but, *wirra wirrasthrue*, there was worse bargaining before that eventful night on which the Irish Parliament carried the Act of Union. College Green is the central spot of our old city; yonder is the University. At the top of Dame Street Dublin Castle is on the rising ground; to left and right of it respectively the two cathedrals. Westmoreland Street was only opened early in this century. Even after Carlisle Bridge was built the approach to it was by a cut-throat alley, where, unless one had a pretty art with the rapier, it was not safe to venture alone. The Right Honourable John Beresford, First Commissioner of the Revenue, was the man to alter all this. Besides projecting the new street he was responsible for many fine Dublin buildings, most notably for our beautiful Custom House, the masterpiece of that great architect, James Gandon. Those were the splendid days in Dublin when, as if by magic, a new and beautiful town sprang up on the northern bank of the river, formerly given over to the curlew and the heron. However, I am not writing of the building of Dublin, or I might grow eloquent. I will only mention that the Right Honourable John had a son, John Claudius, who represented Dublin at the time the Union was passed. He voted against it, in itself a patent of nobility—but he was all the same a bloodthirsty person. His floggings of rebels in '98, at the Riding School in Marlborough Street, have left him an evil name. "Beresford's Bloodhounds," his troop of yeomanry was called; and he carried out himself most of the barbarous executions of rebels which took place on Carlisle Bridge in the City of Dublin. However, enough of John Claudius.

I have said the Old House might fare worse than by falling into the hands of the Bank of Ireland. The preservation in which the House of Lords has been kept proves this. This venerable chamber has the beauty of age without its decay. It is exactly as the Lords left it. The long table of fine mahogany around which they sat at their deliberations is there; the chairs, built while craftsmen yet worked for eternity rather than time, are not an hour older. They have been unpressed since 1808 except by the bank directors at their occasional meetings. They are square and solid, seated in horsehair; the Lords spiritual and temporal of those days must have been unluxurious. Half the height of the chamber is panelled in oak, turned in Corinthian columns, with niches between. The recess at the end where the throne stood is filled by a statue of George III., which the bank spiritedly placed here at a cost of £2,000. The two great wall-pieces of tapestry are in exquisite preservation. They represent the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne respectively. The entablature of the order goes round the room; the ceiling is rich and simple. The mantelpiece is of beautifully carved oak, with noble emblematical heads supporting it. Fender and fire-irons of brass are untouched. The bar of the House is at the end, and in a niche stands a bust of the Duke of Wellington. The House of Lords gives one an impression of dignity and simplicity. It is absolutely silent in there; and if sunlight could penetrate the quiet place, I doubt it would detect a floating mote of dust, so great is the cleanliness.

The Lords used to enter under the great portico in Westmoreland Street, which was built at the time the new street was in progress. This doorway was built up, but one sees still, above the keystone, a portion of a great iron hook from which a lamp used to be swung. The Houses of Parliament cover between them a space of one acre, two roods, and thirteen and a half perches of ground. The chandelier of the old House of Commons is, I believe, in the possession of Trinity College. The Speaker's chair is in the board-room of the Royal Dublin Society. The Speaker's mace was left by the last Speaker of



the Irish House of Commons, the Hon. John Foster, who voted and worked might and main against the Union, in trust to his descendants, to be restored in the day he foresaw, when a new Speaker would open a new Irish Parliament. Lord Massareene and Ferrard is, I believe, the present representative of this incorruptible statesman.

With the Irish Houses of Parliament there be many associations—joyful and sorrowful, shameful and heroic—none of them all, to my mind, so full of tears as the silent pause made at their doors by a funeral procession on that most melancholy 11th of October, 1891. It was grey dawn—scarcely more than that—on a morning of wild autumn storm. All that week the wind wailed and the rain fell, till it seemed to us mourners that Nature herself mourned with us. But the wind and the rain might have saved themselves for that wildest night when he, whom so many of us loved with a passion and a faith well-nigh out of date, was coming home to us swiftly through the darkness, silent and cold. One heard all night, through a broken sleep, the rushing of the train, the thud of the paddle-wheels, bringing him home. I remember that pathetic crowd in the street that waited for him, pale-faced, stern-eyed. Sometimes the grief spoke out in words that wrung your heart. "We often came to meet you before, Charlie, but never like this," said one. To many of us "Charlie is our darling," and will be for ever. That morning, when the funeral reached the Old House on its way to the service at St. Michan's Church, the procession paused bare-headed before the portal of so many hopes. In the midst of it he we had called our Moses lay in his coffin. The rain streamed in grey sheets on bare heads and tear-wet faces. In the distance the great fold of crape with which they had decked the City Hall for the lying-in-state flapped like a monstrous wing of death.

The flag Miss Una Taylor worked for Mr. Parnell, which he was to unfold above a native Parliament, lies in the National League rooms in O'Connell Street. If he had been spared to us, that day of the future would be to us all one of unshadowed national joy. Now that day will not come without a pang in its happiness for many of us.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

#### THE REVIVAL OF SIGNS.

IS there any likelihood of the "æsthetic revival," of which we sometimes hear, bringing back again the custom of signs? Will our shops take to indicating once more their individuality by this time-honoured means, and renounce the bald and feeble device of writing up over their door the name of the shopkeeper and his number, according to the plan by which paupers and criminals are individualised in our public institutions? "At the sign of the Ship, over against St. Clement Danes," would sound so much nicer for an address than "No. 3005, Strand," and a spirited picture of a ship in full sail upon a decorative sea, azure and wavy, with a heraldic swan sable in the sinister corner, would be so much more agreeable to the eye standing out over an emporium than the legend, in stiff characters, "3005, J. W. Smith & Co., Ltd., Hosiers and Haberdashers, 3005." The thought occurs to us, on the perusal of an interesting book on "London Signs and Inscriptions" (Elliot Stock) which has just come out. Why should not my wife's fashionable milliner in Bond Street call her place "The Beauty Adorned" instead of "Modes et Robes"? Or, if the tongue of Paris be indispensable, she might name it "À la Belle Hélène" or "À la Belle Cordelière," and get Mr. Walter Crane to give her an appropriate design for the signboard in weather-proof colours. Her rival across the street might call her establishment "The Toilet of Venus," and give the order for the sign to Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Burne-Jones, we feel sure, could do something delightful and

enticing to customers as a sign for an apothecary, or a publisher of minor poets. And what a design Mr. Alma-Tadema could furnish for a Turkish bath, which, instead of calling itself "No. 33A," would announce itself to the eye of every passer-by, with the aid of Mr. Tadema's art, as "The Emperor Caracalla," or "The Sultan of Bagdad"! Base uses for academicians, do you say? No such thing. It is the true democratisation of art and a development for which the age ought to be eminently prepared. Great artists painted signs before these academicians; but in those days science had forgotten how to enable paint to stand the weather. We believe it has recovered the lost secret since. Spread upon tasteful wrought-iron and enamelled or electrocuted (or something of the kind), we believe, with a little care, it can be rendered a joy for ever even in defiance of an English climate. And what fairer prospect can be imagined than our streets peopled with the triumphs of our academicians? What encouragement of art, what education for our public! Pictures brought down into our thoroughfares and under the daily eye of the crowd, spreading a refining and enlightening and never-ceasing influence far and wide—instead of wasting their sweetness upon the desert air of some rich man's dining-room, which is uninhabited three parts of the year, or hanging in ignominy for a few weeks of the season from the walls of a public gallery, as an excuse for the empty chatter of young ladies from Kensington and good old johnnies from St. James's Street, who would sooner be admiring an actress's photograph.

The prospect almost carries us away. Think of one gunsmith's shop, whose proprietor would favour realistic art, going in for a battle-piece in the style of Vereschagin; another, with Dutch tastes, giving us an affair of cavalry after Wouvermans. "The Twelfth of August" would rejoice in a Scotch moor with game and dogs in Landseer's honoured manner; and surely Sir John Millais would be as well employed in painting a sign for "The Isaak Walton," or "The Compleat Angler," or "The Piscator," or "The St. Peter," where he buys his fishing-tackle, as in painting a soap advertisement or a Christmas supplement for an illustrated paper. As one moved through these enchanted streets, with what a pleasing hesitation would one stand, when thirsty, between the attractions of those rival dairies, "The Neat-handed Phyllis" (Mr. Boughton) and "The Pretty Milkmaid" (Mr. Luke Fildes); and with what depraved or decadent but, nevertheless, æsthetic frailty one might finally succumb to the thought of a sherry-and-seltzer under the dazzling eyes and superb bolero-pose of "The Carmencita" (Mr. Sergeant). Popular suffrage, skilled from experienced observation, would eventually become the final tribunal as to the merits of works of art, as in the Italian cities, where no artist's mind was at rest until his painting or his statue, unveiled to the public gaze, had drawn forth the enthusiastic *vivas* or the withering sarcasms and jeers of the crowd. We might then at last have an authoritative verdict about Degas, a signboard by whom would doubtless adorn that Bohemian café "The New Critic." Caricature, too, would lend its playful aid to this bright renaissance of the streets. Mr. Phil May or some other Caran d'Ache or Cheret of London would tickle the groundlings with his *fin de siècle* notion of "La Jolie Parfumeuse" (where one gets one's hair cut), or "The Cabbage Leaf" (where one orders one's pure regalias). How gay and sympathetic to find one's tailor some fine morning calling his place "The Johnnie" or "The Alcibiades," while his duller fellows down the street strove to outshine him in various guises as "The Peer," "The Plunger," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Major-General," characters which the ingenuity of rival artists would have striven successfully to represent. Nor would sculpture by any means be idle in this charming work. Indeed, many of the last-mentioned signs might very appropriately be bodied forth as wooden images.

Is it but a dream, we ask, or is there a chance of the "æsthetic revival," when the New Day comes, doing something of the kind for sombre London? In the introduction to the new book which prompts these reflections we are told that the æsthetic revival has already resulted in "a considerable reappearance of signs in different parts of London, mostly of artistic iron-work"; but, the writer adds, "although this helps to relieve the monotony of many streets, it is not a custom that would be popular if it became universal." Now, we do not see the force of this conclusion. Doubtless the writer has in his mind the causes which led to an Act of Parliament to abolish painted signs being passed in the year 1762. But that Act was only the crude expedient of an unæsthetic age, which knew nothing better, and did not care to think of anything better, to do with works of art when they became a public nuisance than to do away with them altogether. It is true that these signs, often very heavy and swinging upon rusty iron bars, had a way in windy weather of suddenly falling down and killing two or three people on the pavement. It is true also, we confess, that a good deal of our own feeling for signs is due to the romantic noise they made in the stormy midnight as they creaked to and fro upon their hinges. What more thrilling, what more weird, when the traveller in the lonely wayside inn vainly tries to sleep, his pistols primed and handy under his bolster, than this creaking of the sign outside the window mingling with the howling of the blast! But we are willing to sacrifice this sensation for the sake of obtaining the others, and now that science has advanced so very far, we see no reason why it should not be possible to fix a sign as steadily and firmly in its place as, say, the Law Courts clock. This disposes of the objection which formed the basis of the Act of 1762, and, if it does, there is really no other valid objection to the revival of signs that we can see.

The hope, however, is perhaps but a premature one. At least so we fear. The New Day has not yet completely dawned, and in the meanwhile this flat utilitarian age, with its railway, and its newspaper, and its board school vulgarising everything and ironing out all the picturesque inequalities of the human surface until everyone is of the same pattern, this age is hostile to the spirit of the sign. The man who has acquired the art of reading according to the Roman alphabet would deem it an insult to be asked to distinguish his public-house by the more obvious, but not less enlightening, symbolism that was intended for his illiterate ancestor. The conservation of the idea lingers with a few more or less despised classes, like the worship of the greater divinities when they sank to the level of the Syrian goddess and found honour only in the villages. The publicans indeed are about the most faithful adherents to the tradition, and for this reason we confess to a soft feeling for them in presence of the flood of teetotal democracy which threatens to overwhelm them. The omnibus folk, likewise a threatened race, are faithful, too. There is a subtle and suggestive connection between the omnibuses, descendants run to seed of the old stage-coaches, and the taverns by which they still, as of old, mark the stages of their journey. The "Angel," the "Royal Oak," the "Bull and Mouth," the "Nag's Head," the "King's Head," the "Lord Wellington," the "Lord Nelson," the "Plough," the "Swan," the "Elephant and Castle," the "Markiss o' Granby"—what eloquent names! How they conjure out of the past the robust and horsy era of the Georges, and the illustrious line of Wellers! Yet, sad to say, even the public-houses are now beginning to yield some points to the blighting spirit of the time. Though they retain their tutelary deities by name they are ceasing to represent them pictorially on their signboards. If you visit the "Nag's Head," or the "Lord Nelson," or the "Horseshoe," you will see no symbol or blooming portrait on its front. Drive to some suburban "Markiss o' Granby"—your horse will indeed find the same trough to drink from that Mr.

Weller soused Mr. Stiggins in, and at its head will be the tall post surmounted by the board, which ought to bear the features, or at the very least the arms, of the honoured hero of the Flanders wars. But neither features nor arms enliven the scene; in their place are written up, in characters which would have excited the contempt of Mr. Weller, the words "The Marquis of Granby" as correct and barren as a heading in a penny newspaper. Even the tobacconists have given up the wooden warriors who used to guard their doors—except, curious to relate, in America—where also barbers still preserve their poles. It is a very strange freak of survival. A dissertation might be written on the tobacco signs and barbers' poles of the New World.

## THE MODERN PRESS.

### XII.—"THE DAILY NEWS."

LAST Saturday ought to have been a day of triumph to the *Daily News*. Alone among the leading organs of our daily press in the metropolis, it has supported the Home Rule cause through thick and thin, through good report and evil. Alone it stood by that cause when the fortunes of Mr. Gladstone and his party were at their lowest, and when hardly a voice was raised in London in defence of the policy of conciliation to Ireland. It was not a small matter to the Home Rulers then, that they had one great organ in the Press which stood by them with unflinching loyalty, and fought their battle with conspicuous ability. Nobody expects much in the way of gratitude from successful statesmen; but last Saturday morning, when the numbers in the Home Rule division were announced, some men upon the Treasury Bench might have done worse than turn a thought of grateful recognition towards those who for seven long years had been steadfastly fighting their battles in the Press, and especially in the columns of the *Daily News*. There is a class of Liberals to whom the very name of the *Daily News* is distasteful; but, strange to say, their distaste for it arises from the very fact that it has been the most loyal and constant supporter of the Liberal cause. It is a queer world in which those who profit by loyalty and constancy turn those qualities to contempt, yet this is the way of the world of politics; and some even of those who have been most deeply indebted to the *Daily News* for the help which it has given them in their political struggles, profess to wish that its loyalty had at times been tempered by some show of more or less hostile independence. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the men who have urged this complaint against the *Daily News* would have been the first to denounce its editor as a traitor if he had really acted as they professed to wish.

The position of a recognised organ of the Liberal Party in the Press is always a difficult one. Even among Liberals, the majority is about as wise as majorities usually are; and many a Liberal, when he reads the vivacious articles in the *Daily News*, believes that he is reading something which has been textually inspired by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Morley. There is, of course, no foundation for this idea; newspaper inspiration in no case is carried to such a point as this. But the conductors of a newspaper like the *Daily News* cannot ignore the fact that the popular mind attributes a directly inspired origin to their utterances, and they are consequently bound to be far more cautious in expressing opinions upon the burning questions of the hour than those journals which nobody looks upon as having any inspiration in particular. There are times, of course, when the temptation is strong on the part of the editor of a newspaper commonly regarded as the exponent of the principles of a party, to assert his own individual independence by some wild shriek of liberty. And if he were to



think only of his own interests he would unquestionably yield to the temptation, for the general public appreciates nothing so much as some sudden departure on the part of a newspaper from what may be termed its orthodox opinions. But an editor who is above all things anxious to advance the interests of the party to which he belongs, and in whose principles he believes, will strive to resist the temptation, no matter how strong it may be, rather than run the risk of compromising those with whom he is in close political accord and alliance. If the only fault that certain Liberals can now find with the *Daily News* is that its editor has steadfastly refused to surrender to the temptation we have described, it can hardly be necessary to defend the journal against its assailants. Nor ought it to be forgotten that, whilst an unfaltering loyalty to the Liberal cause is one of the chief characteristics of the *Daily News*, it has shown its devotion to that cause on many a field in which mere party interests have played but a subordinate part. When it stood for the great cause of freedom during the American Civil War it was in open opposition to no small section of the official Liberals of the day; and, more recently, when it was in the van in the fight on behalf of the oppressed nationalities of the East, it could not count on more than a lukewarm support from a large section among our Liberal statesmen. To pretend, in these circumstances, that the *Daily News* is the mere hack of a party is to fly in the face, not merely of the truth, but of notorious facts.

The history of the *Daily News* for the last quarter of a century has been largely the history of the efforts of one man, Mr. J. R. Robinson, its present editor. It is only some seven years since Mr. Robinson became the actual editor of the journal, but for nearly twenty years before he was its guiding spirit. Many able colleagues have served with him in the office in Bouverie Street, men not unworthy in their literary power to be associated with a journal which had Charles Dickens as its first editor. But, speaking broadly, the *Daily News*, as we know it to-day, and as we have known it for a score of years past, is what Mr. Robinson has made it. He it was who in 1870 organised that wonderful service of Special Correspondents from the seat of the Franco-German War which gave the *Daily News* an unqualified pre-eminence over all its contemporaries as an organ of news whilst that great struggle lasted. At some future day, Mr. Robinson may perhaps give the world the story of his experiences during that eventful epoch. When it is made known, it will be found to be full of romance and of incident. Sometimes the editor, even now, when he is in an anecdotal mood, will delight his friends by telling them of how Mr. Forbes first came to Bouverie Street and secured that place on the staff which was to bring fame and fortune both to him and to the paper he served; or of McGahan's marvellous courage and daring, as he went about, either on the battle-fields of Turkey, or among the savage hordes of the Soudan, gathering information for the readers of the *Daily News* with the coolness of a market-gardener gathering flowers for Covent Garden. Here it must suffice to say that Mr. Robinson enjoys the credit of having organised by far the best system of special war-correspondents which has ever been possessed by any newspaper in the world. The happiest of instincts seemed not only to guide him unerringly to the choice of the right man for the work, but to enable him to select the precise spot where a correspondent could be best employed. The result has been a series of triumphs unequalled in the history of the newspaper press. In 1870 the people of France and Germany had to trust far more largely to the *Daily News* than to any of their own journals for a knowledge of what was passing on the fields on which the fate of both nations was being decided. In 1876 it was the *Daily News* which opened the eyes of the civilised world to the horrors of Bulgaria, and gave the lie to Lord Beaconsfield,

with his flippant and insincere talk about "coffee-house babble." More recently, in Central Asia, in Afghanistan, in Zululand, and in the Soudan, the small but brilliant staff which served under Mr. Robinson have been the eyes of the public of Europe and America, and have brought home to us the realities of a thousand scenes of strife and bloodshed as such realities were never brought home to us before.

To have done all this, to have been, as it were, the Moltke of the army of special correspondents, and at the same time to have carried on the business management of a great London newspaper, might well have been deemed sufficient, and more than sufficient, for one man's life. But Mr. Robinson has been more than all this. Sprung of an old Nonconformist stock, the son of a respected minister in Essex, he drank in the true principles of Liberalism in his boyhood, and from those principles he has never departed. His creed may not run on all fours with the latest phase of contemporary political thought. His personal beliefs are too deeply rooted in intense conviction to be at the mercy of every passing wind. But he is Liberal to the backbone—Liberal in the old and best acceptance of the word. For the pretensions of priestcraft and the arrogance of State churches he has the contempt which one of his stock might be expected to cherish. If he believes in the necessity of maintaining the Liberal party in a position of efficiency and supremacy, it is because he believes it to be the best instrument in the world for carrying into effect the great principles to which he has given a lifelong devotion. If at times he seems somewhat intolerant of new movements and new organisations, it is because he realises the fact that no greater danger could threaten the Liberal cause than a dissipation of its energies in various fields, and in the pursuit of objects which are at times little more than phantoms—beautiful, perhaps, but unreal as the bubble that dies in the sunshine. His Liberalism has, at least, never been a narrow creed applied only to the politics of his own country. Reared in journalism at the feet of Douglas Jerrold, he has known how to extend his sympathies to the friends of liberty wherever they are to be found; nor have the victims of oppression in any part of the world ever had a truer friend than the editor of the *Daily News*. In theology and in literature, as in the other gentler movements of the national life, he has shown his Liberalism almost as strongly as in politics. The literary articles in the *Daily News* which readers still enjoy were a feature in that paper when they were unique in daily journalism; and not even the fact that the *Daily News* is the recognised organ of English Nonconformity has prevented its editor from dealing in a broad and liberal spirit with the stage, and from doing all in his power to elevate the theatre. Mr. Robinson's personal reserve and modesty have, to some extent, veiled the real man from his contemporaries. Perhaps, too, his sense of the great responsibilities attaching to the position he occupies have tended to raise a barrier between himself and the outside world; but those who know him best can testify not only to the real kindness of heart which is one of his distinguishing characteristics, but to his absolute sincerity as one of the political leaders of our time.

#### "THE HIGHWAY OF LETTERS."\*

IT needs a desperately developed bump of admiration—a bump which Charles Lamb would have fingered with ecstasy—to inspire any æsthetic sense about Fleet Street as we see it. Mr. Thomas Archer, who knows the lore of our highway to its finest shade of sentiment, has a sort of forlorn satisfaction in contrasting its present "dingy and sordid" state

\* "The Highway of Letters." By Thomas Archer. London: Cassell & Co.

with the time when it was "full of life and colour, talk and laughter"; when the City Watch made it bright with pageant, and our Eighth Henry stole out in disguise to see the show; when country gentlemen were so fond of it that the sagacious James, who suspected Ben Jonson of disrespect to Scotch courtiers, enacted that the squire must stay at home, instead of neglecting his tenantry for the sparkling spectacle betwixt Temple Bar and Lud Gate. Those of us who plod day by day past eating-houses and newspaper offices, through a throng of hawkers of sweetmeats and penny puzzles; who get a glimpse of St. Paul's over a railway bridge, or of the Griffin in a restless vista of omnibuses; who are jostled in a crowd of betting-touts, and shaved in a sham palace of Cardinal Wolsey, and who behold no pageant save on Lord Mayor's Day—which it is worth a considerable sum to avoid—we can understand only too well how Fleet Street has decayed for our outer vision. There was a time, as Mr. Archer reminds us, when the whole face of the City might have been made picturesque. After the Great Fire Wren prepared a plan which offered a noble feast to the æsthetic eye; but there were squalid obstacles in the shape of vested interests and unearned increment. If Sir Christopher could have had his way, we might be pacing thoroughfares which no commercial spirit could rob wholly of beauty, and which would save London from the gibes of Mr. Grant Allen. But there was no public spirit to embrace the task of making Fleet Street an architectural expression of our literature, of teaching the stones to echo the footsteps of Chaucer, of weaving round columns indefinable associations of Shakespeare, who, as Mr. Archer says, may have corrected the proofs of *Romeo and Juliet* at Master Jaggard's office in Fleet Street, supposing that he was ever moved to correct them anywhere. So it has come to pass that this queer jumble of fourth-rate restaurants, barbers' shops, and newspaper factories is the street which we proudly show to the foreigner as the haunt consecrated by many generations of genius.

It is the inner eye which must be brought into play to contemplate the real glories of Fleet Street. With that useful organ you can see Lydgate teaching versification in the days when to write English verses was a startling achievement; you can also see, at a good deal later period, Ben Jonson inditing regulations for the "Devil" tavern, chief amongst them being a warning against the recital of "insipid poetry"—a hint which might be valuable even now to the Authors' Club; you can watch the operations of Tottell, the first Fleet Street publisher, and wonder what were his primeval emotions when he took his first writers in hand. You can hear Tonson grumbling over the two hundred he paid Swift for "Gulliver," and Lintot casually remarking that he paid Pope five thousand for shedding the radiance of translation on Homer; you can see Milton exercising the censorship of the press, and the incorruptible Marvell still dining off that immortal mutton bone; you can observe the gluttony over "slices of porpoise braised with almonds," and the "immoderate drinking of fools," traditions of good living which no longer prevail within the dominion of the Corporation; you can see the Star Chamber sitting on "libels," and thank your own luminaries that you have not to unburden your mind under the same jurisdiction; you can people Alsatia and Bohemia once more, and join in the riots of the City apprentices with the cry of "Clubs, clubs!"; you can follow reverentially the lurching gait of Johnson, and listen breathlessly for some stuttered jest from Lamb; you can linger with a certain sense of patronage over the dawn of newspaper enterprise, and buy the fourth edition of the *Courier* simply to find this announcement about Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval: "Ten minutes past six. The villain refuses to be shaved!" Here, perhaps,

the spell breaks, and the inner eye suddenly closes, for your ordinary working orb lights upon a "special edition" of the evening paper you know so well, and you are reminded of that supremacy which administers the "largest circulation." Moreover, in his closing pages Mr. Archer piques your individuality by reciting names and exploits which do not hold you in speechless awe. You can pursue the course of print for some centuries after Caxton with a submissive spirit; but when it comes down to the anecdote of the writer who, having informed a company at the "Cheshire Cheese" that the sun was ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, was asked: "Sir, you are a man of genius; why don't you write for the *Illustrated London News*?" the moment for independence has arrived.

It is fair to our highway to say that its picturesque time, for the outer vision, begins long after nightfall, when the cookshops are shut, and the last citizen has been shampooed to his soul's delight. Then you can walk down Fleet Street without wondering at Johnson's invitation to a ruminative stroll; and as you listen to the printing machine you can sternly repress that obtrusive quotation which begins "There she goes, Pen." In the small hours of the morning the loom of time is powerfully active in this quarter of the town. You can get your inner eye into working order again, and fix it on the weaving of that extraordinary web which is made anew every night from the most singular materials, and in the most puzzling intricacies. Day comes, and the mighty structure envelopes the universe, and in a moment is gone like gossamer. If it were more substantial and less fleeting, we might be suffocated by it, for this is Public Opinion which overshadows us every morning, but happily permits us to breathe towards the close of the afternoon. When the inner eye watches the weaving of the web, which here and there develops the most fantastic designs, with an infinite diversity of brain, there seems to be brooding over Fleet Street a strange spirit of unrest. Quaint shadows flit to and fro; curious echoes are summoned from the past to make an incantation; but the brooding intelligence finds no content. And presently you notice two shapes on the highway, evidently deep in perplexity. "It was not so in our time," says one. "Sir, you mean in my time," interrupts the other. "Then it was what I thought, what Burke thought, what Davy or Goldsmith thought, though I took little account of that; but now it is what the public thinks!" "It seemed to me I caught a smack of sound doctrine in Shoe Lane," says the first. "Sir," says the other, "you may depend upon it that this public which thinks is a viler Whig dog than we ever knew."

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FOR the last few days two rumours have been in circulation. The first is, that the Academy was a great deal worse than usual; the second, that the Academy was a great deal better than usual. It seems to me that both these rumours are incorrect. The Academy is just the same as usual. The number of pictures rejected was, it is true, very large; but the number hung is—at least, so it appears to me—quite up to the average. And when we consider the character of a very large percentage of accepted works which the Academicians have been able to find place for, we find ourselves forced to admit that the great paying public will have no cause to complain of any falling off either in the quantity or the quality of that large measure of instruction and entertainment which they have been led to expect from the Academy. Complaints, of course, will be heard; but is not complaint inherent in human nature? The greatest enterprises, and the most noble projects for the alleviation of human suffering and the enlightenment of the race have met with adverse criticism. They have happily survived



the snarls and the sneers of the excessively supercilious; and, if we may again venture into prophecy, our prediction stands that the present exhibition will amply satisfy the anticipations of visitors during the present season. It would be strange indeed if it were not so; for, even in the short space of a first and hasty visit, it was impossible not to notice that the subject-matter was exceedingly various. Modern art, it is clear, is determined to avail itself to the full of all those vast treasures of information which the progress of civilisation places at the disposal of him who would seek it. The earth has yielded up her secrets to the untiring energy of man. We know how the Babylonians and Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, dressed, feasted, and were buried. Our painters have included the results of all the most recent investigations in their paintings. We have pictures representing the most striking events in ancient and modern history; these will recommend themselves to the more thoughtful visitors, but those whose natures are more in sympathy with their own time will not go away disappointed. They will find canvases on which is written, and in a language that can be read even by those who do not know how to read, all the touching stories that domestic life affords—lingering and resting lovers; babies cooing in grateful and comforting cots; babies toddling—those first toddlings whose imminent danger soft following hands are ready to avert; fair summer prospects that will awaken in the heart of the jaded Londoner desire of fresh fields and pastures new. These will please if they do not find purchasers, and if they do not find purchasers it will surely be on account of the present commercial depression. If people have no money, it is difficult to see how they are to buy pictures; but apart from such sordid consideration, it would seem that everything is as it should be.

The President—for it is only proper that we should speak of him first—exhibits a picture entitled "Farewell." Those who are acquainted with the President's well-known style—and who is not?—will easily guess that this is a picture of no vulgar city maiden weeping for him who has left her. It represents, as they correctly suppose, a Greek girl in classical draperies. On her left there is a Greek temple; probably she will turn in there, for her grief would seem vulgar and ostentatious in the open air. Regarding this picture, we have only one criticism to offer. Sir Frederick seems to have fallen into the mistake of painting too beautiful a face, for frankly it is difficult to understand why her lover has left her. In his picture entitled "Fir Faggots," Mr. David Murray shows us one of his favourite open prospects of English country, which, notwithstanding the fact that he is a Scotchman, he so much delights in. It would be impossible to imagine a more suitable spot for a picnic. The weather in the picture is just the kind of weather we left outside in Piccadilly, but in the picture there are ferns and heather and a range of blue mountains. Who is there who would not enjoy kicking his heels about in such a place? Sir John Millais's portrait of Mr. John Hare, we venture to say, will be a surprise to many, and this for no fault that can be rightly attributed to the painter. Mr. Hare generally plays old men. We know Mr. Hare by his histrionic white hair and sharp decisive voice. In the picture there is neither the voice nor the hair that we know—so, in a way, the picture is a disappointment. But there is some compensation in being shown the famous actor as he appears to his friends in his private life—a studious man between forty and fifty, holding a book in his hands, which we may surmise to be a play.

In the next room we have "The King's Libation." The picture represents an Assyrian monarch surrounded by lions. But the animals crouch tamely enough at his feet. He pours over them wine, or blood, from a goblet—the catalogue does not inform us which—but it seems safe to conclude that it is

wine; blood would surely inflame the animals' passions, and they would not be able to resist tearing the victorious monarch to pieces. But in the quotation from Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies" the phrase occurs, "Thankoffering to the great protectors under whose auspices success has been achieved." The word "thankoffering" would lead us to suppose that the libation is one of blood, for how are we to imagine lions accepting wine with thanks? In the third room we have Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Funeral of a Viking." This picture brings us by some thousand years nearer to civilisation, but we are still in a rough and barbarous age. The old chief has been laid on his favourite craft—one of those long, lean, terrible craft which, a thousand (or was it fifteen hundred?) years ago, used to devastate the coast of England. We cannot but think of the dismay of the poor islanders when that long, lean, carved prow sailed up one of our southern wicks. Now it is setting forth on its last voyage; the sail is set, and the flames—for the boat that bears the chief is his funeral pyre—cast a lurid glow over the midnight sky; and the terrible Northern men, arrayed in all their war gear, are thrusting the boat out upon the sea that the dead man had loved so well. The picture, we venture to say, will be found to be one of peculiar interest. It will probably awaken the old controversy regarding our Viking origin. Be that as it may, the Academicians have acted wisely by giving to it the place of honour.

Mr. Marcus Stone's idyl is in marked contrast to Mr. Dicksee's great illustration of the life of our ancestors. He calls it "The Honeymoon," and the picture has been well named, for truly the lovers seem to be drinking the honey of their wedded life. So happy do they seem that we shall not be surprised if this picture brings fond avowal to the lips of those lovers who during the season happen to linger in this gallery with their sweethearts. There is, it is true, a certain hypercritical class of critics who would deny to art the power of influencing the emotions for good or evil; but there are many of a more generous temperament, and these will agree that this picture will be likely to promote many happy marriages. Next to this picture, as if with the intention of reminding us that life cannot be all happiness, the hanging committee have placed Sir Frederick's most important contribution, "Rizpah." We are back again in a barbarous age, among crucified men, weeping women, and prowling tigers. The wretched woman is cutting down the body of her son, who was miserably done to death for some trifling crime for which in our more enlightened age he would have got six, perhaps not more than three, months. There will be few, we venture to say, to whom this picture will not prove helpful, few whom it will not convince that progress has not been made, and that the way of man is upward—always upward. And not far from this most instructive picture we come upon another, larger and hardly less conclusive in its teaching—"The Waters of the Nile," by Mr. Frederick Goodall. Women are coming down to the stream with jars on their heads. The red disc has just slipped below the horizon; it is the moment of short Eastern twilight, and the immortal pyramids show aloft in the still glowing sky. When these were building, six thousand years ago, women, who no doubt were very like the women in the picture, came down at eventide with jars on their heads for water. Since then the face of the world has been changed; nothing is the same as it was then, save the immortal pyramids and the eternal sky. But how little has that immense monument served the intention of the proud king who, regardless of human suffering, caused it to be built for his honour and glory! Its secret was discovered, and his mummy was torn from out of its eternity of stone, photographed, and exhibited in the Strand. What reflections Mr. Goodall's picture calls to mind, what an excellent lesson it conveys! Hardly less instructive, though the instruction is conveyed in a more homely manner, is Mr. Leader's picture of "An Old

Country Churchyard 'with ivy clad'—a quiet old place where many have prayed and many have been laid to rest; humble country-folk for the most part, but whose dust is no different from the dust of those who in life were their superiors. The tale that this picture tells is undeniable, but Mr. George Boughton exhibits a picture which makes a certain demand upon our credulity, and which, we fear, will awaken reproof for idle superstition in many excellent Protestant hearts. It is called "The Vision at the Martyrs' Well." But no such fault will even the most scrupulous be able to find with Mr. Stanhope Forbes's picture, entitled "The Lighthouse." This picture seemed at first quite unmoral; but that was because I had not examined it closely enough. The virtue of patience is admirably depicted on the man's face, and he holds the line like one who would fish from sunrise to sunset, though he were not rewarded by a single bite.

I regret that want of space prevents my pointing out all the historical canvases, and commenting on all the moral instruction to be found within the walls of Burlington House. To adequately criticise pictures painted with such high intention, the critic would have to be at once an historian and a theologian. Unfortunately, I am neither, and this attempt in the higher criticism is, I am afraid, but a sorry shift. There were, it is true, some pictures whose merits were merely technical. But as fine painting does not mean fine art, there is no reason why I should speak of them. If ever I should find occasion to do so, it will be for the sake of the opportunity they will give me of still further insisting how necessary a moral, or at least an historical, intention, is in a picture.

G. M.

### THE DRAMA.

#### "A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE."

A DRAMATIC critic of credit and renown made a confession to me the other day. "I have been spending the morning," said he, "in trying to write my notice of Oscar's new play, and I have found it jolly tough work. It's easy enough to point out scores of faults, and one has to point them out; but, hang it all, one can't help feeling that there is more in the fellow than in all the other beggars put together." That happens to be precisely my own experience. I feel that the "other beggars" can, many of them, give Mr. Oscar Wilde points and a beating at the mere cat's-cradle game of dramatic intrigue-weaving, and yet in point of intellect none of them can touch him. Nine English playwrights out of ten, with all their technical skill, their knowledge of "the sort of thing the public want, my boy," strike one as naïve persons; they accept current commonplaces, they have no power of mental detachment, of taking up life betwixt finger and thumb, and looking at it as a queer-ironic game. But Mr. Wilde is the tenth man, sceptic, cynic, sophist, as well as artist, who moves at ease amid philosophical generalisations, and is the dupe of nothing—except a well-turned phrase. This temperament is common enough among the book-men, but among the playwrights it is exceedingly rare. And it is a temperament peculiarly sympathetic to the critic; because, when it occurs with a lower vital power, it is the very temperament which finds expression in criticism. In a play of Mr. Pinero or Mr. H. A. Jones, or one of the "other beggars," there is, I feel, always something fundamentally alien from my own mental processes. Under no conceivable circumstances can I fancy myself writing one of these plays. But, impudent as the assertion may seem, a play of Mr. Wilde's is just the sort of play which I am sure I could have written—had I Mr. Wilde's ability. The "other beggars" differ from me in kind; Mr. Wilde differs from me only in degree. I am quite aware that that difference is still enormous. All I want to make clear is that the

fact of Mr. Wilde's temperament being the critical temperament—raised to a higher power—prompts criticism to treat Mr. Wilde with peculiar tenderness.

For my part, I am all the more ready to forgive him, because, clever as he is, he is not so clever as to humiliate one's self-esteem. The man whom we all naturally detest is the man who says things which we are not able even to begin to think. But that is not the case with Mr. Wilde's epigrams. One may not have invented them oneself, but we easily make out the process by which they are invented; and so one hugs the flattering belief that one could have invented them—as Wordsworth believed he could have written *Hamlet*—if one only "had the mind." Sometimes the process is obviously mechanical; it simply consists in predicating "black" when the common-sense predicate is "white." Thus, when an allusion is made to scandalous reports about Lord Illingworth's morality, my lord replies: "It's very monstrous the way people go about nowadays, saying things behind one's back which are absolutely and entirely—*true*." This is the method of inverted commonplace. Occasionally the commonplace is not inverted, but simply stated, as in: "One can survive anything—except death." Sometimes you can see that a trite and vulgar phrase has been disguised by expansion or fresh application. Thus, there is the common division of things—a time-honoured witticism in Fleet Street—into "a penny plain and twopence coloured." Mr. Wilde gives this a new turn simply by applying it to the sex, so as to give the word "plain" a double meaning: "In society there are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured." Or, he takes the journalistic cliché, "the triumph of mind over matter," ponders over it, interchanges "mind" and "matter," brings in his never-failing subject "women," and so arrives at: "Women represent the triumph of matter over mind." Then, an obvious antithesis gives him "men," and alliteration suggests "morality," so that he is able to add a second member to his aphorism: "Just as men represent the triumph of mind over morality." This I call the permuted commonplace. Or, again, he takes the copybook line: "Children love their parents." He remembers that, quite as often, they judge their parents, and that their judgment is frequently unfavourable. He says this over to himself several times; supplies connecting links of chronological sequence; and, lo! without difficulty he has produced this: "Children begin by loving their parents; after a time they judge them; rarely, if ever, do they forgive them." This is the expanded commonplace. Very often the mere phrase supplies him with the thought, all that is necessary being to balance each word by one of opposite meaning. Thus: "I adore simple pleasures"—why?—well, what is the opposite to "simple"?—oh, "complex," of course—here, then, is the obvious answer: "they are the last refuge of the complex." Or when someone mentions the "youth of America," he promptly remembers that the opposite to "youth" is "age," and out pops: "The youth of America is its oldest tradition." This is the method of opposite meanings. Closely akin to it, of course, is that of double meanings, or, in plain English, puns, as in: "What are American *dry* goods? American novels"; or in "Flirtation is like the Book of Life; it begins with a man and woman in a garden, and ends with *revelations*." Sometimes, again, a mere verbal jingle suggests Mr. Wilde's thought, just as rhyme often suggests the poet's. Thus, Lord Illingworth objects to foxhunters, and objectionable people we often describe as "unspeakable." Now, to balance our sentence we want some other word of the form "un—able." What shall it be—"unteachable, unseatable"? Ah! Mr. Wilde has found it first. Is not a fox "uneatable"? Here you are, then: "The English gentleman galloping after a fox—the Unspeakable in pursuit of the Uneatable." Once more, when all other methods fail him, Mr.

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Wilde returns blithely to the adroit manipulation of the commonplace. As thus: there is the commonplace that woman is incomprehensible—a Sphinx. I defy you to think of the word "Sphinx" without the catch-phrase "Secret of the Sphinx" coming into your mind. Now apply the process of inversion, or "black" for "white" process, and you get, with Mr. Wilde, "Women are Sphinxes without secrets."

The procedure throughout, as you see, has been invariable. The phrase has suggested, almost automatically, the idea. No doubt, if you would expend as much patience and trouble over this phrase-making process, this game of *bouts-rimés*, as Mr. Wilde, you might have said these things. But the fact remains that you have not said them, and that he has. His mistake is in saying too many of them. After half-a-dozen or so, anyone can see through the trick; and when they cease to surprise, they cease to amuse.

To tell you the whole content of my thought, I suspect that verbal antithesis is not only the secret of Mr. Wilde's dialogue, but of his dramatic action as well. What is the opposite to "a woman of no importance"? Why, "a man of no importance." Has not Mr. Wilde simply set himself to write a play in which these two phrases should be the two contrasted *mots de la pièce*? I can conceive him tackling his problem something in this way. My man and woman "of no importance" must be intimately related—obviously, by ties of love—or there will be no struggle of passion; that is, no drama. They cannot be husband and wife, because (at any rate, in the current state of stage-morality) then they could not be said to be reciprocally "of no importance." Nor can they be merely "of no importance" to one another; for then, again, you have no struggle, no drama. This involves the introduction of a third person, to whom each may be of importance—clearly a child, and that child a son (otherwise the father would be "of no importance"). And now the story begins to emerge. The man finds that he has a son by a cast-off mistress, a woman "of no importance." First half of the play: insist on the importance of the father to the son (easily done by making the father a peer, the son his private secretary), and upon the unimportance of the mother. As the son's love is the only recompense for the mother's shame, you at once have a pathetic situation.

Second half of the play: merely (as in the *mots* already analysed) the antithesis of the first half. Show the father that he is "of no importance." You do this by introducing an heiress ready to give the son a career more brilliant than a private secretary's (of course, you make her American, so as to bring in your puns about American "dry goods," "youth," etc. etc.). Finally, you provide a scene in which the woman may deliver at the man the second *mot de la pièce*—"a man of no importance"—after a contemptuous rejection of his tardy offer of marriage—and the trick is done.

But this, of course, is only wisdom after the event. Mr. Wilde may have conceived his play in that way or he may not. The point is, that he has worked out his ideas with true dramatic instinct, not shirking a single one of the scenes which they involve—the series of battles between man and woman, of explanations between mother and son—and giving them to us at the right moment. And the complete turning of the tables on the cynical rascal of a father makes for righteousness. I have only one serious objection to make. I should have liked the demonstration that the father is "of no importance" to the son to have come (how? I don't know—that is the dramatist's business) from some development in the character of the son himself, not through the arbitrary and too convenient introduction of an American heiress. As it is, one feels that but for the mere accident of the heiress the father might still have had the best of the game.

Mr. Tree, as the father, is admirably made up, and is as courtly a Lauzun as any women, "plain or

coloured," could wish to flirt with. But he delivers his epigrams, or did on the first night—Mr. Tree is one of many excellent actors who are always at their worst on a first night—with too much gusto and deliberation. An accomplished man-of-the-world would let fall these good things, as it were inadvertently and by the way, leaving the *ex cathedra* style of delivery to professors and other queer ill-dressed pedagogic persons. To use the language of the tennis-lawn, Mr. Tree is rather slow in the "service"; he should take a lesson from the delightful ease and rapidity of Mrs. Tree's "return." Mrs. Bernard Beere brings pathos and dignity to the part of the mother, while Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Le Thière are of great service in minor parts. Mr. Fred Terry is the son, and Miss Julia Neilson the American heiress. I fancy I have seen them both to better advantage. A. B. W.

#### A CASUAL CONVERSATION.

THEY found themselves seated in the same carriage at Milan, both bound for Venice. He was a painter to behold, young, ardent, imaginative. She was a woman with a soul, and she bore it in her face. Her eyes, which were dark, loomed large and lustrous; her form was like a wave as it curls and breaks on the beach in summer; her voice was sweet and low; her smile spread ripples over her dimpled cheek when she turned and spoke to him. They travelled second class, being both of them poor. And as soon as the train started, they began to talk with one another.

Their talk was of art, as it ought to be in Italy. Presently, as if by accident, she mentioned Luini. She had a little photograph in her bag, she said, of the Madonna at Lugano. That Madonna had spoken home to her. She had bought a copy of it.

She took it out and showed it to him. He looked at it with quaint interest. "Why, that's curious," he said, sharply. "The model for this Madonna was exactly the same as the model for the Madonna in the Spozalizio of St. Catherine in the Poldi-Pezzoli at Milan—a photograph of which I, too, bought this morning."

He opened his bag and took out his treasure. It was rolled round a stick for ease of carriage. Sure enough, the Madonnas had precisely the same features. She scanned them critically. "Perhaps," she said, comparing them with attentive eyes, "it's no more than the general Lionardesque type. One always gets those peculiar refined features in Lionardo and all his school. That earnest oval face; those drooping eyelids; that wealth of wavy hair—they're all of them pure Lionardo."

"I fancy it's more than merely that," he answered, gazing close at the two photographs. "There seems to me to be actual identity of features. It's more close than the resemblance in type of either to the Vierge aux Rochers at the Louvre, for example."

"And how curious to think," she went on, still gazing at the two faces, "how much a single model must often have influenced art, through a whole generation! A great artist may have been taken early in his career by some form that attracted him, that haunted him, that seemed to realise his ideal. He must have painted it over and over again till it became part of his style—till its expression dominated him: and then it must have been handed on, so to speak, to his imitators. It was so, we know, with Rossetti. He based himself upon a model. The one beautiful face he painted so often has become a type and an ideal, and has been imitated again and again by a hundred followers. It was so with Burne-Jones, too. His wan maiden is a reality. And earlier, I don't doubt, it was so in their own day with Filippo Lippi, with Botticelli, with the wavy-haired lady who enslaved Lionardo."

"You open a wide field," he answered, leaning back and reflecting. "I don't doubt you're right.

Lucrezia Buti must have been answerable for a great deal that we most admire in Lippi, and indirectly in his followers. She must have struck the key-note; he and others can have found but the chords that harmonised with it.

"Ah, yes; but the artist must have been the real inventor after all," she went on, musing. "Lucrezia Buti might have walked about Florence in a nun's robe for ever, and died a nun's death, unknown and forgotten, if Filippo Lippi hadn't made her immortal on his canvas."

He glanced at her quickly. A new idea seemed to dawn upon him. Fresh horizons opened suddenly at that simple word. "I'm not so sure about that," he replied, with slow deliberation. "We mustn't take it for granted. Perhaps the praise and honour is to be more equally distributed between artist and model than we are apt to think. Do you remember that wonderful sentence of Ernest Renan's? I can't recollect the exact words just this moment, but the general sense is like this—'A beautiful woman is by nature already all that we men strive hardest by art to imitate.'"

She blushed and looked down. Her blush was delicious. "I fancy you under-estimate the artist's part," she continued, after a short pause. "It is true, the right face is there to begin with, and it takes his fancy—no doubt because of some peculiar grace or beauty his soul really finds in it. But he idealises so much! And if he didn't find that face, why, I suppose he would find and idealise some other one."

"But would it be all the same?" the young man cried, leaning forward. (She had wonderful eyes that sparkled exquisitely when she argued.) "Could he be the same, whatever face he painted? I never thought of it before; but now I come to think of it, it strikes me very forcibly a great many famous and lovely figure-painters were immensely influenced quite early in life by the features and form of some particular model, which became, as it were, in course of time part and parcel of them—of their style, of their art, of their very individuality. May not the man often have been what he was just because he happened early to see and admire this particular woman—this grand creature who satisfied his affinities, so to speak—who at least brought out all that was most excellent within him? I incline to think so—now that I come to look at it."

"Perhaps so," she murmured, in her musical tones, half under her breath. And then for a moment neither spoke a word to the other.

After a while he gazed at her hard. "I'm a painter myself," he began again, shyly.

"So I gathered," she answered. "It's a noble profession."

He leaned forward and drank in her eyes. "I sometimes fancy," he went on, "I might do great things myself—ideals, don't you know—things in the way of Botticelli, Memling, Burne-Jones, and so forth, if only—I could find the right model to work upon. And it seems to me, when a man lights upon that model by chance, it becomes almost a sacred duty to himself, to his art, to the future of humanity, that he should seize the opportunity. He should overlook conventions, and ask her then and there. Don't you feel I'm quite right in it?"

She drew away from his ardent gaze, half alarmed. She partly guessed by now what that rapid soul was driving at. But still, she answered him. "I think," she said, in a tremulous voice, "an artist should always be true first of all to his art. And no doubt the ideal of his personality, once found, is too precious a thing to be lightly allowed to evade him."

"So I feel myself," he cried, trembling, and looking still deeper into those liquid eyes. "Let the chance once slip—and it may never return to you. So it came upon me all at once as you spoke just now—Here is the model for me; the woman with whose face, and form, and soul, I might storm the stronghold! Will you think it very rude of me?—I . . . I want to paint you!"

She gave a little start. "For art's sake," she answered frankly, "I will do what I can for you."

"Yes, yes," he cried, pressing still nearer, and more conscious than ever of that strangely beautiful personality, which grew upon his eyes, as such faces will, each minute. "But that's not all. I want a great deal more than that. I want to paint you, not once or twice only, but often, often, often! I want to let your looks, your eyes, your smile, your hair, grow into me, as it were, and become inherent in my art, till they reproduce themselves, of themselves, on paper and canvas. I want *you yourself*, not the mere features and figure of you. I want you to be mine, that I may go on painting you, every finger of you, eternally!"

She drew back into her corner, not wholly displeased at this sudden conquest, and with a woman's pride that her earthly mould should so thoroughly have overcome that artistic nature, yet with a smile on her lips at so much impulsive precipitancy. "Don't you think," she said gently, "this is a little premature? Wouldn't it be just as well, before going so far,—to ask my name, for instance?"

GRANT ALLEN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### PUBLISHERS' BOOK MARKS.

DEAR SIR,—As my firm is one of those with which A. T. Q. C. "remonstrates," may I say a few words from a publisher's point of view. It will perhaps be simpler if I write over my own name, thus avoiding any official character for my remarks. I should be very happy, if you, Sir, have no objection, to join in a friendly discussion with A. T. Q. C. on the rights and wrongs of publishers and reviewers generally; but I will for the present confine myself to the point of marking review copies.

I believe that all publishers who adopt this practice will agree with me that they have been reluctantly forced to it as some slight check upon the immediate sale of the review copy, uncut, sometimes in the very wrapper in which it has come from the publishers, to the secondhand booksellers who make a speciality of dealing in new books. I estimate, and I do not think the publishers of larger experience will contradict me, that of any book at all largely sent out to the press, at least half of the press supply finds its way *immediately* into the hands of the dealers in question. I estimate, and I believe I under- rather than over-state the case, that, as regards a not inconsiderable minority of books, a quarter of the total demand is met from this illegitimate source of supply. A. T. Q. C. will agree that this is an evil against which the publisher naturally seeks a remedy. I agree that the remedy adopted by many publishers is, in itself, objectionable, and I am quite ready to try any better one that may be suggested.

Let me tell a little story in this connection. Eminent author calls in at office of eminent editor and picks up a big and costly work that has just been sent in. "Are you going to review this?" "Oh, dear, no!" "Will you let me have it?" "Yes, if you'll give me a copy of your own —" "Done!" Eminent author and eminent editor are both amiable and virtuous men, to whom I would unhesitatingly entrust my life or my banking balance, but on this point they have the morals of their class.

May I say that if every publisher could feel sure of falling into A. T. Q. C.'s hands, he would not only refrain from any disfiguring mark, but would seek to enhance the value of the copy by any means in his power. Personally, I grieve that A. T. Q. C. should feel a lessened joy when he takes up any of my books, and I will do my best to meet his particular case; but I fear it would be unwise to judge all reviewers by him.—I am, dear Sir,

270, Strand, London, W.C.,

April 26, 1893.

ALFRED NUTT.

SIR,—Will you permit another reviewer to join in the remonstrance of your contributor "A. T. Q. C." against the practice which certain publishers have of mutilating or disfiguring the copies of the books which they send out for review? This "trick," as your contributor rightly styles it, seems to me to afford as perfect a concrete illustration of the dog-in-the-manger spirit as any moralist could wish for.

The disfigurement implies, firstly, that a review in the journal which receives the book is of so little value that it is not worth a perfect, uncut copy of the book reviewed. And, secondly, it implies that the reviewer cannot be trusted to do his work honestly, but is certain to "scamp" it by writing a worthless notice, and the copy sent him must therefore be reduced to the same condition of worthlessness. The insult to the editor or

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publisher of the journal is, to say the least, perfectly gratuitous. For if a notice in its columns is not worth so much as a perfect copy of the book noticed, the publisher has no need to trouble himself to spoil a copy to get the notice, but would do better to put the volume into one of his parcels for the trade.

Your contributor says that a reviewer cannot sell a book with a title page damaged or mutilated by, say, Messrs. Macmillan's vulgar "Presentation Copy" stamp. Neither, let me add, can he give it away, unless he wants to affront somebody else, or is unmindful how low he may fall in the estimation of the recipient.

What, then, is he to do with those volumes with which it may not be worth his while permanently to encumber his shelves? Must he make a whole burnt offering of them to save both himself and their publishers from discredit?

But, happily, all publishers are not guilty of this offence against good taste and good manners. "A. T. Q. C." is gibbeted a few who are. Will you permit me to give honourable mention through your columns to a few who are not? Among those who, in my experience, send out their review copies undisfigured, I must first place Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who publish so much of that theological and sermon literature the demand for which, in this sceptical age, is said to be exceeded only by that for the most popular novels. Other firms which, within my knowledge, act in the like fair and honourable way are Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Mr. Wm. Heinemann, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., Messrs. Cassell & Co., Messrs. Methuen & Co., Messrs. Henry & Co., Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, and the Clarendon Press. There will, doubtless, be others of whom I am not aware. Not to be invidious, it might be well if one of your contributors, able to do so with authority, could supply a complete list of publishers which do and publishers which do not destroy the value of review copies of their work.—Yours, etc.

April 24th, 1893.

J. Q.

#### ARBITRATION—OR FIASCO?

SIR,—Mr. Mundella has produced, as you point out, not an Arbitration but a Conciliation Bill. Instead of deploring, you actually endorse and applaud the fact. Have, then, the two most important of recent industrial struggles—the Lancashire cotton and Hull dockers' strikes—taught us nothing? But perhaps Mr. Mundella's experience with Mr. Charles Wilson and the Shipping Federation since this Bill was tabled will convince him that to talk amiably of conciliation to people who obstinately refuse to be conciliated is not statesmanship. When I find you, Sir, calling out loudly against any show of "compulsion" in dealing with the parties to these petty civil wars, I cannot but wonder whether you appreciate the national interests at stake. Surely there must be many a dispute in which the interest of the commonwealth is greater than that of either of the immediate parties. In such a case, or when such a point is reached, the nation has a clear moral right to interfere and to bring all possible pressure to bear upon the belligerents to accept terms laid down by an impartial tribunal. I am a sober Liberal, and I cannot understand this violent dread of "compulsion"; it seems to me that the next generation, compulsorily educated, compulsorily vaccinated, owing to compulsion its immunity from cholera, sweating, and many another evil, will have none of your fantastic dread of being "compelled" to settle their industrial, as they have already been compelled to settle their trade and social, difficulties.

Beside, the Bill does, presumably, compel the conciliators or boards of conciliation to inquire and to report to the Board of Trade. All that is wanted is to put life into these provisions. It has been found in America, and it will be found here, that often a proper inquiry is impossible by reason of the refusal of one or both the parties to take part in it. Limited powers, to cause the production of evidence such as exist in Massachusetts and other American States, may be safely given to the boards which are to be founded here. In the second place, Section 4 of the Bill should be strengthened by providing for the immediate and effective publication in the locality by the Arbitration Board not only of a "report upon their proceedings," but of a definite award. We all know what laying a report before Parliament means. The Blue-Book upon the Strikes of 1891 has just been published—fifteen months after time. Or take Major Marindin's reports on railway accidents. Have the little paragraphs they get in the local papers a "commanding effect upon public opinion"? No. Good smiths don't beat cold iron.—Yours faithfully,

G. H. P.

[In the case of an employer who "obstinately refuses to be conciliated," what would our correspondent propose to do? How will he "compel" him to employ? He will reveal a valuable secret of statesmanship if he furnishes the answer. A Government using compulsion which could not compel, like Glendower calling spirits from the vasty deep, would not long, we fear, remain a Government in this sensible country. Our correspondent is mistaken in thinking the principle of compulsion is implied in the provision in the Bill sending a Government conciliator to make a report. One does not talk of "compelling" one's officials who enter into a contract to obey orders.—ED. SPEAKER.]

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

##### A MORNING WITH A BOOK.

"FOOD, warmth, sleep, and a book," says Hazlitt in his "Farewell to Essay-Writing"; "these are all I at present ask—the *Ultima Thule* of my wandering desires. Do you not then wish for—

"a friend in your retreat

Whom you may whisper, Solitude is sweet?"

Expected, well enough:—gone, still better. Such attractions are strengthened by distance." There never was such an epicure of his moods as Hazlitt. Others may add Omar's stipulation—

"And Thou

Besides me singing in the wilderness" . . .

But this addition would have spoiled Hazlitt's pleasure. Let us remember that his love affairs had been unprosperous. "Such attractions," he would say, "are strengthened by distance;" if, indeed, he used no stronger expressions. In any case the book and singer go ill together, and the most of us will decide for a spell of each in turn.

But suppose it to be a book. I want to know what kind of book? For between the two kinds of reading which may be considered supremely delightful, I hardly know which to choose. Shall it be an old book which you have forgotten just enough to taste surprise as its beauties come back to you, and remember just enough to avoid the attentive strain of a first reading? Or shall it be a new book by an author you love, to be read with no critical purpose—(this you defer to the second perusal)—but merely for the lazy pleasure of recognising the familiar brain and sentiments at work, and feeling happy, perhaps, at the success of a friend? There is no doubt, of course, which Hazlitt would choose. Indeed, he has defined his choice in the essay "On Reading Old Books;" but after a recent experience I am not quite prepared to agree with him.

That your taste should approve only the best thoughts of the best minds is a pretty counsel, but one of perfection, and is found in practice to breed prigs: for it sets a man sailing round in a vicious circle. What is the best thought of the best minds? That approved by the man of highest culture. Who is the man of highest culture? He whose taste approves the best thought of the best minds. To escape from this foolish round some of our doughtiest thinkers run for that discredited harbour of refuge, Popular Acceptance—a harbour full of shoals for which nobody has ever provided even the sketch of a chart: and we have Mr. Frederic Harrison, who of all men might be expected to think for himself, proclaiming the decadence of Romance on the ground that in the affections of the Million George Meredith is less than Thackeray and (I suppose) "Anna Karenina" than "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

When the *Westminster Gazette*—in the days when it was called the *Pall Mall Gazette*—sent round to all sorts and conditions of eminent men inviting lists of "The Hundred Best Books," nothing appeared so wonderful in these eminent men as their unanimity. If I remember, quite an astounding number took the Rig-Vedas to bed with them as a general rule; and altogether a social philosopher had plenty of material in their replies for a theory that to have every other body's taste in literature was the first condition of eminence in every branch of Great Britain's public service. But in one of the lists—I think it was Sir Monier Williams's—the unexpected really occurred. Sir Monier thought that T. E. Brown's "The Doctor" was one of the best books in the world.

Now the poems of the Rev. T. E. Brown are not known to the Million: nor would they bulk large among Sir John Lubbock's Pleasures of Life. But, like Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Brown has always had a band of readers to whom his name is more than that of many a great classic. Apparently the gentleman

who reviewed his latest volume in *THE SPEAKER*, a fortnight ago, is not one of this band, and I dare say it is a case of liking altogether or scarce at all. Let me merely confess, then, that I would not exchange "Betsy Lee" and "The Doctor" for any two long poems of the century: and perhaps even those who arraign my judgment may be conscious of preferences as irrational.

I set out to describe a morning with a book. The book was Mr. Brown's "Old John, and other Poems," published but a few days back by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The morning was spent in a very small garden overlooking a harbour. Hazlitt's conditions were fulfilled. I had enjoyed enough food and sleep to last me for some little time: few people, I imagine, have complained of the cold these last few weeks: and the book was not only new to me for the most part, but certain to please. Moreover, a small incident had already put me in the best of humours. Just as I was settling down to read, a small tug came down the harbour with a barque in tow whose nationality I recognised before she cleared a corner and showed the Norwegian colours drooping from her peak. I reached for the field-glass and read her name—*Henrik Ibsen*. I imagined Mr. William Archer applauding as I ran to my own flag-staff and dipped the British ensign to that name. The Norwegians on deck stood puzzled for a moment, but taking the compliment to themselves, gave me a cheerful hail, while one or two ran aft and dipped the Norwegian flag in response. It was still running frantically up and down the halliards when I returned to my seat, and the lines of the barque were softening to beauty in the distance—for, to tell the truth, she had looked a crazy and not altogether seaworthy craft—as I opened my book and, by a stroke of luck, at that fine poem, "The Schooner"—

"So to the jetty gradual was she hauled:

Then one the tiller took,  
And chewed, and spat upon his hand, and bawled;  
And one the canvas shook  
Forth like a mouldy bat; and one, with nods  
And smiles, lay on the bow-sprit end, and called  
And cursed the Harbour-master by his gods.

"And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,

Rat-riddled, bilge bestank,  
Slime-slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel  
And drag her oozy flank,  
And sprawl among the deft young waves, that laughed  
And leapt, and turned in many a sportive wheel  
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

"And now, behold! a shadow of repose

Upon a line of gray  
She sleeps, that transverse cuts the evening rose,  
She sleeps, and dreams away,  
Soft blended in a unity of rest  
All jars, and strifes obscene, and turbulent throes  
'Neath the broad benediction of the West—

"Sleeps; and methinks she changes as she sleeps,

And dies, and is a spirit pure;  
Lo! on her deck, an angel pilot keeps  
His lonely watch secure."

It is very far from being the finest poem in the volume. It has not the noble humanity of "Catherine Kinrade"—and if this be not a great poem I know nothing about poetry—nor the rapture of "Jessie," nor the awful pathos of "Mater Dolorosa," nor the gentle pathos of "Aber Stations," nor the fine religious feeling of "Planting" and "Disguises." But it came so pat to the occasion, and used the occasion so deftly to take hold of one's sympathy, that these other poems were read in the very mood that, I am sure, their author would have asked for them. One has not often such luck in reading—"Never the time and the place and the author all together," if I may do this violence to Browning's line. But I trust that in any mood I should have had the sense to pay its meed of admiration to this volume. Our great singer being dead, we nicely calculate the less or more of notorious incompetence,

or turn our ears desperately towards the thin notes of the unproved young; while here is a true poet who has sung to us for the better half of a lifetime on themes as broad as humanity itself, and still must be content with the worship of a few. It is strange.

No: I am not proposing Mr. Brown for the Laureateship. But I am free to wager that your Laureate, when you have caught him, will have conceived and written nothing finer than "Catherine Kinrade" and nothing so human as "Betsy Lee" or "Mater Dolorosa." And I will go a step further, and wager a copy of "The Doctor" that among all the living bards, both middle-aged and young, you will find none who stands ahead of this poet in that charity with understanding the growth of which has given the poetry of this century its peculiar grandeur. A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### NEW LIGHT ON THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE, BEFORE A.D. 170. Mansfield College Lectures. By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS is a book of the very first importance, and is a fine example of the service ancient geography and archaeology can render to sacred history and criticism. Professor Ramsay brings to his work not only the enthusiasm, the trained mind, and the first-hand knowledge of the explorer who has done so much towards the discovery of the riches buried in Asia Minor, but also a rare independence of judgment, critical sagacity, and sureness of insight. We have read his book with growing admiration and delight, and we have finished it with the feeling that while he has made all students of the older world his debtors, the heaviest debt is owed by the students of theology and the Church. He has supplied them with new materials, new points of view, and new branches of inquiry; and he has given such an example of the use of his material, alike in the criticism of old and in the construction of new theories, as must inspire every worker in these fields at once with emulation and hope. It is not that we think he has made good all his conclusions. We believe him not seldom mistaken in his inferences, and often too exclusive in his method. He so uses his own material that he tends to neglect or overlook material no less necessary to the solution of his question. But these qualities increase, rather than lessen, the value of his book, for they make it, while no less instructive to the scholar, the more stimulating to the student. We have long been accustomed to feel the necessity of documents and texts to the determination of questions in literary and historical criticism; here we are made to feel the necessity of places and monuments. We must know the land which was the stage of a drama if we would know how, and on what scale, and according to what succession of parts it was enacted; and if we can discover not only the stage, but, as it were, the figures of the play, traces of the names, the entrances and exits and bearing of the actors, as well as the emotions and behaviour of the spectators, then we shall come indefinitely nearer to the knowledge of the drama than we had ever been able to do before. And we may describe Professor Ramsay's book as an attempt to exhibit the drama of the formation of the Christian Church, based on the discovery of the stage on which it began to be played.

The book may be said to discuss three main questions—the field of Paul's missionary labours in Asia Minor; the relation of the Empire to the Church, as expressed in the persecutions down to 170 A.D.; and the causes of these persecutions, and their effect on the constitution of the Church. In the discussion of the first question we come face to face with the cities and scenes where the attempt to realise a

catholic or with the m we see the this new bosom, and weapons; why the produced the subsid textual va by the ex contributi persecutio Church as and the religion, a relation to deacon.

In all realism of a cloister events on has gained critical s words th their dow settled e acterises Lipsius, ease and with the "utterly "He kno would d triumph ment wh toric sen magistrat a Roman freely p knowled first Pet misses b profess in his a lift the Testame circle in is no inc more po into rela of the And in Ramsay Christia lose, b through

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catholic or universal Christianity was first made, and with the man who made it; in the second discussion we see the Roman Empire beginning to understand this new religion which had been born within its bosom, and to deal with it by means of its customary weapons; and in the third we see some of the reasons why the Empire so acted, and some of the results produced by its action within the Church. Some of the subsidiary but interesting questions handled are textual variations in early codices—here illustrated by the example of *Codex Bezae* (a really interesting contribution to the causes of variation)—the action of persecution on the mythicising imagination of the Church as illustrated in the story of Paul and Thekla, and the modifying influence of local cults on the religion, and the action of the central authority in relation to these, as in the incident of Glycerius the deacon.

In all these discussions we feel the extraordinary realism of the critical process. It is not the work of a cloistered student, but of a man who has studied events on the field where they happened, and so has gained an insight which is almost like a special critical sense; and the result is that he often uses words that may well startle esoteric criticism by their downright plainness. Thus he speaks of "the settled erroneousness of view" which still characterises the recent commentaries of Wendt and Lipsius, and of Baur "as moving with perfect ease and unhesitating confidence through the scene with the magistrates at Philippi," but only because "utterly unconscious of the difficulty of the subject." "He knows exactly what the colonial magistrates would do, and how they would behave; and he triumphantly disproves the authenticity of a document which might give one who possessed the historic sense a vivid picture of the provincial Roman magistrate suddenly realising that he has treated a Roman like a mere native. Ignorance might be freely pardoned, but not such bold assumption of knowledge." And Dr. Pfeleiderer's argument as to first Peter being later than Trajan's *Rescript*, he dismisses by simply showing that the learned Berlin professor was altogether, and even absurdly, wrong in his ancient geography, politics, and history. To lift the literary and historical criticism of the New Testament out of the vicious inner and subjective circle in which our German masters have made it move, is no inconsiderable feat; to show how it can be made more positive and constructive by being brought into relation with the political geography and history of the time, is a feat of still greater significance. And in these two most fruitful ways Professor Ramsay here seeks to lead English scholarship. Christian literature and history have nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by being studied through and in connection with Roman.

In the first part, which deals with "St. Paul in Asia Minor," we have many interesting and suggestive views. One of these is the theory of the "Travel-Document," a sort of diary or record "written down under the immediate influence of Paul himself," and used as the basis of the narrative in Acts. The diacritical sign is the use of "territorial names in the Roman sense, like Paul's Epistles," as distinguished from "the popular Greek sense," as in Acts ii. 9. This is a point in which ancient geography may do the highest service to literary criticism. The sketch of the localities of the first journey is vivid, while nothing could be more informing than to follow, under the guidance of our author, map on one side and New Testament on the other, Paul on his missionary journeys in Asia Minor. One of the most interesting incidental discussions is as to Paul's "infirmity of the flesh." Professor Ramsay thinks it was a "malarial fever," which had been caught in the low-lying coasts in the hot midsummer, and which drove the Apostle into the sanatorium of the hill country; and he illustrates the references to it from his own experiences. But the main purpose of this part is to uphold what he calls "the South Galatian" theory—i.e., that Paul's Galatia was not the

Northern, or Gallic, section of the Roman province, but the Southern, or Pisidian, Phrygian, and Lycaonian. The Churches he addressed in the most personal and characteristic of his Epistles were those he founded during his first journey, visited and edified during his second, and regarded throughout as the children of his first love. The theory has much to recommend it; it gets over many exegetical and historical difficulties; it saves us from the anomaly of conceiving the fruits of an unrecorded as more important than those of a recorded journey; it shows us how Paul travelled along great lines of road, and how easily in his footsteps from Antioch—where the controversy with Peter and the apostasy of Barnabas had been—the man who troubled could follow. From the standpoint of the traveller and geographer Professor Ramsay has made out a strong case. While his own mind is clear, he knows that there are unsettled points enough in the Pauline itineraries to make other minds hesitate. For our part we feel that Christianity appears early in the second century as so old and active in the north of Asia Minor that it must have spread there at an earlier date than Professor Ramsay allows, and by the influence of some most creative personality; and we also feel dubious as to whether Paul does not use in the Epistle (iii. 1) an ethnographic as well as a political terminology. We put it simply as a question, Would not Phrygians or Lycaonians, even though belonging to the province of Galatia, resent being addressed as if of the Galatian race? Wales is included in the kingdom of England, but the Welsh do not like to be called English.

The discussion, which comes in the second part, of the imperial policy and action in relation to the Church, is a model of lucid statement and constructive historical criticism. Our author starts from Pliny's Report and Trajan's Rescript as a fixed point. From these he works back to the beginnings of persecution under Nero, and then downwards through the Flavian Emperors to his *terminus ad quem* in the Antonines. His contention is that the policy of the Empire was one and continuous, repressive throughout, though from time to time differing in administrative spirit and scope. We are not quite clear that the case is made out as regards all the Flavian Emperors. The recently discovered Gospel according to Peter shows that there was a time when certain parties within the Church conceived the attitude of Rome as friendly, though its hand might be forced by a vengeful populace. And it seems to us as if Professor Ramsay's reason for the paucity of names and legends of the persons martyred in this period is capable of another application. If men thought the end of the world at hand, they were the more likely to emphasise martyrdoms as signs of its approach. But he is essentially right when he shows us the Empire as a sort of prescient deity discovering its enemy even before that enemy understood himself, and using its resources for his defeat and destruction. We may have some difficulty in seeing how the cunning ferocity of Nero, anxious to divert suspicion from himself to the Christians, could be taken as establishing precedents or defining a policy which later and more temperate Emperors followed; but one cannot fail to learn from Professor Ramsay's exposition how much the Emperor was the servant of the system, while the working of the system almost invariably expressed his personal character. Even the cruel spirit of Nero had to do homage to the system by disguising its fear or fierceness in the form of a specific accusation, and this no doubt helped to reveal to the Imperial authorities the attitude and mind of the Christians. It is no paradox to say that it was persecution which showed the Church to the Empire; it was only, as it were, when they came to the death-grip that each enemy learned to know the other. And hence it may have been that, while Nero's spirit and conduct were loathed, the policy he instituted was followed. But we think that the causes of the imperial policy were rather

more varied and complex than Professor Ramsay represents, or rather, we would say, while he recognises varied and concurrent causes, he lays too much stress on "organisation." He uses this term, indeed, in a very large sense, possibly even to express a tendency and an ideal rather than a fact or organism; but we think that, even as he states it, persecution was in its beginning independent of organisation. What he puts as cause we should be inclined to put as effect. What began before there was any organised Church did not need organisation for its continued being, though possibly contributing more than any external cause to its early rise and rapid development. The ultimate reason, so far as concerned the relation to the Empire, was what we may term the common Christian mind. This is what we infer from Pliny's "Superstitio prava immodica," and his account of the Christians, from Tacitus's "Superstitio exitiabilis," from the line taken lately by the Apologists, who defended Christianity, not as a mere organisation, but as a religion that was a philosophy and a school for conduct. No doubt the Christian societies were illicit, but the crucial thing was not the direct suppression or break-up of the society; it was whether the man charged with being a Christian would or would not sacrifice to the Emperor. He was tested by his attitude to the official religion, imperial and Roman, which meant that his offence was his profession of a faith which would not allow him to recognise the Emperor as "Deus et Dominus," and so was guilty of treason to the established order. And so we see that just as the apotheosis of the Empire became more complete, and loyalty to it more of a religion, persecution became more rigorous and severe. But, of course, what failed to suppress the Church furthered the coherence of all its parts, and so the persecution which was opened against an unorganised society closed upon a society fully organised, waiting only the advent of a Christian Emperor to begin collective action.

There is no portion of the book more instructive than the one which deals with the organisation of the Church. It contains a very inviting theory of the origin of the episcopal office and the rise of the episcopal power. The *episcopos* was a presbyter appointed for some special purpose or occasion, lapsing back to a presbyter again when his special duty was fulfilled. There was an order of presbyters, but "the idea of an order of *episcopoi* at this stage is self-contradictory." The authority was delegated; the *episcopos* was "a presbyter on whom certain duties had been imposed;" but he was during the first century "very far removed from the monarchical bishop of A.D. 170," without anything to "suggest that he exercised any authority *ex officio* within the community." His main function was to act as correspondent between churches, though the letters were sent by the Church and addressed to a Church. Later, when the Churches came to be registered as *collegia*, the *episcopos* represented the *collegium*, "for he already acted as representative of the community in its relation to others." These views are certain to be widely canvassed and carefully discussed, but any attempt to deal with them would carry us far beyond our limits.

We cannot close our review of this rich and suggestive book without expressing the hope that Professor Ramsay may yet be able to go out and continue his work in Asia Minor. We believe his own ambition is to return. We think great discoveries may yet be made at Lystra, and there is no spot that promises more new light to him who knows how to seek for it. To find the statue of the Zeus whom Barnabas was taken for, or the Hermes whom Paul was identified with, would be to make a marvellous and illuminating discovery. Surely there is in England interest enough in sacred history to send out the man best qualified for the work and to equip him sufficiently well to make an adequate attempt to do it.

### EVOLUTIONIST ETHICS.

A REVIEW OF THE SYSTEMS OF ETHICS FOUNDED ON THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By C. M. Williams. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is a work of remarkable learning—except in one respect to be presently specified—and of considerable philosophic power. In its construction, however, there are two great faults: it is over-full, and it is not by any means incisive. All the moral philosophy of the present time somehow suffers from the latter fault. Hardly any ethical writers can write at all without veiling a few simple propositions in a vast cloud of words. The difference between Mr. Williams and the bulk of his fellows lies in the fact that his propositions are not few or simple, but many and difficult. But he knows so much, and assumes so much knowledge in his own readers, that he fails to hammer in his conclusions with the definiteness and precision to which we have become accustomed by the spread of platform oratory and popular education. He runs on from Fechner to Weismann, and from Weismann to Eimer, and refers parenthetically *inter alia* to Carneri and to Avenarius' formula of the complete maintenance of life. He alludes freely to Wundt's theories without mentioning him, and though we have much biology and little sociology, we have the Fabians, and the history of popular morals, and "Looking Backward," and the Elmira Penitentiary. We float on the rapid stream of his eloquence, now over depths of learning, now over shallows of platitude. Sometimes we pass a bit of newspaper, and sometimes we seem to recognise a scrap of the New Testament. If we could dive we might pick up something, but the stream is too rapid for that. To drop metaphor, if we could laboriously construe modern ethical works as we construe the Ethics or Metaphysics of Aristotle, we think they would do us more good.

This being premised, we may say that the book consists of two parts: a series of good abstracts of Mr. Williams's leading predecessors in the field of "evolutional ethics," including not only such well-known names as Spencer, Darwin, and Fiske, but less known writers like the late Alfred Barratt, Carneri, Gizycki, and Höffding; and a review of results which exhibits much more learning than any book on ethics we have yet seen—which involves, for instance, much more specific reference to biology than Mr. Alexander's "Moral Order and Progress," and more detailed treatment of social history and social science than Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics." Having read it, however, we feel inclined to limit our criticism to specific points: first because the impression we have got from repeated attempts to read and analyse the book is that there is not after all very much to say about evolutionary ethics in particular, unless one goes—which Mr. Williams does not—into the history of moral concepts as shown in philology, and into the hypothetical details of the genesis of conscience; and secondly, because the book appears after all to make no particular advance on the current ethics of Evolutionists as expounded, for instance, by Mr. Herbert Spencer. It repudiates, indeed, the conception of absolute ethics, but it maintains that society is progressing towards a state of more or less prolonged equilibrium of the whole human race, in which everyone will be more sympathetic, more altruistic, and happier; in which men will influence each other more for good and less for evil, because the morally tainted will be reformed or eliminated. We shall not (probably) have many strong passions: we shall be dominated by a high public opinion; we shall be very sensitive to cruelty and suffering; we shall not be Socialists; the family will not have been destroyed; and we shall have escaped the demoralising influences of Christian theology as misrepresented by Mr. Williams in the present work. The moral life of the bulk of mankind in fact will be very like that lived by the best of the respectable upper middle classes in most civilised

countries to comfortable plentiful all but with no that of hum

We do n long be liv dismiss it th that it wil vice and ch pessimism. challenge a Positivist o George Her phenomena pirical diff every step modern sel to separat philosophy recognises gets rid of necessit of determ touch the Kant—illu man invar other bein course, th antithesis mankind antithesis Mr. Willis all.

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countries to-day—a life of steady, honourable, comfortable, well-living and well-doing, with plentiful altruism, and a fair degree of enjoyment, but with no mystical element and no religion save that of humanity.

We do not ourselves believe that such a life will long be livable. Mr. Williams's Fabian friends will dismiss it as unutterably bourgeois; we feel confident that it will be broken by explosions of atavistic vice and chequered by the profound depressions of pessimism. But Mr. Williams's scientific statements challenge a good deal of criticism in detail. He is a Positivist of the type of Professor Karl Pearson and George Henry Lewes—that is to say, he accepts the phenomenal and declines even to notice the metempsychical difficulties that the phenomenal suggests at every step. He is a psychologist of the most modern school—he declines, and very properly too, to separate thought, feeling, and will; yet his philosophy of science is in that stage which recognises an antithesis of matter and force. He gets rid successfully enough of the associations of necessity which commonly cloud the discussion of determinist theories; but he entirely fails to touch the inevitable antithesis made so much of by Kant—illusory we suppose he would call it—which man invariably makes between himself as agent and other beings or things as acted on. It may be, of course, that "evolutional ethics" can explain this antithesis as due to the prolonged struggle between mankind and the rest of nature, or to the necessary antithesis of subject and object in perception. But Mr. Williams passes it by without any comment at all.

And so we might go on indefinitely, but there is one part of Mr. Williams's book which calls for severer notice—we mean his attack on the Christian doctrine of the Atonement as ethically immoral, because, he maintains, it holds out to the worst of men complete pardon for his sins at any moment; whereas, in fact, every act has never-ending consequences to the agent, his posterity and society, and psychology teaches that sudden changes of character are out of the question. In the first place, psychology—that is, current scientific psychology—teaches nothing of the kind. Below the threshold of consciousness (a term to which Mr. Williams objects) there are a multitude of presentations of all sorts tending (since every presentation may set up changes running on to action) some to ethically good action and some to bad. Why should not some sudden intensifying of one group of these presentations be possible—an intensification so permanent as to call up associations which may overpower those hitherto dominant? In the next place, if Mr. Williams had taken a tenth part of the trouble to master the elementary doctrines of orthodox or Catholic (we do not mean only Roman Catholic) Christianity that he must have taken over Rolph and Eimer and Avenarius and Gizycki, he would have learnt that his account of its central doctrine is the merest caricature. True, much popular Christianity wholly ignores the enormous differences recognised in the Primitive Church, and in the less simple forms of the Christian creed, between the catechumen and the established Christian, and between the ordinary merits of the average Christian and the "heroic virtue" of the saint. Moreover, the consciousness that full and free forgiveness is ready for the offender when he gets ready to repent, even if it is not till his death-bed, doubtless is, as Mr. Williams says, "most pernicious in its results"; but such consciousness, though no doubt stimulated by a certain kind of popular preaching, is none the less, according to "orthodox doctrine," an illusion. Deliberately to postpone repentance is to commit that sin for which there is no pardon either in this world or in the world to come.

Whether a given religious doctrine be true or false, however, it is not proper to discuss here.

Whichever it is, it is just as much part of the history of human thought as the Ideas of Plato or (as an anti-climax) the ethical doctrines of Dr. Paul Ree. But Mr. Williams takes his accounts of scientific doctrine from recognised, if obscure, authorities, and picks up his notions of "Christianity"—which may mean anything—anywhere and anyhow. This is not fair, either to the theologians or to those readers who know no theology. If Mr. Williams does not get this part of his subject right, how can an ordinary reader trust him on Gizycki and Carneri and Avenarius?

#### AN IGNOBLE CAREER.

THE PRINCELY CHANDOS: A MEMOIR OF JAMES BRYDGES, PAYMASTER-GENERAL TO THE FORCES ABROAD, 1705-1711. By John Robert Robinson. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

THE manner of this memoir is the reverse of interesting. Pope is either "that note of interrogation," or "the immortal bard of Twickenham;" Swift is "the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's;" Walpole, "the famous Sir Robert;" and the Duke of Chandos "pays that debt of nature which all mortals sooner or later must." These are among the highest flights of style in a dry and ineffective narrative. The work, however, is of importance as the first attempt at a full account of a typical career. Careful research marks every page, and on three matters the author has shed new light. (1) He has drawn attention to the friendship which appears, by their correspondence, to have existed between the Duke of Marlborough and his Paymaster—a point overlooked by the biographers of Marlborough. (2) He has disposed of an injurious popular error concerning the birth and social position of the duke's third wife, which has been handed down to the present day; a reference to the tombs of the Brydges in Whitechurch parish church proves conclusively that it was not the "Princely" Chandos, but his son, who married the ostler's wife. (3) He has succeeded in giving some sort of description of Canons, the palace Chandos built, of which no print exists, and which was pulled down very shortly after its builder's death. Slight as they are, these matters are not altogether without significance, and Mr. Robinson has credit by them. He must also be credited with soundness of judgment; he balances the pros and cons as to the source of Paymaster Brydges' wealth with the impartiality of a judge, and though it is evident that he himself has no doubt of the culprit's guilt, he practically leaves the case to the decision of the reader. This might have been a great literary stroke; but, unfortunately, it is the result of the author's inability to grasp and present the character he deals with. His book is only the data for an essay on its subject. We grope unavailingly among statistics, dates, bald statements of expense, for some portrait of this English Reynard the Fox, who never accounted for hundreds of thousands of the public money, and who, with a Commission of Inquiry hanging over his head, advanced to the highest honours in the sovereign's gift, and enjoyed not only royal but public favour during three reigns. His adroitness during his term of office is pointed out, and his rash expense and speculation when he set up for a grandee are sufficiently illustrated, but we have hardly a glimpse into his mind; the author seems quite unable to add two traits of character together.

An unescapable Nemesis pursued this robber of the public purse: he was devoted by the Fates to point two proverbs. The South-Sea Bubble and a ruinous building society let him know that "gear is easier gained than guided," and the dilapidation of his palace immediately after his death told the world that "ill-gotten gear winna enrich the third heir." He was also given over to the adornment of a tale; Miss Spence's "How to be Rid of a Wife" propagated

the false story of his having purchased an ostler's wife for his third matrimonial venture. His name belongs to proverbs and minor fiction: with thoughts above such reaches it has no connection. The only public evidence remaining of the wealth and splendour of the "Princely" Chandos is the ridiculous statue of George II. in Golden Square.

#### GOETHE WORSHIP.

ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Professor of the Germanic Languages and Literature in Columbia College. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

"RED signifies the Frenchmen's blood," sang Körner in earlier days." We have no authority for supposing that Professor Boyesen is, politically speaking, a *Franzosenfresser*, as was the eloquent Körner; but whenever, in this able and erudite volume, he makes mention of any name connected with the left bank of the Rhine, he certainly gives one the impression of believing that nothing but frivolity can come from France. M. Taine, it would seem, exemplifies "the total inability of the Gaul to comprehend the Gothic character." Chateaubriand, being also "a Gaul," cannot, as can Schleiermacher, with whom Mr. Boyesen contrasts him, "appeal to the deeper needs of the soul." Referring to the "Xenien"—a series of satirical epigrams, the joint production of Schiller and Goethe—Mr. Boyesen proudly affirms that "witty in the French sense few of them are." We cordially agree. Many of them, however, are witty in the elephantine sense, which is a wholly different thing. They may require at times a surgical operation for the full comprehension of their point, but they are earnest, Teutonic, *echt-Deutsch*, and, therefore, immeasurably superior to the shallow and too easily appreciable pleasantries of "the Gaul." But the full vials of Mr. Boyesen's contempt for things Gallic are reserved for the heads of such devoted Frenchmen as have ventured to criticise the all-perfect Goethe. Here, however, he has been a little unfortunate in the selection of his victim. M. Edmond Scherer, although he had the audacity to assert that "Werther" was silly, was not, primarily, "a malignant and disgruntled Frenchman" ("that's good; disgruntled Frenchman is good," would have exclaimed Polonius); he was a severe Swiss professor of Biblical exegesis, though accidentally born in Paris, almost German in mind, and gifted with a frequently sagacious critical sense. In the series of articles on Goethe which Matthew Arnold endorsed with an approbation against which Professor Boyesen protests, M. Scherer has done ample justice to what, in its line, was really perfect in Goethe's work—the first part of *Faust* and the early lyrics. If he has also ventured to affirm that "one cannot read his works without continually falling in with trivial admirations, solemn pieces of simplicity, reflections which bear upon nothing," no one, surely, can disagree with M. Scherer save those whose critical capacities are permanently blinded by the excess of light that flows from a great name. If one observes, for instance:—Winter evenings generally close in early,—one makes a remark which, though strictly accurate, is neither wholly novel nor supremely striking. We do not assert that this statement is, word for word, to be met with in the works of Goethe, but we do assert that it is a fair type of many similar observations of his, observations over which his intransigent idolaters throw up their arms in ecstasy and ejaculate, "*Prachtvoll! Wunderschön!*" Certainly there are to be found in Goethe's novels, notably in "*Wilhelm Meister*," as in his autobiography, many statements of a no less serene and indubitable veracity.

In the course of his life's battle for the emancipation of the German spirit, Goethe had to carve his way through masses of dull sleepy commonplace, and it is not to be wondered at if his contact with this affected him, and clove to him, till the end. The marvellous work he did for German thought and

art no sane person would attempt to decry. It is permitted, however, in the face of a too rapturous hero-worship, to suggest that he was fallible; that, like other mortals, he could occasionally open his lips without pearls and diamonds of speech falling from them as a necessary consequence.

Goethe has never been so much studied and written of as he is to-day, yet there are certain indications in the workings of what he called the *Zeit-Geist* that the noonday of his influence is on the wane. He was essentially a child of the eighteenth century, and the influence and ideals of the eighteenth century have a feeble hold on us every day. He was essentially "individualistic," and it is not in the sphere of politics alone that socialistic, "altruistic" tendencies are daily gathering force. His philosophy of life was essentially pagan, and the neo-Christian movement is steadily growing stronger in England and in France alike. But this is to open a wide-reaching question.

Mr. Boyesen's book contains a clear exposure of Carlyle's complete misconception of the teaching of Goethe. It contains, also, many other interesting essays, notably two on the German novel, which is not so well known in England as it might be. But one fears that even Mr. Boyesen's attractive sketch of it will fail to induce those among us who look abroad for their reading in this line to desert the French novel—so lightly, so enticingly written—for the patient and ponderous prose of the Fatherland. An essay on "Novalis and the Blue Flower" shows much graceful sympathy with German romanticism at the beginning of our century, though Mr. Boyesen—to the tune of "Protestant Boys"—objects to the "idolrous Madonna worship" which he conceives to have characterised this school.

The American professor's book is always well-informed, and, as a rule, brightly written. If, as it merits, it should reach a re-issue, one might advise him to read what a Scotch professor, Mr. Edward Caird, has to say about Goethe, in his recently published "*Essays on Literature and Philosophy*." Mr. Caird's criticism is, in many respects, the most suggestive criticism of Goethe existing in English, and Mr. Boyesen would surely find it appreciative enough. One might ask him also to explain to us what he may mean by this phrase: "The romantic rear-guard is represented by the lovers of Dickens, Scott, Victor Hugo, and Stevenson," a strangely consorted Quadruple Alliance! And, in the light of actual historical revelations, it is hardly correct to say that "the Germans in 1870 merely accepted a challenge." The Germans in 1870—M. de Bismarck's confessions of the other day finally prove it—forced a challenge, knowing themselves to be, for the moment, the stronger Power.

#### FICTION.

TINY LUTTRELL. By E. W. Hornung. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

THE SHADOW OF A SONG. By Cecil Harley. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

A MERE CYPHER. By Mary A. Dickens. In three vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

"A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH" showed that much was to be hoped from Mr. Hornung's pen. His latest novel, "Tiny Luttrell," goes far to fulfil those hopes, while suggesting further possibilities beyond. It is a good story, admirably told. There is a chastity and polish in Mr. Hornung's style which, combined with a keen sense of humour and a quite remarkable insight into feminine character, make as promising an equipment as a young author could wish. He has not had occasion yet to show how far he can deal with the deeper issues of life; but as an artist in words and a handler of metaphor he stands high among his fellows. The tropical shadows which look "as if they could be rolled up like sheets of zinc," the sun shining in the double row of windows "like the flash of the broadside of a two-decker,"

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these are images which linger in the memory. The book sparkles with brilliant little passages. The detail is occasionally, it must be allowed, superior to the main lines of the story; but there is at least one scene, that in which Tiny is cross-questioned by Lady Dromard, which any writer might well be proud of. From first to last the reader's attention is held, and what he has read rapidly for the sake of the story, he is likely to go through again more deliberately for that of the style.

Mr. Harley's is, we believe, a 'prentice hand; but in "The Shadow of a Song" it has wrought a really fascinating romance. Taking the subject of "hypnotic suggestion" as the central idea of his book, he has woven around that idea a thrilling and powerful story of mingled passions. True, the plot is not free from a suspicion of melodrama; improbability is strained to the verge of impossibility; but so skilfully are the daringly conceived situations sustained that the reader follows their course with very real interest. In the first chapter the note of mystery is struck—a mystery ever deepening to its tragic close. Jack Helston, a dreamy, sensitive young fellow, being on his way to visit a former acquaintance in the North Country, halts by the side of a little brook before reaching his destination. Then and there his evil genius appears—a beautiful and strangely uncanny woman. Elsie Marriott is the sister of Jack's host; not only his sister, but his accomplice. For this precious pair are immersed in nefarious plots, and the young dreamer is destined by them for a cat's paw. Blind to his danger, he falls into the snare, and Elsie's mesmeric charms beguile him to ruin. In a hypnotic state, induced by her weird spells, Jack commits a fraud of which he himself remains utterly unconscious. He is hunted down, arrested, and sent for trial. Meanwhile, the beautiful sorceress who has lured him on is hoist with her own petard. For Elsie, the unscrupulous agent of her wicked brother, is smitten with frantic love for her victim, and having got him into prison, is now wildly bent upon getting him out again. How she accomplishes this apparently impracticable feat by dint of a daring stratagem, and how, in the very moment of her triumph, Nemesis strikes her down, may best be gathered from the story itself, where all this is told with a subtle charm not to be conveyed by a mere analysis of the plot. Sensational as it may seem, it is no vulgar melodrama, but, rather, a psychological romance, which the reader will find in "The Shadow of a Song." Mysticism is the predominant feature of the book. The vague, haunting charm of Elsie's weird "Binding Song" produces a curiously strong impression, thanks to the author's imaginative faculty. But there is plenty of comedy to relieve the tension. The minor characters are excellently individualised, and their talk is bright and natural. Mr. Harley has done so well that we shall hope to see him do still better in future.

The most abiding impression left upon the reader's mind by the perusal of "A Mere Cypher" will probably be that of incongruity. For here is a book, bearing upon its title-page the great name of Dickens, and lo! from cover to cover stretches a desert of gloom unrelieved by a single oasis of mirth! From Dan even unto Beersheba all is dark and dreary. Miss Mary Dickens has, in fact, succeeded in defying heredity by writing a story absolutely devoid of any trace of humour or light-heartedness. Her *dramatis personæ* are quite appallingly in earnest; they take themselves and each other with stupendous seriousness. The theme itself is of a most depressing nature. Norman Strange, a young man of considerable promise, has lapsed into a state of chronic drunkenness, and is induced to place himself under the care of a certain Dr. Custance for purposes of reformation. Beneath the roof of this gentleman—who, however, makes no personal effort to reform his patient—a wondrous transformation is effected, the dipsomaniac being converted, with startling swiftness, into a sort of Toynbee Hall young man. Whilst engaged in "slumming," he meets his fate, in

the person of Stella Chisholm, a beautiful girl of congenially "earnest" tendencies. The enthusiastic young couple plunge fervently into utopian schemes for the benefit of "the masses"—schemes which are about to be crowned by their marriage when melodrama steps in to delay that event. Dr. Custance, the villain of the story, comes down upon the white-washed hero with fearsome threats of exposure of the darker past, and accusations of a murder, all after the approved Adelphi pattern. With that sweet unreasonableness so eminently characteristic of the hero of fiction, Norman does not consult his solicitor, nor even kick the blackmailer out of the house, but sits down to be tragic.

Dr. Custance, however, is not permitted to carry out his nefarious project. His wife—a little person of quite astounding dreariness and stupidity—disapproving of his conduct, gives him a cup of cold p'ison. By this simple act of heroism she not only saves Norman, but removes from herself the slur of being "a mere cypher." Upon the minute drawing of this supremely uninteresting character Miss Dickens has lavished an amount of care and study worthy of a better subject. As it is, the reader is hideously bored, and pines for a little exhilarating wickedness amidst the monotony of so much tepid virtue. The book is carefully written, but with a singular lack of charm or distinction. The style is laboured, and the plot sadly threadbare. But it is all very harmless.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

HARDLY more than twelve months ago Queen Square Congregational Church, Brighton, lost its pastor by the unexpected death in his fortieth year of the Rev. T. Rhys Evans. Few men shrank more sensitively from anything in the nature of self-advertisement than the shy, scholarly, and eloquent preacher who died in the bleak spring of 1892, just as Nonconformity at large was beginning to realise the rare qualities of mind and heart which met in the winning and fascinating personality of the man who had stood for a term of eventful years in the pulpit once occupied by the late Paxton Hood. Doubtless to many people the very name of Rhys Evans is unfamiliar, yet since Robertson of Brighton went to an early grave no preacher of more remarkable gifts or more subtle influence has appeared in the famous Sussex town. We have seldom come across a more brave and beautiful book than this young preacher's "Life and Letters," and the sermons and addresses included in it more than bear out all that is urged in the frank and genial monograph which confronts the reader at the outset. A son of the manse, Rhys Evans, even as a lad of fourteen, won exceptional honours at a public school in Greek, and at Cheshunt College, where he was educated for the work of the Congregational ministry, his wit and vivacity were not less conspicuous than his brilliant powers of speech, his genuine devotion to learning, and the modesty and chivalry of his habitual bearing amongst his comrades. At the age of twenty-two he settled in Brighton, and for several years afterwards he was too much of a recluse. He had succeeded to a difficult pastorate, and he hated controversy, and so, for a while, outside the pulpit his people saw but little of him. All sorts and conditions of men were attracted by his imaginative sermons and by the delicate sympathy of a transparently honest and generous nature. During those early years of his ministry, when Mr. Rhys Evans held himself aloof from the work of the town and the activities of the denomination, he delved deeply in classical learning and made himself master of at least half-a-dozen European languages. His gifts as a literary critic were considerable, and were turned to good account in more than one direction; and this book reveals his skill as a translator of Euripides, as well as the acuteness of

\*THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF T. RHYNS EVANS. With Selections from his Sermons and Addresses. By Richard Lovett, M.A. Photogravure Portrait. London: James Clarke & Company. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

FOREST TITHES, AND OTHER STUDIES FROM NATURE. By "A Son of the Marshes." Author of "Woodland, Wood, and Stream," etc. Edited by J. A. Owen. London: Smith, Elder & Company. Crown 8vo.

THE FIELD NATURALIST'S HANDBOOK. By the late Rev. J. G. Wood and the Rev. Theodore Wood. Fifth Edition. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company. Crown 8vo.

ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES FOR 1891-2. Edited by John Lane. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Oxford: The University Press. London: Henry Frowde. Crown 8vo.

OUR VIANDS; WHENCE THEY COME, AND HOW THEY ARE COOKED. By Anne Walbank Buckland, author of "The World beyond the Esterelles," etc. London: Wad & Downey. Crown 8vo.

BUNYAN CHARACTERS. Lectures delivered by Alexander White, D.D., Author of "Characters and Characteristics of William Law." Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

his judgment as a student of Ibsen. Dante, however, more than any other man, was his intellectual lord, and he had accumulated by patient and persistent study and research the materials for a book on the great Italian poet when death surprised him at his unfinished task. In later life, from a sheer sense of duty, Mr. Rhys Evans had forced himself to take a more active part in the public affairs of the town, and his literary addresses at the Pavilion, as well as his work on the School Board, were giving him a remarkable ascendancy in Brighton when tidings of his death suddenly startled his friends. This book, written by a fellow-student and a life-long friend with admirable taste, reveals the characteristics of a man who was loved wherever he was known, and who possessed not merely the temperament of genius, but in a measure also its magic gifts. The letters of Rhys Evans, which are interwoven with the reminiscences of his friends in the opening pages of this volume, are pervaded by the spirit of poetry, and throw into attractive relief his wide reading, his catholic tastes, and the wit and wisdom which heightened the charm of a singularly attractive and impressionable nature.

We are glad to encounter once more the self-taught naturalist, who is content to be known as a "Son of the Marshes," and who has already written three or four books with the breath of the woodlands in them. Under the title of "Forest Tithes" this rural philosopher has just published another group of studies from nature, and those in populous city pent, who look wistfully towards the country, will find much of its charm and freshness reflected in these quaint and modest pages. The Weald lands of Surrey and Sussex abound in quiet and sequestered places, where it is possible to study at leisure the life of the wild creatures and their ways, and this disciple of Gilbert White and Thoreau has made the most of such opportunities, and has gathered in consequence the harvest of a quiet eye. He has watched the flight of the birds, has studied the habits of the otter, and has much to tell us about that audacious long-tailed freebooter, the rat, who wages war in merciless fashion against the young and foolish water-fowl in marsh and stream. The love of the country is in every page of this record, and the book is marked by keen observation as well as by hearty appreciation of all that is sweet and wholesome in rural life. We are bound, however, to add that we like a "Son of the Marshes" best when he is least ambitious, and there are one or two sketches in the present volume which strike us as being self-conscious and mannered; but in the main the book is as breezy and as full of artless insight as its predecessors.

Another volume which carries us at once from crowded streets and dreary squares is "The Field-Naturalist's Handbook," a little work of reference which has won, on the principle of promotion by merit, the honours of a fifth edition. It was written in the first instance by the late Rev. J. G. Wood, and his son, the Rev. Theodore Wood, has given it its present shape and brought it up to date. The requirements of young students of nature have been steadily considered in the preparation of this admirable manual. The book is avowedly intended for those who wish to go into the fields, lanes, and forests in search of butterflies, moths, birds' eggs, and plants, and who desire not only to collect specimens, but to learn the habits of the creatures which they encounter in their investigations. Each month in the year is taken successively, and a complete list of the butterflies and moths which appear in it are given, together with the plants that are in flower and their localities. Birds are classed according to their accepted order, commencing with the hawk tribes and ending with the petrels. The approximate stay of each bird in England is indicated, together with the locality of its nest, and the usual number of its eggs. The volume is packed with interesting facts in entomology, ornithology, and botany, and it also abounds in practical hints which are quite evidently the outcome of wide experience.

It is hardly necessary to do more in this column than chronicle the appearance of the twenty-ninth annual edition of "The Royal Guide to the London Charities," a handbook of reference originally started by the late Mr. Herbert Fry, and now edited by Mr. John Lane. The scope of the work is tolerably well known, and therefore it is perhaps enough to add that these three hundred pages give in alphabetical order a complete list of the London charities, great and small, with the date of their foundation, their address, their object, their last reported annual income, their chief officials, and the number of patients admitted to the institution. We are sorry to observe that at Guy's Hospital at least one hundred beds out of a total of six hundred are unoccupied from want of funds, and many applicants have to be refused admission. There are twenty general hospitals within the metropolitan area, and eleven of them have medical schools; seventeen of these great and beneficent institutions are almost entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions, and the drain on their resources is, of course, constant. Amongst the hospitals which appear to be in special need of help at the present time are the British Home for Incurables at Clapham; the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway Road; the London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields; the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, West Strand; the Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road; and the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. In each of these cases prompt help is sought to carry out either the building of larger premises or the extension of present ones—due in each instance to the ever-increasing demands of the work.

The Oxford "Helps to the Study of the Bible" has just been brought out in a revised and enlarged edition, illustrated with sixty-four plates and a new series of maps. The pith of many volumes is presented in these admirably arranged pages, for they contain introductions to the several books of the Bible, a concise summary of the history and antiquities of the Jews, the results of modern research and exploration in Palestine, as well as much tabulated information concerning manners and customs in the East, Jewish sects and parties, and the geography, botany, and natural history of the Holy Land. There is also an elaborate subject-index to the Scriptures, and a concordance for the further help of Bible-students. The coloured maps are many and admirable. It would be an advantage, not to themselves alone, but also to those whom they seek to instruct and enlighten, if this scholarly, concise, and yet comprehensive manual of reference lay on the desk of every clergyman, minister, and Sunday-school teacher in the land.

Mrs. Buckland's book about "Viands, whence they come, and how they are cooked," differs considerably from ordinary manuals of its kind. There is a literary flavour about it, and evidence, moreover, on almost every page of wide reading and close observation. Quaint old customs are recalled concerning this or that aspect of kitchen physics, and historical allusions brighten an unconventional but not an unpractical manual. Poets, physicians, and epicures lend grace to the narrative, or supply it with counsels of perfection, and a "bundle of old recipes," picked with discrimination from forgotten cookery books of last century, heighten the practical value of a volume which may be safely left to make its own appeal to all who appreciate the dainty treatment of a dainty theme.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, the poet-preacher of Edinburgh, has been for years a close and enthusiastic student of the writings of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," and this circumstance lends special interest to the volume which he has just published, entitled "Bunyan Characters." The book consists of twenty-six lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, and it is a quite noteworthy exposition of the facts and forces which met in the personages who figure in Bunyan's wonderful allegory. Dr. Whyte helps us to understand more vividly than before what manner of men were Obstinate, Pliable, Talkative, Faithful, Evangelist, and the like; and the modern applications of that old story of the soul's quest are indicated by many subtle and suggestive comments which often touch to the quick the greater as well as the lesser issues of faith and conduct. There is both vigour and vivacity about the book, fancy and feeling, yet the tenderness is as conspicuous as the courage. Dr. Whyte has done well to give these lectures to a wider audience than that to which they were originally addressed, for the book is the outcome of mellow experience as well as independent thought, and multitudes will welcome it because of the light which it casts, not merely on Bunyan's page, but on the battle and burden which—in the nineteenth century no less than in the seventeenth—confront those who are not content to live at random.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF DANTE. By John Addington Symonds. Third Edition. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
- THE OXFORD BIBLE FOR TEACHERS. New Illustrated Edition.
- HELPS TO THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE. Revised and Enlarged Edition. London: H. Frowde, The Clarendon Press.
- WITNESS TO THE DEED. A Novel. By George Marville Penn. Three Vols. London: Chatto & Windus.
- NO COMPROMISE. A Novel. By Helen F. Hetherington and the Rev. D. Burton. New and Cheaper Edition.
- THE GOLDEN HOPE. A Novel. By W. Clark Russell. New Edition.
- THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A Novel. By Frank Barrett. London: Griffith Farran & Co.
- THE WORKS OF THE REV. WILLIAM LAW, M.A. In Nine Vols. Vols. II., III. Brockenhurst: G. Moreton.
- SHORT STALKS: OR, HUNTING CAMPS, NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST. By Edward North Buxton. Second Edition, London: E. Stanford.
- ERNEST RENAN. In Memoriam. By the Right Hon. Sir Mount Stuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.
- SONGS OF FREEDOM. Selected and Edited by H. S. Salt. *The Canterbury Poets*.
- ESSAYS ON THE GREATER GERMAN POETS AND WRITERS. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. *The Scott Library*. London: Walter Scott, Limited.
- SERMONS DELIVERED IN LYNDRUST ROAD CHURCH, HAMSTEAD. By R. F. Horton, M.A. London: James Clarke & Co.
- BYE-GONES, RELATING TO WALES AND THE BORDER COUNTIES. 1891-92. Vol. II. Second Series.
- LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS. By Philip Norman, F.S.A. *The Camden Library*. London: Elliot Stock.
- HANDBOOK OF GREEK AND LATIN PALEOGRAPHY. By Edward Maunde Thompson, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited.
- MRS. CURGENVEN OF CURGENVEN. A Novel. By S. Baring-Gould. Three Vols. London: Methuen & Co.
- SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF WALTER C. SMITH.
- VALETTE, TENNYSON, AND OTHER MEMORIAL POEMS. By H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons.
- ANNALS OF MY LIFE. 1847-1856. By Charles Wordsworth, D.D., D.C.L. Ed. W. Earl Hodgson. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

### PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE betrothal of the Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck has been so long a subject of popular rumour that the official announcement made on Thursday morning can surprise no one. The Duke of York only returned to England from Greece on Saturday last, and his visit on Tuesday to the Duke and Duchess of Teck clearly foreshadowed the announcement of Thursday. It will suffice to say that a more popular marriage on the part of the future heir to the English throne could not possibly have been made, and that the sad circumstances of last year will only affect the Queen's subjects of all classes more favourably towards both bride and bridegroom. There is very little doubt as to the marriage taking place at an early date.

THE Tory newspapers have preserved a prudent silence with respect to the remarkable letter which we published last week from the pen of the late Lord Derby. They would rather leave their readers in ignorance of the gravest historical facts than do anything that might affect injuriously the cult of the Primrose League. Yet surely it is not a small thing that one of the greatest Conservative statesmen of the century, and the man who had better opportunities than any other of judging both the actions and the motives of Lord Beaconsfield, should have passed upon the great Jingo leader a sentence so severe as that which we printed last week. The mythical idol of the Tory party is presented to us by one who had once been his chief colleague as an unscrupulous and reckless adventurer, who "preferred the risk of war to that of personal failure." No graver charge was ever brought against an English statesman, and in this case the charge is brought on such high authority that only the extremely foolish can pretend to ignore it. It has been placed on record, and we venture to say that it correctly represents the verdict of history upon the hero of the Primrose League.

It is not merely, however, because of its bearing upon the reputation of Lord Beaconsfield that we wish to press home the tremendous indictment framed by Lord Derby. It was as the leader of the Jingoism of his time that Lord Beaconsfield plunged into the wicked and reckless course of action which so nearly wrecked the peace of Europe;

and it was to avoid the risk of a personal failure that he used the follies and extravagances of the Jingo party in this mischievous fashion. There is a recrudescence of Jingoism amongst us to-day. The old Jingo sentiment, with its hollowness, its vulgarity, and its selfishness, underlies the new movement on behalf of the Paper Union. It was a Jingo meeting which was held in the Guildhall on Wednesday, and we are treated every morning, in the Opposition press, to an outburst of Jingoism as blatant and foolish as anything witnessed in 1878. Moreover, it is the man who was the willing lieutenant of Lord Beaconsfield in carrying out the criminal policy of fifteen years ago who is at the head of the new Jingo movement of to-day. It is well, in these circumstances, that as much light as possible should be thrown upon the old Jingoism, especially when the light comes from so unimpeachable a source as the late Lord Derby.

THE speeches at the Guildhall meeting were as full of blatant and offensive Jingoism as was the procession of wild stockbrokers which bore testimony to the political opinions of that interesting but unappreciated class. Mr. Chamberlain, turning his back upon all his old professions, and apparently flinging the last shred of statesmanship in his composition to the winds, sought to lash an excitable crowd into fury by talking of the abandonment of Ulster to the fury of the Catholics as a deed of infamy of which England would have bitter reason to repent. He failed to show in what manner Ulster was to be abandoned, or what wrong, either practical or sentimental, was to be inflicted upon her; and he carefully ignored the very real wrongs—once so strenuously denounced by himself—to which the great majority of the Irish people are subjected by a system of administration which places all power in the hands of a small minority. But at the Guildhall, as elsewhere, the speakers who wish to arouse feeling against the Home Rule Bill have to begin their task by ignoring all the realities of the question.

ON Monday, the Committee stage, the real tussle of the Home Rule Bill, begins. For Home Rulers the two chief points about which difficulty exists are the retention of members and the financial clauses, and, we believe, on these points party differences are in a fair way of being adjusted. With regard to the first, it may be remembered that before the Bill was introduced at all it was pointed out in *THE SPEAKER* that the solution would very likely be found in leaving the Irish representation to stand, so long, at any rate, as so important

an Irish question as the land was reserved to the Imperial Parliament. This was Mr. Parnell's suggestion. It has both propriety and simplicity to recommend it, and it is the solution which is finding most favour on the Liberal side of the House. With regard to the difference on the financial clauses between the Irish members and the Government, we understand that that question is being referred to a small conference in which the Government and both sections of the Irish party will be represented. The conference will thrash out the whole question of the financial relations, with the aid of all necessary documents, as to which, if need be, Treasury experts may be examined. By this sensible device an equitable agreement is morally certain to be arrived at.

WE discuss elsewhere the larger and more general considerations suggested by Wednesday's notable vote on the Eight Hours (Miners) Bill. Of the many particular considerations which must be taken into account the most important is undoubtedly the question of legal application. The more this is examined the more will its enormous difficulty become plain. The crux of Durham is not by any means disposed of by the *non possumus* of what we may call the eight hours' stalwarts, for it is a crux which would be bound to meet them at every stage of the great extension of the principle which no doubt some of them imagine is going to follow upon this experiment with the miners. It contains the vital germ of the opposition to the whole idea. Mr. Gladstone favours local option to meet the case of dissentients; but to our view Mr. Mather's proposal to leave the decision of the matter to the trades unions seems to offer a more practicable and sounder solution. Trades unions, as everybody now knows, when they have been long enough in operation, exercise a conservative and sobering as well as elevating influence upon the men. Nothing so effectively brings out their sense of responsibility. From the employers' point of view, as well as from the men's own, it is of the utmost consequence to preserve the influence of the unions; and Mr. Mather's proposal would tend to enhance that influence and give a new importance to the unions, whereas otherwise the tendency of the Bill—its most dangerous tendency—is to sap away the life principle of this great agency of industrial advancement.

THE "Durham Ulster" question is supposed to be complicated in a sense by the question of the boys. Like the loyal minority of the other Ulster, the Durham minority contains within itself a smaller and more helpless minority, which is the one that really requires protection. This, however, to our view does not complicate the main issue at all. Indeed, we could see the eight hours, or even the six hours, principle applied to the case of the boys without any compunction and without considering ourselves thereby committed in the least degree to the application of the principle to adult labour. The case of the boys stands on a footing of its own, and ought to be dealt with quite independently of this controversy. If undeveloped boys are required to work ten and a half hours in order that full-grown men may work only seven and a half, that is a rather shameful thing, and it ought to be put a stop to, if necessary, by law. But that fact furnishes no argument for or against the principle of legislative interference with the hours of the able-bodied and adult.

Two other considerations deserve remark. One is the strikingly sober spirit in which the House dealt with this question. There was no enthusiasm or sense of emphatic confidence as when some fully-

believed-in reform has been carried over its first obstacle. It was an experiment which was being entered upon with doubt and caution, and the fact that responsible men of all parties voted for it was only a proof that no one was sure enough about it or reckless enough to take the question up as a party cry. The other consideration is the fact that the eight hours' advocates owed their big majority to the Irish vote. Has it ever occurred to those somewhat light-headed politicians, who sometimes rail at Mr. Gladstone with his "constitutional conundrums" blocking the way of the Labour programme, to ask themselves where the Labour programme would be if the eighty odd Irish members were, for any cause, to "turn ugly"? It is a question worth being reminded of.

THE adjournment of the House was moved on Thursday by Mr. Havelock Wilson, in order to call attention to certain reports of the strike in Hull. The debate which ensued will serve considerably to clear the air with reference to this very unfortunate struggle. We submit to the leaders of the dockers that what their case stands most in need of is being cleared of the extraneous considerations which have hitherto helped to confuse and divert the attention of the public from the simple merits of the *casus belli*. The first and natural impulse of public sympathy is towards the men in a labour struggle of this kind; in addition to that there is the natural impulse of the Liberal forces of the country to rally to the defence of the right of combination. These two all-powerful auxiliaries are to be counted on by the Hull dockers if the merits of their case are right and just, and if they can make these merits stand out plain and manifest to all men. Up to this, however, the difficulty of the outside public has been to get a look at the merits of the case at all through the maze of conflicting by-issues that have been raised—by-issues too which, unfortunately, have been directly calculated to turn public sympathy from its natural course. For raising them, we can readily perceive, neither the dockers nor their leaders are in all cases responsible; but there they are, and they have done the men's cause a lot of damage. One day it is talk of a general strike, and not merely talk, but attempts to cause it, and an actual beginning of the madness. Another day it is incendiarism in Hull, and the dockers refusing to aid in rescuing the perishing property from destruction. Again, it is a series of attacks upon the Government for sending an adequate supply of the forces of the Crown to preserve the public peace. The Board of Trade is then loudly assailed, and its officials charged with corruption of the vilest kind. The dockers' case, again, has been seriously injured by the Parliamentary championship of Mr. Keir Hardie (and, indeed, in nothing are the dockers more truly deserving of commiseration than in the fact that this gentleman has made their cause his own). Between one thing and another it will be well for the true interests of labour when the Hull leaders take a larger grasp of their situation and cease preventing us seeing the wood for the trees.

As to the points raised by Mr. Havelock Wilson in Thursday's debate, they were, in the main, four, and they were all directed against the Government. It was useful to raise them, and we hope that the Government on the one hand will carefully consider those of them in which they can redress anything that has been reasonably complained of, and that Mr. Havelock Wilson and his friends on the other hand will have a little more rational confidence in the spirit in which a Radical Government is likely to carry on the duties of administration. The four points were (1) introduction of troops, (2) unnecessary parading of troops, (3) troops preventing legal picketing, and (4) the officials of the Board of Trade aiding the Shipping Federation in "crimping" free labour. The first point



needs no answer: it is the most elementary duty of government to preserve order, and if the local authorities declare that order cannot be preserved without the presence of troops the Government has no alternative but to send the required force. This complaint moreover implies a supposition as to the desires of the men which is as uncomplimentary as we trust it is absurd. The second point is one which ought to be brought to the notice of the military officer in command. The interference with legal picketing complained of under the third head ought to be stopped if it has taken place. So ought the "crimping," if there has been any.

THE brief debate upon the Egyptian question in the House of Commons on Monday was chiefly remarkable for the speech of Mr. Gladstone, the extraordinary dialectical skill of which was recognised both by friends and opponents. The front Opposition bench had made preparations for a great attack upon the Government, and some of the principal speakers on that side of the House had been making notes whilst Mr. Gladstone was speaking. But with one consent they tore up their notes when he sat down, and practically admitted that their case was gone. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that either the Prime Minister or the Liberal party receded an inch from the position they took up when in opposition. Mr. Gladstone had to speak not merely to the House of Commons, but to Europe and Egypt, and he had to weigh every word he uttered, lest perchance he should give the enemies of this country the opportunity for which they are eagerly waiting. But he did not utter one word which affected the great principle maintained by Liberals with regard to the Egyptian occupation—the principle that both honour and self-interest compel us to regard that occupation as a purely temporary measure, to be abandoned at the earliest practicable moment.

LAST night the House of Commons was to be engaged in discussing the question of the magistracy, and of the manner in which, under the late Administration, the appointments to the office of Justice of the Peace were made almost exclusively from among its own supporters. No greater scandal than this has been witnessed in recent times in our political life, and there is no reform more urgently needed than that which the House of Commons was last night considering. We cannot comment upon last night's debate, but it will be profitable to note the spirit of intemperate insolence in which the men who are responsible for the existing scandal resent any steps taken by the present Government for the purpose of mitigating it. We speak elsewhere of Mr. George Curzon's foolish and offensive attack upon Mr. Bryce. The Chancellor of the Duchy has also been assailed by that redoubtable person, Sir Frederick Milner; and it is apparently the intention of the young Tory bloods to "make it hot," if we adopt one of their favourite expressions, for any Minister who dares to lay his hand upon that which they regard as one of the exclusive preserves of their own party. Surely the possession of a little common sense would lead these gentlemen, if they must fight, to choose a better battle-ground than this.

MR. FOWLER was singularly fortunate on Monday in securing the first reading of his Bill for equalising rates in London without a division. One of the most urgent reforms demanded by the people of the Metropolis is thus brought near to realisation. Mr. Fowler's measure establishes a uniform rate of 6d. over the Metropolis, which will be divided, according to population, among the different districts. It will increase the rates in the wealthy and lightly

populated parts of London, and reduce them where a reduction is most needed—in the squalid East End and poverty-stricken South London, where population is greatest and wealth least.

THE unfortunate controversy on religious teaching in London Board Schools has raged all the week, naturally with only a negative result. Professor Huxley, as one of the original framers of the compromise it is now sought to upset, has promptly disavowed the meaning which the *Times* of last week sought to attach to it. Canon Ridgeway has made the reasonable proposal that the Board shall simply provide against the grievance which, we believe, occasioned the present dispute, by securing that teaching shall not be given under the guise of Christianity which offends the great majority of those who call themselves Christians. Dr. James Martineau has written two curious and eminently characteristic letters, the outcome of which apparently is that "the dogmatic and undogmatic consciences" have alike claims to consideration, and that due provision should be made for each.

THE proceedings at the Board on Thursday offered a number of fresh illustrations of the fact that that body (or any other public body, for that matter) is wholly incapable of devising any definite scheme of specific religious instruction likely to give general satisfaction even among members of the Church of England. The Board fell out about the payment of chaplains to the *Shaftesbury*, about religious teaching in industrial schools, and (most of all) about the recreation suitable for Sundays—questions which divide all sections of the religious world in a totally different way from their doctrinal differences—and two of the decisions reached are to be debated again. Could any further proof be wanted that the Board had better mind its secular business and leave religious questions alone?

As we write, the conflict on the German Army Bills is in progress, and the result is hardly doubtful. Early this week the situation underwent a sudden change. Negotiations for a compromise had been in progress for some time between Baron von Huene, one of the leaders of the Catholic Centre, and the Imperial Chancellor. Roughly, the proposed compromise gives the Government nearly seven-eighths of what they ask, and gives it by instalments—at a saving of about £1,800,000 annually, besides a considerable reduction in initial expenditure. The question of cost is left over for final settlement next year; in the meanwhile, it is stated (though apparently the proposal is not yet before the Reichstag) that additional "matricular contributions" are to be called for from the Federal States.

AT any rate, it was thought for a time that a dissolution would be averted, and the Bill carried, partly through abstentions, partly through the defection of about fifteen Liberals (*Freisinnigen*) and some Catholics—the "turnover" of votes necessary to secure the Government a majority being only 22 in a complete House. Fear of a dissolution rather than acquiescence in the military scheme was the main factor in this result. The pitiful exhibition made by Herr Ahlwardt this week has relieved the Anti-Semites of a discreditable champion, but has not by any means put an end to Anti-Semitism. The agricultural Conservatives might use the time of a general election to rouse the country against the commercial treaties which are the chief pride of the Emperor and his Chancellor; and it is almost certain that the Social Democrats would gain considerably.

BUT when the debate began on Wednesday the prospect had changed again. Herr von Huene's amendment (which has since been formally accepted

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

both by the Imperial and the Federal Governments) had been submitted on the previous evening to a meeting of deputies of the Catholic Centre, and found only six supporters. The Chancellor's insistence on the necessity that Germany should be prepared to take the offensive, and on the unanimity of expert opinion that the German army is not now strong enough to do so, evoked no general enthusiasm. Herr von Huene's amendment was even more coldly received; and Herr Richter's defiant speech on Thursday, with its daring reference to the militarist tendencies of the Emperor and to a possible *coup d'état*, clearly showed the danger involved for the present régime by a general election. Indeed, it seems likely, after the turn events have taken, that the threatened Liberal defection will not take place; and it is certain that the Alsatian members of the Reichstag, who usually abstain altogether, will vote against the scheme. The situation is serious enough for a midnight conference between the Emperor and his Chancellor. But the question still is—as it has been from the first—What will the Centre do? Will their aristocratic leaders detach enough members to turn the scale, and so alienate permanently that Catholic democracy which has already shown so many signs of breaking away? At this moment such a result seems very improbable.

MAY-DAY, which usually excites so much apprehension on the Continent, has this year passed off quietly enough. In Paris its celebration has only served to bring out the weakness and division of the Socialist parties, and to embroil a few "advanced" deputies with the police, whose action, however, has received the full approval of the Government and a large majority of the Chamber. In Rome and Vienna, though measures had been taken to prevent demonstrations, the day passed off quietly enough. In Belgium no special attempt seems to have been made to celebrate the recent political victory of the Labour party. Even in the most turbulent cities of Spain there was no disturbance. A few peaceable meetings and much printed matter, with here and there (in France) a little difficulty between a crowd and the police, make up the whole history of the day. Is the celebration dying out, or have the Labour parties abroad realised that there are more practical means of attaining their ends?

A CONSERVATIVE Ministry has been formed in Norway, but with little hope of any practical result, so far as concerns a settlement of the difficulties with Sweden. It has been met by the proposal of a vote of censure, and "a suspension of the Norwegian Constitution" is freely spoken of. In Sweden Unionist feeling is rising rapidly. A "week of abstinence," after the example of the Salvation Army, was recently resorted to by good patriots, and the pecuniary result is expected to suffice for a new iron-clad. But a much more extensive increase of the navy is in contemplation, and possibly also a mobilisation of troops. At the same time the bulk of the Swedish people is still excluded from active citizenship. The Lower House favours a reduction of the qualification for the franchise from the present minimum of about £45 (800 kroner), to about £28 (500 kroner), but the Upper House has just declined to accept any reform at all. It is not impossible that should the difficulty between the two countries become more acute, the democracy of Norway may find its best ally in its unenfranchised brethren in Conservative Sweden.

FRANCE has provided a strong argument against the German Army Bill. The expenditure contemplated by the Budget of 1894 is 151,000,000 francs in excess of that of 1893. This is the result partly of the incorporation in it of the former "extraordinary budget" of the army and

navy, and partly of certain arrangements as to railway guarantees which come into operation next year. And as the Chamber, in view of the general elections, recently decided to exempt wine, beer, and cider from taxation, and so upset the whole revenue from alcoholic drinks, it is difficult to see from what source the extra expenditure is to be provided. This matter, indeed, is not finally settled, but it is hardly probable that the wine-growing and agricultural interest will allow the next Chamber to falsify the hopes raised by the present one.

ONE expedient for raising revenue which is now before the Finance Committee of the French Senate is both curious and significant. It is a proposal to increase the tax on licences to trade in such a way that large businesses with many employés and many departments will pay much more in proportion than small traders, and will be unable to carry on many dissimilar businesses. In fact, the proposal involves a progressive tax designed to favour the small trader, handicap the large shop, and make "Universal Providers" impossible. We have noted before that a good deal of Continental Anti-Semitism is really a protest against monopoly and concentration of capital, and it is interesting to see this protest in an unadulterated form. It is, moreover, a proof, if any were needed, of the strength throughout France of the small tradesman class.

THE festivities in Italy are over, and the country has gone back to the weary round of financial "revelations," Ministerial indecision, and Parliamentary intrigue. A coalition of all the Left is talked of with a view to ousting the present Ministry as soon as the banking scandals are out of the way. The German Emperor, after an energetic performance of all the duties of a royal visitor and tourist, has returned to Berlin, exchanging compliments on the way with the Swiss Federal Council at Lucerne. Official circles in Germany incline, of course, to exaggerate the importance of this ceremony—doubtless in view of the impending catastrophe in the Reichstag. In Italy, too, no doubt the same exaggeration will take place for other reasons. Italian amateur strategists intend that in the next European war Switzerland shall be secured for the Triple Alliance; and they see that an important factor in this result is the commercial rupture between Switzerland and France, which has cast the former country into the arms of Germany. But every military precaution has been taken by Switzerland to secure her own neutrality.

THERE are unpleasant rumours of an impending explosion in Greece; but it seems uncertain whether it will take the form of a democratic revolution or of a *coup d'état* by the King. The latter has been almost openly advocated recently by an ex-Minister, M. Sotiropulo. Bulgaria affords the usual contrast, so irritating to Greeks and Philhellenes, and so satisfactory in regard to the preservation of European peace. The elections to the Great Sobranjé, to which is to be finally submitted the proposed revision of the Constitution, passed off quietly enough on Sunday, and resulted generally in the return of the Ministerial candidates. Prince Ferdinand and his bride, after a tour *incognito* in Greece (leaving Athens unvisited), are making their way to Sofia; and the new Servian Ministry promise a programme of peace, retrenchment, and reform.

SPAIN has to face an insurrection in Cuba. So far it seems to be a very small affair, and to mean merely a prolonged guerilla warfare in the mountainous districts in the extreme east of the island. But help is expected in the shape of American



filibusters, and preparations for its suppression are being made on so extensive a scale as to suggest that the danger is serious. Cuba returns "Autonomist" members to the Spanish Cortes; but the Government are assured of a very large amount of active local support in dealing with the insurrectionary movement.

LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, etc.

AN interesting little volume has been published this week by Macmillan & Co.—a second edition of the "Poems by Two Brothers," published 1827, which contains the earliest published work of the late Poet Laureate, written between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. His son makes an express request in the Preface that none of these poems shall hereafter be included in any volume of his father's works, as the signature, "A. T.," appended to them is only appended conjecturally. This, of course, disarms the kind of collector a recent example of whose methods is dealt with elsewhere in our columns; but, unfortunately, it is an invitation to a class whose labours are nearly as irritating and futile—we mean the ingenious tabulators of broken-endings and hiatuses and other metrical peculiarities—to treat this volume as a playground. Moreover, it makes the work of the ordinary critic superfluous. All these poems, naturally enough, suggest a model. We detect reminiscences of Byron, and Campbell, and Moore; most of those signed "A. T." show a successful emancipation from the grip of eighteenth century "correctness in poetry"; and the undisputed prize poem on "Timbuctoo" is a refreshing contrast to the common form of prize poem so well ridiculed in "Pendennis."

THE rage for republication is no doubt to some extent an index of the inadequate supply of good new literary work. Messrs. Dent & Co. announce a complete edition of the works of the Brontë Sisters; and we believe they will follow these up with some other old favourites. The "Morte d'Arthur" which Mr. Beardsley is illustrating for the same firm is said to be a very precious production. Messrs. Sampson Low are also going to re-issue the novels of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, and Mr. Clark Russell in an edition uniform with that of Mr. Black's novels. The late Mrs. Cameron's portrait-portfolio will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin with the title "Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and his Friends." Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, "Mrs. Falchion," will be brought out by Messrs. Methuen in two volumes. Dean Bradley has given Mr. R. E. Prothero some aid in the preparation of Dean Stanley's "Life and Letters" which Mr. Murray has in the press. Among other works promised are a volume of Arthur Henry Hallam's poems and essays edited by Mr. Le Gallienne (Mathews and Lane), a popular history of "The Healing Art" by Dr. E. Berdoe (Swan Sonnenschein), Dr. Nansen's "Eskimo Life" (Longmans), and "Adventures of Mr. W. C. Selous in Mashonaland" (Rowland Ward). Russell Lowell's "Letters," edited by Professor C. E. Norton, are to be published in America by the Messrs. Harper.

THE first number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* has made its appearance, and, take it altogether, it deserves the hearty welcome which is universally accorded to it. In the matter of its illustrations it is poor. The sixpenny *English Illustrated* beats it easily, and it is a good way—as yet, at any rate—behind the American which we understood it was intended to rival. But its literary contents are of very high merit, and are very well selected. There are contributions from Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Norman Gale, Miss Rhoda Broughton, Miss Jane Barlow, and

Mr. Justin McCarthy—an imposing list. Not the least interesting item in the number is a little paper by the editor himself—as we believe Mr. Astor is—in which he seeks to prove that Madame Récamier was her husband's daughter, whence the explanation of their never having lived together as husband and wife.

THE banquet of the Royal Academy last Saturday was a great and stately function, at which most of the notable personages in political and official life were present. The President was supported by the Prince of Wales and most of the members of the Royal Family now in England, a large number of Ministers and ex-Ministers, the Ambassadors, the two Archbishops, and Cardinal Vaughan, who distinguished himself by appearing, unlike his predecessor on similar occasions, in the gorgeous scarlet costume appropriate to the Vatican. The general company consisted almost exclusively of well-known men. The speeches were not unworthy of the occasion and the audience, and Lord Rosebery in particular won a brilliant personal triumph by making a really admirable political speech from which everything in the nature of politics was carefully excluded.

THE solar eclipse of the 16th of April, the last which is likely to add to our knowledge of solar-physics, is now a thing of the past, and it is very gratifying to hear that the observers sent out were favoured with satisfactory meteorological conditions during the few moments at their disposal for photographic and visual work. During the time of totality the surface of the moon, in comparison with the extreme brightness of the inner corona, which in this eclipse lacked the general red tint, appeared of an inky blackness, while the various observations showed that the state of the sun was one of extreme disturbance. Four large streamers, two of which measured over 450,000 miles in length, were observed to proceed from the corona, and on the westward side of the lunar limb several dark rifts were noted: the structure of the corona is described as a network of fine filaments. The presence of several prominences, or those red masses which assume such fantastic shapes and which are composed chiefly of hydrogen and that unknown gas "helium," was recorded, the height of one being estimated at 80,000 miles. With regard to the form of the corona, Professor Schaeberle's drawings, which he made about twelve months ago, have turned out, as we hear, to be very true representations of that recently seen, thus confirming in this case his theory. With the three instruments with which his party was equipped fifty photographs were secured, one series giving four-inch pictures of the sun. Both our expeditions, that under Professor Thorpe at Fundium, and Mr. Taylor at Para Cura, have been rewarded with a great many photographs, which on development have been found to be very good, so that, with such a store of facts to work upon, it is hoped that much light may be thrown on some of the unsolved solar problems.

OBITUARY.

SIR JAMES DORMER, Commander-in-Chief in Madras, had served with distinction in the Indian Mutiny and in Egypt. Sir Robert Pinsent, D.C.L., was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland. General Prince Dondukoff-Kursakoff, as Governor-General of Bulgaria after the Russian occupation, did all he could to promote Russian interests in that country, and came very near being elected its prince—a result prevented only by the Russian Government. The Right Rev. J. F. Turner, D.D., had been Anglican Bishop of Grafton and Armidale, N.S.W. M. Gustave Nadaud was a popular French song-writer. Mr. W. C. Oswald was the discoverer of Lake Ngami, and had been a companion of Livingstone.

NORWEGIAN TOURS.—The ss. *Midnight Sun*, which its owners believe to be the finest vessel which has ever left an English port for the Norwegian Fjords, commences a series of 14 days' trips from Newcastle on May 20th. The fares are from 14 to 24 guineas.

## THE EIGHT HOURS QUESTION.

THE vote given by the House of Commons on Wednesday was not more significant in one direction than the debate which preceded it was in another. The vote indicated a remarkable advance of the principle of a legislative eight-hours day as applied to an exceptionally conditioned industry like mining. The debate indicated a considerable shrinkage of opinion with regard to the general application of the principle compared with the feeling which existed in certain quarters a couple of years back. Both indications are eminently characteristic of the English way of dealing with new issues. The question, in fact, has ripened under rational treatment, and in ripening it has grown thinner. The country has thought upon it since, it has examined and inquired, it has taken note of the principles which the new-comer might endanger, it has estimated their value, and weighed them against the advantages proffered in exchange. In the process a good many of the crude allurements of a new idea have been shed, and the outcome is the truly British one of a compromise—a very tentative and very limited compromise. Mr. Morley, the apostle of Compromise, though he did not vote with his leader, had reason to be happy in the thought that his stout stand at Newcastle had contributed more than any other cause to bring his countrymen to this sober-thinking mood.

For our part, we rejoice heartily that the House of Commons, with Mr. Gladstone at its head, has grappled with the problem in so frank and courageous a spirit. The tendency of what may be conveniently called the Eight Hours movement has within it no intrinsic mischief, but it is surrounded with perils—perils to our whole social and economic fabric. To distinguish between these intrinsic merits and extrinsic dangers of genuine movements is one of the first preoccupations of Liberal statesmanship. The Liberal is the party which moves, just as the Tory is the party which stagnates, and the great service which Liberalism has done for progress in England is that it has moved with the movements of the people, and guided and steadied them amid the breakers, instead of blindly driving them onward on the one hand or stupidly striving to stem them on the other. Liberalism is the pilot as distinguished from the will-o'-the-wisp of progress; and the moment has now come, it seems to us, for Liberalism to boldly pilot this movement, of which the Eight Hours Question is only one of the issues. The adoption of the principle of the Eight Hours Bill by the House of Commons is regarded in some quarters as an advance in the direction of Socialism. It is nothing of the kind. The fact of the House of Commons taking it up as it has done is the very thing which will save the question from generating a Socialistic momentum. There is nothing in the Eight Hours Question nor in any of the kindred questions waiting behind it which should land us among the errors of Socialism, if the Liberal Party only handles them as it has handled other movements for popular advancement in the past. They need only to be rescued from the doctrinaires. There are two things—the doctrinaire and the statesman. Each has his function; and one of the chief functions of the statesman is to prevent the doctrinaire playing ducks and drakes with the business of practical politics. The doctrinaires on both sides—those of individualism and those of Socialism, one set just as narrow, rigid, and cranky as the other—would make a pretty mess of the politics of the present time if it were left between them. It is for the Liberal Party to take these questions out of their hands and play the part, at this turning-point of democratic

development, by which it has again and again saved England from those oscillations between revolution and reaction which have been the bane of popular government in other lands.

We are firmly convinced—for a variety of reasons which it is unnecessary to enter into here—that the application of the eight-hours principle to all industries as a general law would be impracticable and dangerous in the highest degree. But mining is a special industry—a dangerous industry, an industry locally circumscribed with peculiar definiteness, and one which offers arguments on grounds of sanitation and policy for special treatment which few other industries in the country do. Here, therefore, is an advantageous instance in which the experiment may be safely tried. We are only anxious that in trying the experiment the utmost care shall be taken to save from injury the two most precious things which this movement otherwise menaces—namely, the self-reliance of the working classes and the efficacy of their combinations. On this account we favour strongly the proposition of Mr. Mather, which, in our judgment, was the soundest suggestion put forward during the debate. Mr. Mather proposes that, instead of leaving the matter to local option, the ultimate decision in regard to adopting the law shall be given to the trades unions, it being provided that before such decision is pronounced, attempts must be made in conference with the employers to arrive at a mutual understanding. This method is preferable both to the cast-iron application of the law all round and to local option in the ordinary sense, and it recommends itself to our view chiefly because it provides a preservative for the trades union. There are two things which the less thoughtful English working man hardly appreciates sufficiently. One is that as a class the English working men are far ahead in every respect—civil, social, and economic—of every other working class in the world; the other is that they owe this pre-eminence mainly to the marvellous and beneficent influence of their own trade organisations. A tendency which would cause the working men to throw themselves more upon the Government, and to depend less upon the self-reliant action of their unions, would be fraught with the most pernicious consequences to themselves and the State. Mr. Mather is alive to this, we are glad to see, and that is why he bespeaks from Parliament that “nothing should be done to undermine those great institutions, or to prevent them from having an independent and manly future.” In presence of a movement which it is wise to guide rather than strive to stop, we confess that that too is our chief anxiety.

## EGYPT.

SIR CHARLES DILKE'S speech on the English occupation of Egypt and Mr. Gladstone's reply throw some useful light upon the present situation of a question which is one of serious importance. Considering the events which occurred a few months ago at Cairo, we are not prepared to say that Sir Charles Dilke's motion was altogether opportune. The recollection of those events is still too fresh in the minds of most persons to allow the Egyptian question to be considered without immediate reference to them. A few months hence it may be possible to discuss that question apart from the foolish and unfortunate action of the Khedive and the stirring controversy to which it gave rise. But though Sir Charles Dilke might have chosen a better occasion for raising the question, no one can find fault with his manner of discussing it, or with the



statement of facts which he laid before the House of Commons. That statement proved incontrovertibly that the honour of English politicians of both parties, and, we must add, that of the country as a whole, commits us to a policy of ultimate retirement from the Nile Delta. Mr. Gladstone's speech in reply to the Member for the Forest of Dean was a triumph of ingenuity. No man but the Prime Minister could have passed so successfully over so thorny a field. There were a thousand pitfalls in his way, and he avoided them all. But this remarkable triumph must not blind the people of Great Britain to the issues which are involved in the Egyptian question. We are there, and for the present we must remain; but the obligations which compel us to regard our occupation of Egypt as a purely temporary one weigh upon us to-day as heavily as they ever did, and he would be no true friend of this country who sought to minimise them. Certainly Mr. Gladstone, however conscious he may be of the difficulties in the way of evacuation, and of the complications in foreign politics which attach themselves to the Egyptian question, is not the man to underrate either the claims of honour or those of the exigencies connected with our own position in Europe that point in the direction of an early evacuation. The policy of "scuttle" finds favour with nobody except, possibly, Mr. Labouchere. We cannot retreat in haste or in cowardice from a position which imposes grave duties upon us; but, on the other hand, it would be a fatal mistake, not only for English Liberals, but for Englishmen generally, if they were to allow themselves to be lulled into acquiescence in a prolongation of the occupation that threatened to make it permanent.

The plain truth is that at this moment we cannot, even if we would, shake ourselves free from the ties which bind us to the land of the Pharaohs. We are doing a good work there, not perhaps quite so exemplary in its character as some would have us believe, but still a work which is of substantial benefit to the people of Egypt. Nor is this all. To scuttle out of the country just now would be to raise a European question in a dangerous and inauspicious form. It is therefore right and proper that the Government of the day should do nothing to encourage the belief that we are likely to be either bullied or cajoled into the abandonment of our task whilst it still remains unfulfilled. But every honest Englishman must protest with all his might against the pernicious doctrine that this occupation of a foreign land may at our own will be rendered permanent.

We have spoken of the question of honour, and certainly if any nation ever pledged its honour deliberately and completely to the adoption of a certain course, England has pledged herself to the ultimate restoration of Egypt to the Egyptians. But though the question of honour holds the first place, it is by no means the only consideration which weighs in favour of an ultimate, and, we hope, an early, abandonment of the occupation. Every English statesman quoted by Sir Charles Dilke in his speech has protested against the idea that our position in Egypt was anything but a source of danger and embarrassment to this country. Nobody has held more strongly to this line of argument than Lord Salisbury, and he deserves credit for having taken active steps in connection with the Drummond-Wolff negotiations to put an end to the occupation. It is clear, therefore, that all really acquainted with the facts recognise the truth that for the good we are now doing to the Egyptian people we have to pay a very heavy price. The full amount of that price is hardly realisable at

present, when the Continent is in a state of profound peace, and when even the annual spring war scare seems somehow or other to have miscarried. But every man acquainted with the realities of foreign politics knows that, almost at any moment, we might find ourselves in a position in which the retention of a single English soldier at Cairo would be equivalent to a declaration of war on our part. This is the great fact which English politicians of both parties have to consider. That Mr. Gladstone had it in mind when replying to Sir Charles Dilke on Monday cannot be doubted; but it is not so certain that the unthinking part of the people of this country have realised it. The old Jingo spirit still burns in many breasts, and the notion of the addition of a country with such a history and such traditions as those which attach to Egypt to the British Empire has a natural fascination for the multitude. It must be the duty of politicians and statesmen to stamp upon that notion wherever they meet it, and to make it clear, not only to France, but to the British electorate, that we are determined not to break faith with Europe, and not to imperil our own best interests by allowing ourselves to be tempted into the path of conquest. We are by no means sorry that Mr. Labouchere, in the remarks which he made after Mr. Gladstone had spoken, gave in plain language his own interpretation of the Prime Minister's speech. It was the interpretation which we believe most Liberals and many of the Conservatives placed upon that speech, and we certainly trust that it was the true one.

#### THE SUPERIOR PERSON AT FAULT.

IT is all very well to be a superior person with an immense opinion of one's own talents and knowledge; but in order to impress that opinion upon the outer world it is necessary that the superior person should possess certain important qualities. He must be above taking offence easily; and his confidence in his own superiority must be great enough to enable him to ignore criticism and to remain patient under contradiction. Mr. George Curzon, who has hitherto been believed to be the most "superior" member of the present House of Commons, has unfortunately shown himself within the last few days to be grievously lacking in those qualities which are needed to enable outsiders to recognise a man's superiority to his fellows. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the manner in which he has fought his losing battle with Mr. Bryce over the question of the Southport magistracy. On the general question of the appointment of magistrates we can say nothing here, inasmuch as it was to be debated last night in the House of Commons, at an hour when comment from us upon the discussion was impossible. But upon the question of the Southport Bench of Magistrates it is impossible for any reasonable human being to labour under any doubt, thanks chiefly to the extraordinary perversity with which Mr. Curzon has insisted upon compelling the world to recognise his own inaccuracy in statement. Mr. Bryce, questioned by certain members of the Tory party, had ventured to make a simple statement regarding the political composition of the Southport Bench to the House of Commons. For some reason unknown, Mr. Curzon not merely disputed the accuracy of this statement, but insisted upon regarding it as an impeachment of his own veracity. With a lack of the sense of humour that is strange in a man of not inconsiderable mental gifts, he permitted the House to see that this rather trumpery question of the political opinions of Messrs. A. and B. residing in a provincial town was one that stirred his soul to its depths and excited within his

breast the angriest passions known to the politician. Mr. Bryce had stated that his additions to the magistracy had not given the Liberal party a majority upon the Southport Bench. This was the one essential fact that he strove to impress upon the House of Commons. Mr. Curzon not only denied the fact, but proceeded to assail Mr. Bryce in a fashion happily unusual in any assembly of reasonable human beings. Why he should have displayed this extraordinary heat and temper nobody knows. It is even a greater mystery why a man with so huge a belief in himself should have displayed a touchiness which is usually allied only to a sense of one's personal weakness. After fighting the question in a more or less disorderly fashion in Parliament, our superior person descended to the columns of the newspapers and renewed the combat there. But neither in Parliament nor in the press has he succeeded in shaking in even the slightest degree Mr. Bryce's perfectly accurate statement as to the result of his own interference with the Southport Bench of Magistrates. Everybody knows now that his original statement from the Treasury Bench was perfectly true. Putting aside the Mayor and ex-Mayor of the Borough, gentlemen who are not appointed to the Bench either by Mr. Bryce or by anybody else, and who hold office only temporarily, the Magistrates of Southport still present, even after the iniquitous interference of the Chancellor of the Duchy with their order, a majority composed of the opponents of the present Government. For our part, if we have any fault to find with Mr. Bryce, it is not that he insisted upon rectifying in some degree the gross inequality on the Southport Bench, which was due apparently to the joint action of Mr. Curzon and the Lord-Lieutenant, but that when he had once taken the work in hand he did not complete it by giving to the Liberal party, who seem to be in the majority in the town, their rightful proportion of representation on the Magisterial Bench. The personal question raised by Mr. Curzon is almost too trumpery to deserve attention. His attempts to prove that Mr. Bryce, when redressing a grave political injustice, was committing a political crime, will hardly deceive the stupidest man in politics. But we cannot pretend to be sorry that the controversy has arisen, not merely because it has disposed once and for all of Mr. Curzon's claim to superior wisdom and self-possession, but because it has enabled the country to see something of the temper in which the more unwise section of the Tory party is prepared to resist even the commonest measures of justice, when those measures are exercised on behalf of their political opponents.

#### CHICAGO.

THE foreign tourist who would have chosen this week, when "The World's Columbian Exposition" was opened by the President, for his visit to Chicago would be likely to take away a very vivid impression of some of the worst sides of the American character. He would have seen the ugliest city in the world in a state of roaring bombast, and in the full belief that it is the greatest and grandest, inviting all creation to come and be whipped; and having managed, without losing his life, by "cable cars" and barbarous roadways, to reach the quagmires of mud and slush amid which the Exposition sprawls to the "record-breaking" extent of seven hundred acres, he would have found everything so unready there (except in one or two of the European sections)—boasted railroads not laid down, boasted palaces not

roofed, workmen fussing and snarling at being jostled by premature visitors, and Women Presidents, with beatific ceremonial, driving symbolical "last nails" (made of gold, silver, and copper) into Women's Buildings which are only half finished—that he would have made many reflections on the hollowness of American pretensions, the essential charlatanism of the character, its insincerity, superficiality, want of honest thoroughness, and the reckless slapdash of its undertakings, as visible in this boastful exhibition as in any of those jerry-built feats of railway engineering which seem devised for the express purpose of furnishing a stage for the inevitable "record-breaking" accident. Returning to his hotel, his state of mind would not be improved on finding the enterprising Chicagoans busily engaged in fleecing their guests at the rate of six shillings for cutting one's hair (all other prices to match), and on reading in the papers that the "crooks, confidence-men and sneak-thieves" are doing a colossal trade which the police (never very efficient in the ordinary service of the law) are helpless to stop. We have no doubt many a visitor, even after the exhibition has reached a more finished state, will come away with some such Chuzzlewittian impressions as these. But while there would be an element of truth in them, as there was in the account of Eden City, in the main these impressions would be misleading. It is quite true that Chicago is a hideous city, with its nightmare buildings of seventeen stories, with its strings of electric tramcars grinding through its dirty streets on rails raised above the level of its ratty pavements, with its hurrying, wolfish, sordid, uncouth droves of semi-civilised inhabitants. True also is it that so egregious is the egotism of this singular town that it believes itself to be the centre of the universe and the van of civilisation. By the simple expedient of appropriating the ideas of other cities and "going them one better" in the matter of size, it is able to convince itself that it can excel the rest of the world at everything. Every citizen of Chicago, from the sixteen-year-old reporter, who patronises while he interviews you, to the fair dames of the Reception Committee, is animated by this grotesque, heroic, and rapacious local pride.

He would be a poor observer, however, who would judge all America by Chicago, or who would fail to appreciate, in spite of things which jarred upon his nerves, the indications of nobility and greatness even in the oddities of Chicago itself. It does not take long to understand that the United States is one of the most many-sided countries in the world. Europe itself could furnish no greater contrast to the typical Chicago spirit than is to be found, say, in the quiet and cultured society of Boston, where Dr. Holmes is king, or amongst the exclusive circle of families who keep up, with considerable grace and breeding, the traditions of Dutch and Colonial New York. Between such extremes there seethes a motley population, drawn from every race in Europe, and still being drawn, all being blent, with their habits, their languages, their characteristics, physical and moral, into a mysterious amalgam under the influence of half-a-dozen climates—from the perpetual summer of California to the nine-months' winter of the North-West—and all developing under the sway of a democratic constitution, which, devised originally for thirteen colonies of Englishmen, has shown a capacity for rapid expansion to imperial needs unparalleled in history. This is the spectacle which fascinates the imagination in contemplating America, and which somehow furnishes a background of impressive suggestion to the wildest boastings of young Chicago. The



faults of America, it must never be forgotten, are the faults of youth. The national character is still in process of formation, the amalgam is not complete, the type is not yet fixed. It is not a new nation but a new race which has come into being in that Kingdom of the West which Columbus, four hundred years ago, added not to Castille and Leon but to humanity. The country is in its boyhood, and to Chicago seems to have fallen the function of focussing all that is most pronounced amongst its youthful traits. Excessive daring, excessive self-confidence, and excessive energy are amongst these traits, and to these Chicago has added a crudity and roughness of its own natural in a youth not bred on carpets. The World's Fair might be compared to the exercise or essay of a singularly promising boy: it lacks originality, as boyish exercises are wont to do, but the germs of it are there and will develop with experience; it lacks thoroughness and steadiness, but that will come with maturity; and for the rest it is full of talent and conceit. Indeed, there is something engagingly juvenile about the whole attitude of America, as represented by Chicago, in presence of this portentous anniversary. It is a birthday, which is interesting to the boy chiefly for the holiday it means, while the elders looking on think most of its graver significance. To America it is a huge raree show, where picturesque curiosities from the "effete" Old World have come to exhibit themselves and do homage to the genius of the New. The Duke of Veragua, in his gold lace, carried around from city to city, is at the present moment (unfortunate man!) affording more delight to gleeful millions than ever did Jumbo in his palmiest days. If Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, and the Pope could have been induced to join the troupe (they were asked) the fun would have been complete. Lamas of Thibet and Armenian patriarchs have been imported for the "World's Congress of Religions," and we venture to say that no one will regard that wonderful assemblage, which Mr. Stead and the other Anacharsis Clootzes of our era will take so solemnly, in a less serious spirit than the Chicagoans who organised it.

We do not expect "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world," to date its origin from this episode in American history. The facts below the surface of American life to-day point to a very different tendency, facts which show us in a vast modern democracy something of the riot of passion and condottiere-energy which swept through the Italian republics of the Renaissance. It is a fever of the blood of youth; it will pass, but it may come to its crisis in a tendency of which the monster gun sent to the exhibition by Herr Krupp is more likely to be the symbol than the crozier of Cardinal Gibbons. But we, bearing in mind this very tendency, contemplate with active interest the tremendous influence which this abnormally energetic race is destined to exercise upon the future of the world. We see that that race is akin with ours; for though the amalgam is not yet complete, it is plain that the Anglo-Celtic is to be the predominant type, and the English the racial language. We see that the Power is to be a maritime one. We see that with the approaching settlement of the Irish question, the one obstacle which prevented a frank and cordial alliance between Great Britain and America, the drop of gall which soured the cup of international feeling, is about to be removed. Such an alliance may well find the present era favourable ground for sprouting in. We have long regarded this alliance as the most beneficent thing that could be worked for by British and American statesmen, from the point of view not merely of the British Empire and the Republic, but also of civilisation at large.

## FINANCE.

THE Australian banking crisis has reached so grave a stage that the Governments of Victoria and New South Wales have thought it expedient to interfere. We are greatly afraid, however, that the policy adopted by the two Governments is calculated rather to intensify than to allay alarm. On the afternoon of Friday of last week it became known in the City that the Standard Bank of Australia had suspended. This was a comparatively trifling matter, for the institution is not a bank proper. Its paid-up capital is only £337,000, and its deposits only £861,000. Besides, it failed at the end of 1891, was re-established just twelve months ago, and now has to come down again. The chief significance of the event is the evidence it affords of the difficulty of restarting a discredited financial concern. It is admitted by the directors that during the past twelve months they have made no profits. The failure of the National Bank of Australasia on Monday was a far graver affair. Even if it stood alone, it would be a very serious matter, for the bank has a paid-up capital of a million, and the shareholders are liable for another million and a half. The deposits at the end of the past year amounted to very nearly nine millions, of which over £1,800,000 had been raised in this country, chiefly in Scotland. This bank was established in 1858. It had eighty-one branches in Victoria, fifty-four in South Australia, six in Western Australia, and two in New South Wales. The effect upon the business of the Colonies must therefore be very great. As soon as the decision to suspend was taken, the Government of Victoria proclaimed a Bank Holiday from Monday morning to last night. Three banks—the Union of Australia, the Bank of Australasia, and the Bank of New Zealand—refused to avail themselves of the proclamation, feeling that, if they were to shelter themselves behind it for the sake of avoiding paying depositors, they would irretrievably lose credit. The Bank of New South Wales unwisely closed its doors on Monday, but on Tuesday it re-opened, and has since been doing business as usual. It is to be hoped that the weaker banks may be able, in the respite thus granted them, to take some measures that will reassure their creditors. There are reports that some of them are trying to amalgamate. But the closing of their doors is, in truth, an admission that they were not able to face the run, and that of itself is not likely to improve their credit. We must be prepared, therefore, for further troubles. In New South Wales, it is said, the Government offered a similar *moratorium*, but was dissuaded by the four strong banks. It has, however, introduced a Bill making the notes a first charge on the assets of the note-issuing banks, and authorising the Government in cases of emergency to declare the notes legal tender for a prescribed time. Even after the time elapses the Government is permitted to guarantee the notes, if the banks are unable to redeem them. The Bill is utterly unwise and mischievous. In effect it authorises the banks to pay their deposits in notes. The banks need not do so if they had cash: consequently the notes will be irredeemable, and the Bill, if acted upon, practically suspends specie payments.

The failure of so many Australian banks one after another has naturally indisposed the great joint-stock banks in the City to lend and discount. It is natural to suppose that numerous commercial failures must follow so many disasters; and besides, nobody knows what amount of Australian bank bills may be held, and how the holders may be affected. The caution of the joint-stock banks has compelled borrowers to have recourse to the Bank of England for large amounts. Besides, at the end of last week the strong Australian banks sent out a quarter of a million in gold, and this week they are making preparations for a further shipment. It is said that

THE Subscription List of Keats' Feather-Weight Spool Company will close on the 9th inst. The patent to be acquired is for the manufacture of cord spools which it is claimed will effect a saving to spinners of 40 per cent. in the cost of spools.

three-quarters of a million is decided upon. How much more will go cannot be known until the end of the forced Bank Holiday.

Another reason for caution on the part of bankers in the City is the deepening of the currency crisis in the United States. The banks there are not merely lessening their loans and discounts, but they are calling in advances previously made. Men of business are beginning to fear that they may not be able to obtain the accommodation required to carry on their avocations, and there are apprehensions that numerous commercial failures may result. The necessity the Australian banks here are under to send out gold to Melbourne and Sydney makes it certain that the withdrawals of the metal from the United States Treasury will continue; the Treasury in turn will probably go on borrowing from the banks, and the banks in consequence will have to persist in calling in loans. Under these circumstances it was only prudent of the directors of the Bank of England to raise their rate of discount on Thursday to 3 per cent. It had stood at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. since January 26th, that is, for fourteen weeks. Owing to a strong demand for money in India, the price of silver rose early in the week to 38 $\frac{9}{10}$ d. per ounce, and the India Council has been able to sell its drafts at better prices, and to the full extent offered.

#### A DUCAL TREATISE ON IRISH ORIGINAL SIN.\*

THE Duke of Argyll has published a book on "Irish Nationalism." It appears in a green cover with an elegant design in shamrocks embossed thereon. This, we take it, is the Duke's joke, for inside the cover there is no single sympathetic word. The book has apparently been written to expound and amplify the Unionist doctrine that the woes of Ireland are due entirely to a double dose of original sin in Irishmen, and we can recommend the work as likely to afford some profit and much amusement. Though as a book on Ireland it is entirely worthless, it speaks eloquently of the character of the Duke of Argyll. With the dourness of hereditary Calvinism, supplemented by the narrowness of acquired scientific pedantry, with the overstatement of the political pamphleteer and the dogmatism of the pulpit controversialist, the Duke takes a positive pleasure in belabouring twenty millions of his fellow-creatures—and their ancestors. Some men would hesitate to draw an indictment against a nation. The Duke with perfect self-confidence delivers judgment against a race, and condemns them to the pains and penalties of everlasting political doom.

He explains, it is true, that Irishmen are not so much bad by nature as bad from tendencies acquired in some unexplained way at some prehistoric time and never since eradicated. Of course. Any other view would reflect not so much on the Irishman as on his Creator. The doctrine of original sin does not allege that Adam was created bad, but that he became bad when he ate the apple. The Irish Adam ate two apples. Though the precise occasion of his double fall is not recorded, his descendants have ever exhibited the same incapacity for Government, the same hopeless assiduity in destroying themselves, in spite of the apostolic efforts of Britons for their regeneration. Other Aryans, and even other Celts, have had a general tendency to improve. The Duke of Argyll, for instance, is a very superior person when compared with the McCallum Mores of some centuries ago. But the Irishman, when left to himself, has always retrograded, because he is so very, very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature doubly inclined to evil. It is useful in many ways to have the Unionist doctrine so authoritatively expounded, even though the facts of history have to be recomposed to support it.

\* "Irish Nationalism." By the Duke of Argyll. London: John Murray.

The Duke's theory is that all things Irish are bad, and that all things bad in Ireland are Irish. We are ready to admit that he does prove some purely Irish things to have been bad. The Irish chieftain, for instance, was (with some notable exceptions) not all that one could desire. He was an arbitrary person even before the landing of the Anglo-Normans, and he showed an unpleasant readiness to assimilate the tyrannical devices of the invader. He was too quick to take a grant by letters patent of the land of his tribe, and to add the abuses of rack-renting to the irregularities of coshery. The Duke of Argyll does not speak too strongly of "one desperate Celtic custom which, even if it stood alone, was enough to make life unbearable to civilised men—the custom, namely, by which the chief had always the acknowledged right to quarter himself and his followers upon all those below him who had anything to be devoured or used." The desperate custom became still more unbearable when the chief took all he could from them in the form of rent without even bestowing the advantages of his occasional society in return. English legislation in the form of Land Acts and Crofter Acts was then certainly required, even though in theory it might well be contended that the tenant or follower himself determined the rent in money or supplies in kind, which were given to the chieftain. The theory was but a poor consolation when the tenant or follower had no practical alternative, and even Mr. Lecky talks of tenants being "ground down to the dust," for, as our author put it (p. 251), "neither he, nor almost anybody else, can ever keep steadily in mind the obvious economic truth that rents are determined, not by those who let the land, but by those who hire it"—a truth which some people thought objectionable when it was exemplified by the Plan of Campaign. As to the faults of the Celtic chieftain we quite agree, and we are glad to think that Imperial statutes have limited abuses to which, owing to the land-hunger of the people, the Celtic parts of Great Britain and Ireland were peculiarly liable.

But he hardly succeeds in proving everything Irish to be bad, even by his peculiar device of taking Unionist historians like Dr. Stokes, and Professor Richey, and Mr. Lecky, quoting anything they may chance to say which goes against the Irish people as the admission of enthusiastic Irishmen, and rejecting anything they may say in favour of Ireland or against Ireland's treatment by Great Britain. Not content with slanging the Irish chieftain, the Duke of Argyll brushes aside all that both Protestants and Catholics have said in favour of the ancient Irish Church, or, as he is pleased to call it, "the old Celtic Church of St. Patrick and Columbia (*sic*)," to which his own ancestors owed their first glimmering of Christianity. Having stated that this Church flourished from 450 to 795, he goes on to say, with a positive playfulness as to facts, that its works "pale a feeble and ineffectual light beside the splendid literature and art of the contemporary Roman people or even of the Romanised natives of Great Britain." He tries to insinuate that it never progressed, and that it declined entirely of its own fault. If there is one fact more clearly established than another in mediæval history it is that the Irish Church steadily progressed, in learning, in Latin, in the arts, in missionary fervour, up to the very coming of the Danes. He talks of Mr. Gladstone's "clever omission of the many centuries which intervened between the really creditable age of the Irish Church and the coming of the Normans." Write Norsemen for Normans and there was no omission at all. The Duke even goes so far as to say that the reorganisation of the Irish Church under Rome, after it had been almost destroyed by Danish inroads, was entirely the work of the Danes. Was St. Lawrence O'Toole a Dane?

Perhaps his most amusing eccentricity of argument is in his comparison between early Scotland, which became organised in one kingship, and early



Ireland, which was left disorganised. It would hardly do to say: Here is the Saxon, there is the Celt; here is order, there is chaos. The same race who failed to erect a central kingship in Ireland (or partially failed, for the Irish, too, had their Ard-ri) succeeded in Scotland. The Duke is quite unable to explain the awkward facts. He puts it down as a miracle, something beyond the ordinary course of nature, that in Scotland "the nucleus of a central monarchy had been formed, and formed too by a wonderful and still mysterious revolution round the axis, and in the name of the Scot—an Irish Celtic tribe." Any trace of governing instinct in an Irish tribe is "wonderful and still mysterious." It never occurs to the Duke for a moment that the existence of such governing instinct shakes the authority of his theory. After this it is hardly worth noting one pretty sentence: "We may all render honour to King 'Brian Boru' personally. He might have been another Angus MacFergus, or like another Kenneth MacAlpine." There is a wealth of patronising discrimination in those inverted commas.

Strange as are the Duke's efforts to prove everything Irish bad, his attempt to show that everything bad in Ireland was due to Irishmen is even stranger. He makes three extraordinary assumptions. In the first place he denies that England had any such rule in Ireland as to make her responsible for its welfare before the complete conquest at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and argues that all the troubles of Ireland between 1172 and 1603 were entirely the fault of the native Irish. Considering the part which the pale and its rulers played in encouraging inter-tribal wars and preventing a free national development this is a very considerable assumption. But he goes further. "We must practically," he says, "subtract the whole of the seventeenth century from the time during which England has been fully and really responsible for the government of Ireland." Cromwell and the Act of Settlement are both boldly thrown overboard; England, apparently, had nothing to do with either. Nor is this enough. The misdeeds of every settler who has been planted by England in Ireland are put down as naturally Irish; sins to be debited to Ireland and not to England. This is all very well in speaking of the Normans, who, as the Duke puts it, "assumed, like fish, the colour of the ground on which they had come to live." But it is a little too bad to use the bigotry and excesses of the clique, the cabal, the section of a sect of Protestants who ruled Ireland from 1795 to 1800 as proof positive of the incapacity of the native Irish for government. Must the Celt answer for all the jobs of the Beresfords? Strangest of all, he brings in Burke to support his extraordinary assertion. In a letter written to Dr. Hussey in May, 1795 (and not, therefore, "very near his death," but before he had had time to see the full disastrous effects of the English Ministry's change of policy), Burke does use the words which the Duke quotes, saying that the persons really to blame were the ascendancy clique of Irishmen; that Irishmen, as Irishmen, had nothing to complain of, though Catholics as Catholics had much. But it was hardly ingenious to quote Burke's assertion without quoting the reason by which Burke himself supports it. He says Ireland had nothing to blame England for, because "Ireland, constitutionally, is independent." The Duke has not merely omitted Burke's reason, as well as some words which did not suit him in the actual passage he purports to quote, but has refrained from giving any reference to the letter to enable the casual reader to verify the quotation. Apparently one Duke is not much better evidence as to the contents of a letter than another Duchess. It is hardly worth mentioning that the Duke of Argyll calls Wolfe Tone an "incarnate fiend"; that he speaks of the Hebridean McNeills (his own kith and kin, intimately connected by marriage) as murdering Shane O'Neill "in true Irish fashion"; that in a book on Irish

Nationalism he says absolutely nothing about the power to construct a national combination, under great difficulties, shown first by Hugh O'Neill and then by Owen Roe; that he defends the penal laws; that he thinks Pitt did too much to perform the promises he had made to the Irish Catholics before the Union; that he says the Irish Catholics, whose hedge-schools were so remarkable a proof of zeal under difficulties, were indifferent to popular education; and that he has not a word to say as to the developments of Irish Nationalism under O'Connell and Mr. Parnell.

#### THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

**B**UNG or Boniface—call him which you will—and his many friends are not, whatever may be their other merits, reading men, and it is therefore by no means surprising that they should, in this hour of their distress, jump to the conclusion that abhorrence of them and of their traffic in strong drink is a new thing born into the world with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Canon Wilberforce, Lady Henry Somerset, and the United Kingdom Alliance. Publican, brewer, and distiller, whether peers of Parliament, like Bass and Allsopp and Iveagh, or their miserable mortgagors, bound hand and foot by enslaving covenants, and trading with their mortgagee's money, would wish us to understand that in the good old days the drink traffic was encouraged and petted, and that it is only a modern teetotal craze which would expose it to pains and penalties. A very slight acquaintance with the history of our licensing laws is sufficient to knock this delusion on the head. Our sturdy ancestors, as the phrase runs, knew perfectly well that where there is strong drink there is danger, and even in those comparatively sober days when the only intoxicating drinks consumed in "Merry England" were ale, beer, mum, perry, and cider, and when brandy, gin, rum, and whiskey were as unknown as in Paradise, even then, all inns, hostleries, and places of public entertainment had to be licensed by Justices of the Peace, and could only be carried on by men of sobriety, substance, and repute. A Liverpool gin-shop of today, as carried on by a distiller's mortgagor, where no food is sold or stabling provided for a traveller's horse, but which exists only for the sale of fire-water to an impoverished neighbourhood, would fare badly if the renewal of its annual poison-licence depended upon the votes of a bench of fourteenth-century magistrates.

The introduction of spirits into this country is not a thing of antiquity. Until the reign of George the Second as few people had tasted distilled waters, as they were called, as had tasted tea, but early in the eighteenth century the accursed thing became known and largely indulged in. Spirits were hawked about the streets, and sold on ships in the river, in sheds and stalls. Horrible scenes ensued, and our ancestors at once proceeded to do their best to put them down with the strong arm of the law. The first statute was passed in the year 1729, and forbade the sale of "compound waters or spirits" except by licensed retailers, who were to pay £20 a year for their licences, which required annual renewal. This statute proved difficult to enforce. Informers were handled roughly by the mob, who were free traders in drink, and in 1733 it was repealed, but the sale of spirits was forbidden except in dwelling-houses. Under this law great excesses were perpetrated, and a strong feeling arose in the country, far stronger even than exists at the present day, that the whole traffic was hellish and detrimental to the best interests of the nation, and that it ought to be suppressed once for all. This opinion was entertained not merely by pious clergymen, but by statesmen in both Houses, by lawyers and by authors. Unfortunately at the same time another desire arose in the breasts of

our governors, a desire which has never yet been quenched, and is as far from being quenched as ever, the desire for revenue. Here was a thing, namely, strong drink, admittedly accursed. In 1730 we had not grown accustomed to spirits. They still shocked us, but what was to be done? Suppress them or tax them? It was the parting of the ways. Our ancestors decided to denounce the traffic, to heap indignities upon it, but to keep it alive for the purposes of revenue. And what a revenue has been extracted from it! Enough to turn any statesman's head!

The celebrated Act of 1736 has the following preamble:—

"Whereas the drinking of spirituous liquors and strong waters is become very common, especially among the people of lower and inferior rank, the constant and excessive use whereof tends greatly to the destruction of their health, renders them unfit for useful labour and business, debasing their morals and making them to perpetrate all manner of vice; and the ill consequences of the excessive use of such liquors are not confined to the present generation, but extend to future ages, and tend to the devastation and ruin of this kingdom."

Here is a preamble indeed—a sermon some might call it. This Act, which enumerates amongst strong drinks Brandy, Rum, Arrack, Usquebaugh, Geneva, and Aqua-Vitæ, forbade their sale in less quantities than two gallons, except by annually licensed retailers, who were also required to be the proprietors of inns or ale-houses. This annual licence cost £50, a very considerable sum in those days. In 1742 the subject again revived. There can be no doubt the law of 1736 was systematically disregarded—at all events, in London, where spirits were sold by unlicensed retailers, who, so we are assured, were impudent enough to set up painted boards inviting people to be drunk at the small expense of a penny, and at the same time assuring them they might be dead drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing. The desire for revenue in the year of Dettingen was also strong, and accordingly an Act was passed imposing a new duty per gallon at the still-head, reducing the annual licence from £50 to £1. On the credit of this act the Ministry immediately borrowed a large sum of money at £3 per cent.

The policy of this measure was furiously debated in that now peaceful Tory club, the House of Lords, where it was clearly perceived that the question was one between public morality and public revenue. We have a report of these debates which we now know to be the work of Samuel Johnson, who did not hear a word of them, but invented all the speeches on both sides in a garret in Exeter Street, Strand. Lord Chesterfield took part in the debate on the Temperance side, and we may read in his collected works the speeches he is supposed to have delivered on those occasions, but though no doubt he did make excellent speeches he is not responsible for a line of either of those so attributed to him, which are throughout unadulterated Samuel. But for our purposes Johnson is as good as any possible peer of the realm, and our teetotal friends would be greatly solaced if, between the dates of the publication of the *Alliance News*, they turned to this report, which they will find in any edition of Johnson's Works which contains the two volumes of Parliamentary Debates.

Lord Hervey is made to say:—

"The Bill now before you, my Lords, is fundamentally wrong, as it is formed upon a hateful project of increasing the consumption of strong drink, and consequently of promoting drunkenness among a people already reproached for it throughout the whole world. . . . I am, for my part, convinced that drunkards as well as thieves are made by opportunity."

In Lord Chesterfield's mouth the following words are put:—

"To pretend, my Lords, that the design of this Bill is to prevent or diminish the use of spirits is to trample upon common sense, for when did any man hear that a commodity was prohibited by licensing its sale? or that to offer and refuse is the same action. They are resolved, my Lords, that the nation, which nothing can make wise, shall, while they are at its head, at least be merry."

Lord Lonsdale is credited with the following:—

"Such, my Lords, is at present the state of the nation, twelve millions of gallons of these poisonous liquors are every year swallowed by the inhabitants of this kingdom, and this quantity, enormous as it is, will probably every year increase."

Johnson makes most of his temperance orators denounce in glowing passages, too long for quotation, the folly of raising money for the maintenance of a war out of the demoralisation of the people, and on the whole it must, we think, be admitted that he takes care throughout his report that the drunken dogs should get the worst of the argument. The Act passed, though ten prelates—to their honour be it said—voted against it.

We cannot now pursue the subject any further. Act has always followed Act in an unbroken succession, and at the present moment, though scores have been repealed, there are still thirty-eight statutes in force in England alone relating to this trade, which Mr. Chamberlain has had the audacity to pronounce the chief industry of the country. From first to last it has been a suspected trade which has only been tolerated for purposes of taxation.

#### THE CHIVALRY OF POSTERITY.

THERE has just been published a new edition of Coleridge, one feature of which starts in our mind afresh a rather old question of literary morality. We are not criticising the edition here, which, we may say, makes on the whole the best edition of Coleridge that there is. We are taking it simply as an illustration of the question it suggests. The question which recurs to us on reading the volume is the right of posterity to contravene the wishes of a dead man in regard to his own affairs when that dead man happens to have been a poet: a question which generally goes with another—namely, the right of the public which comes after a man to invade precincts which are generally (or used to be generally) regarded as sacred from the public contemporaneous with him. This edition of Coleridge boasts of containing every scrap of verse which could be got at that Coleridge ever wrote, even in the shape of jottings in his commonplace book; including "all those dropped by Coleridge from the various editions issued in his lifetime, all those hitherto added by his editors from whatever source, a number in print which had escaped their notice, and a further considerable number of poems and fragments . . . which hitherto have remained in manuscript." Doubtless it is largely an affair of temperament, but to some temperaments such a recital as this must bear the aspect of an outrage. Has a poet, then, no feelings, no rights which ought to be respected after his death, as one respects the rights and feelings of a greengrocer? Is every idle word which he ever uttered and which he wished forgot, every marred, mistaken, or imperfect page he ever scribbled, to be rooted out, raked together, and served up, when he is no longer able to prevent it, for the pitiless curiosity of posterity? When a poet wishes that something he has written should be "dropped," why is his wish not to be held as sacred as the wish of the common citizen who may direct his friends to burn his letters or his diaries? In practice it may be impossible to prevent posterity enjoying its forbidden treat; but that does not render the proceeding more admirable, nor is its decency enhanced by the spectacle which is sometimes witnessed of the poet's own descendants countenancing this violation of his will, and with an impiety comparable in its way to that of the sons of Noah, aiding in laying bare the nakednesses which the dead hand strove to cover.

Of course this is all an exceedingly old question which has been threshed out again and again, and which has subsided again and again amid a general acquiescence that there is no remedy for the



grievance, if grievance there be. But, nevertheless, men feel about it pretty strongly from time to time. The geniuses themselves sometimes feel—with an instinctive horror of the brutality of posterity. Tennyson's fierce "curse on clown and knave" we know. Dickens had such an ardent sentiment on this subject that he made it a rule to destroy every private letter he received; and it has always seemed to us, by the way, that Shakespeare must have done something similar. In his various capacities as theatrical manager, playwright, general business man, as well as poet, lover, and friend, Shakespeare must have had a pretty extensive correspondence, and, if practically not a shred of it exists, we are inclined to believe it was because he deliberately destroyed it. With a fine and sensitive perception of the propensities of posterity, he dreaded (like Thackeray) the biographer who understood him not and the literary ghouls who grub in the coffins of the great, and he resolved to leave them nothing to go upon. His curse upon those who would stir his bones, a proceeding which is generally described as un-Shakespearean, seems to us perfectly natural and consistent. There is no remedy, we are told, against posterity's desecrations (except such remedy as this). Posterity will not be denied; its curiosity is insatiable; nothing to it is holy ground; leave anything in its way, and though you invoke the ghosts of your ancestors to aid you in surrounding it with a ring of consecration, posterity will come on unabashed with heavy tread, with itching hand and peering eye. If this be indeed true, in what an unpleasant light does it place posterity? The matter suggests some curious ethical considerations. What is the reason why posterity takes a different stand with regard to a man's personal rights and wishes from that taken by his contemporaries? Where does its moral right, its justification for taking this stand, come in? We are not discussing, be it noted, the propriety of giving a full-length portrait of a man, but the morality of disrespecting wishes from the dead which we do not disrespect from the living. Posterity's excuses are familiar: that when a man is great, or has been great, he is everybody's property, he has no individual rights; that, whether he wished it or not, his most private concerns must be studied by the general public—in a purely scientific spirit, of course, and for the good of humanity; in a word, that he is to be regarded as a human document rather than a human being, and, if his contemporaries forebore from taking him in hand too thoroughly, that was yielding him a point of courtesy rather than of right—a courtesy by which posterity is by no means bound to let itself be hampered. These excuses, however, are the merest sophistries. Even if one admitted the great value to be derived by "humanity" from these post-mortem examinations of the moral corpse of genius (we do not admit it for a moment, but hold a very strong opinion the other way), that admission could not touch in the least the question of right or justification—any more than the admission that medical science, and consequently "humanity," could derive great value from my body being cut up in the dissecting-room would give a body-snatcher a right to violate my grave. While I am alive I have certain rights which no man dreams of denying. No man has a right to sit at my hearth against my will; nor to ransack my writing-desk and read my private letters; nor to bandy my family affairs about upon his tongue. If anyone were singular enough to imagine he had such a privilege, the public at large knows better than to be surprised at seeing me take a very summary means of removing his delusion. Yet no sooner am I dead (if I have been a man of note), than the public at large assumes all these privileges itself. Even though I forbid it with my latest breath, my sanctuary is invaded, my hearth is no longer sacred. Not content with what I have given it, the world rushes in to seize upon what I have chosen to withhold; my home is looted, the family skeleton is dragged from its closet and dangled before delighted eyes.

"Proclaim the faults he would not show:  
Break lock and seal, betray the trust."

And this is done, not merely as a matter of right, but with an air of patronage, as if a favour were being conferred. We have known a superior literary man to call at the house where the descendants of a great man cherish with some scrupulousness a respect for the sentiments of the dead. "I have come to see this, and I have come to see that, which I hear you have got here," said the literary man, naming documents and relics, some of a particularly sacred, some of a particularly painful kind. If the great man were alive, the literary searcher would not only not have taken that tone, but he would never have made the request. If his own sense of decency did not prevent him, the fear of a rapid ejection through the hall-door would. Yet he was intensely surprised, and spoke in a high and offended style about the absurdity of family sentiments interfering with the rights of posterity, when the descendants of the dead declined to let him examine what he wished. In this instance the dead happened to have an adequate defender. But that does not often happen. When a man is dead, he is generally defenceless; and posterity takes a ruthless and cruel advantage of the fact.

Posterity, indeed, seems largely, though unconsciously, affected by this most unchivalrous consideration. The very thing which sets it free is that which ought to restrain it. When a man holds a private letter from another, either of two things prevent him from publishing it (supposing it to be of public interest) against the wish of the other while the other is living—either fear of the other or the sentiment of honour. The man who is influenced by the former motive will find his reason for reserve at an end when the writer of the letter dies. On the other hand, death will only intensify the obligation of privacy to the truly honourable man. Posterity, we fear, in a large degree resembles the former of these two. It is insensible to those impalpable considerations which surround the rigid lines of the moral laws with an atmosphere, a sentiment, whose intuitions are often, in the eyes of those who apprehend them, more precious than the obvious postulates. Posterity, in other words, is not a gentleman. As for the sophistical explanations which it puts forward by way of justifying its conduct, these are, in the main, simply a case of putting high-sounding names upon a not very high sort of thing. That thing is mere curiosity, which partakes quite as much of the prurient as it does of the scientific spirit, and which is more easily gratified in the case of a dead man than of a living one. The worthiest souls find themselves unconsciously ministering to this unworthy passion, so strong and universal is it. Take this edition of Coleridge. The great proportion of these grubbings from the poor poet's commonplace book and elsewhere are worse than worthless—some are positive drivel; several he never intended for publication; several more, having published, he regretted and wished to have withdrawn. "His worst he kept, his best he gave." Why are they all dragged to light and dished up with trimmings now? No doubt they are a plentiful gratification of that appetite which loves to make a meal off a dead poet's remains; but are they anything better? What good purpose do they serve? Ethically, to our mind, they do an injury. One's manhood must suffer, if one has been induced to pry into things which a dead man desired to keep from our gaze, and which one would never have dreamed of examining uninvited while the man was alive. The answer to the high claims of posterity in this matter has been given once for all by Browning, than whom no one resented with greater scorn this inquisition of the street:

"Friends, the goodman of the house at least  
Kept house to himself till an earthquake came:  
'Tis the fall of the frontage permits you feast  
On the inside arrangements you praise or blame;—

Outside should suffice for evidence:  
And whoso desires to penetrate  
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—  
No optics like yours, at any rate."

#### PEPYS THE IMMORTAL.

THE appearance of the first volume of a new edition of the Diary of Samuel Pepys, edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley and published by Messrs. Bell, will be welcome to the lovers of the most veracious record of a human life known to English literature. Mr. Wheatley has done his work well, and the new edition of the Diary bids fair to become the standard edition also. It is fuller than any preceding edition—far fuller than the first, through which the world first made acquaintance with the life of the late Secretary to the Admiralty. Even now, advanced as we are in many things, the time has not yet arrived when the English public would tolerate an absolutely verbatim rendering in plain English of Mr. Pepys' story of his sayings and doings. The least reticent of mortals, he put down much that in ordinary memoirs is decently veiled from the public gaze. But if in this last edition there are still some necessary omissions from the narrative, it promises to be more complete than any that has preceded it.

There is no need to sing the praises of Mr. Pepys. For threescore years he has held his place as the prime favourite of the reading public, and his life and adventures are as familiar to the generation of to-day as those of the late Robinson Crusoe, mariner of York, or of the hero of the "Pilgrim's Progress" itself. What is it that gives to the Diary its un-failing charm? Pepys was no genius, nor can it be said that the part he played in public life made his revelations of passing interest to the historian. His humour is, for the most part, quite unconscious. Has he not told us that the best story he ever heard was that of "a gentleman that persuaded a country fool to let him gut his oysters or else they would stink"? Nor is there any fine sentiment in the Diary; whilst of literary merit it has none. Yet is it a book to which the tired worldling turns with a never-failing zest, certain of finding within its pages a relief from *ennui* and a balm for care. The secret lies, of course, in the immeasurable frankness of the man. His Diary was to him more than a father-confessor, more even than a conscience is, to most of us at all events. There are few indeed who, even in their most secret thoughts—the fleeting thoughts which come and go in the long watches of a sleepless night—will admit as much against themselves as Pepys was wont to confide to the pages of his Diary. Hence it is that imperfect man finds in this book the most perfect picture and reflection of himself. Not that we mean to imply that the reader of this article, any more than the writer, possesses all those small infirmities of which Mr. Pepys was the undeniable and unashamed owner. Yet not even the most heroic and impeccable amongst us, Mr. Chamberlain, for example, or Mr. Stead, can hug the belief that here or there, at some point or another, he does not find himself on common ground with Mr. Pepys. He is the most human of all mortals who have ever taken pen in hand. There is nothing about him of the sham sentiment and genuine self-worship of Jean Jacques. He does not strive after literary effect, like the English opium-eater. He is not even trying to benefit others by the revelation of his own infirmities, after the fashion of the late Reverend John Newton, and of various gallows-birds who have made an edifying end. He commits the story of his life to paper under the influence of an overmastering passion, such as urges the miser to hoard his gold in some secret hiding-place where it can benefit neither himself nor any other man. To sit down at night and, in his crabbed cipher, write a faithful record of the day's doings, ending with the familiar tag, "and so to bed," was a habit which had become a second nature. He could not have slept if he had

been wanting in this duty. Would he have ever slept again, if the awful thought had once flashed across his mind that, centuries after his disappearance from the scene, thousands of persons would be making merry over this secret story of his life?

Pepys has something to tell us of a hundred different persons more or less interesting to the reader of to-day. But the real interest of his Diary centres in himself. It is not what he hears from the great men of his time that we really care for; and if it had been but for the State secrets he has to reveal, the Diary would not have been worth deciphering. But the picture of the average man with his faults and his foibles, his little weaknesses and occasional vices, his vanity and his cowardice, his avarice and his envy—ay, and his homely virtues too—would have been worth discovering and giving to the world if the labour of decipherment had been tenfold greater. Why do we like him so much? Let each man answer for himself. To us it seems that there is sufficient reason for our liking for him in his simplicity, his veracity, his intense humanity. It is a photograph—an untouched negative—of a human soul with which he has furnished us; and the fact that the soul was a little one, streaked with all manner of flaws and infirmities, by no means detracts from the value of the presentment.

If genius be an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Pepys had that precious quality in no ordinary degree. The pains he took were enormous. Nothing was too small to be thought worthy of a place in the daily record. He notes when he took medicine, and the inevitable consequences. He does not even forget to mention the careless kisses he bestows upon the long-suffering Mrs. Pepys. Of kisses of a less innocent description there is a full and faithful catalogue. A new suit of clothes comes home from the tailor's, and he mentions that he gets up earlier the next morning than usual, in order to don them. He blots a carpet in a friend's house, and tells how he "got it out again with fair water." He gets drunk, and repents thereof; and within a page we find him commending a sermon he had heard upon the evils of intemperance. He does not forget to mention that his wife, "with two or three black patches on," seemed much handsomer than the Princess Henrietta. He scolds the partner of his joys as he would scold a pet spaniel, and deceives her constantly, repenting with fervour after each fresh fall. When he provides a good dinner for his guests, he takes care to praise it himself. He toadies "my lord," who is his patron, and is not at all ashamed of the fact. There is a disturbance in the streets, and he is compelled to go out bearing a lethal weapon for the purpose of restoring order; but he tells us how very sorry he felt for himself at having to do so. He receives unexpectedly a small debt which he had given up as lost, and forthwith gives a couple of friends "a glass of wine and a peck of oysters for joy of my getting this money." There is no humbug about Mr. Pepys, in his Diary at any rate; nor does he hide the delight with which he counts his steadily-accumulating guineas. He has been paid his salary unexpectedly, and has received in addition £7 10s. as salary for his servant, "which I do intend to keep for myself." It is after recording this small piece of knavery that he bursts forth as follows: "With this my heart is much rejoiced, and do bless Almighty God that He is pleased to send so sudden and unexpected payment of my salary so soon after my great disbursements. So that now I am worth £200 again. In a great ease of mind and spirit, I fell about the auditing of Mr. Shepley's last account with my lord, by my lord's desire, and about that I sat till twelve o'clock at night, till I began to doze, and so to bed, with my heart praising God for His mercy to us." Was he less sincere in this thanksgiving because two days later he writes: "This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by the girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but before I went

out I was ab he rec repent again. there same s two ce of the compa to be f Worth game.

W has co but th "cove may c gossip will s the R tinct line, a storie of the Whis for A Abra elder lution "poir can e coura indul a fu crimi Histo over have what that geni thro tions pictu the i Twel as e uniq surp play who testy reas forel hand equa an a tical I ass T are ever past play Pale to decl the shar by grie he can Kel wit wh



out I left her appeased"? Happy Mr. Pepys! He was able to reconcile others to his sins as easily as he reconciled himself. He was always falling, and repenting, and swearing amendment, and falling again. We call him the inimitable, but in truth there are thousands of his kidney walking these same streets of London to-day as he walked them two centuries ago. The pity of it is that not one of these fellow-sinners is keeping a diary which will compare with his. No man nowadays can venture to be frank, even in a journal written in shorthand. Worthy Mr. Pepys has effectually spoiled that game.

#### THE HUMOURS OF WHIST.

WHIST is the one game which has a literature. Cricket has traditions, and an Ulsterical bishop has compared Mr. Gladstone to a "demon bowler"; but the *finesse* of "long stop" and the subtleties of "cover point" do not take shape in anecdotes. There may come a day when golfers will have their literary gossips, and when Mr. Balfour's badinage on the links will surpass his performances on the platform or in the Rectorial chair; but whist has long been a distinct order of intellect, a system of wholesome discipline, a mirror of personal character, a library of good stories—nay, almost a theological creed. The writer of the papers entitled "English Whist and English Whist-Players," which have appeared in *Temple Bar* for April and May, has some claim to be ranked with Abraham Hayward as a whist historian. He is an elder brother of the craft; he understands the evolution of its rules; he can expound the morality of "points" with the mellow wisdom of the Angur; he can extol the virtues—the coolness, equanimity, and courage—demanded by the game; he can shed an indulgent humour on the foibles it nurtures; he has a fund of piquant reminiscence and a fine discrimination as to the parentage of familiar stories. Historic impartiality does not allow him to pass over the famous remark which Lamb is reported to have made to Martin Burney, "If dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have!" without admitting that Hazlitt ascribed the joke to some anonymous genius who never made another. Volumes could not throw more light than this suggestion on the fascinations of whist; for if Hazlitt was right, you have a picture of a dull man translated for an instant amongst the immortals of wit because he was a whist-player. Twenty generations hence his laurel will be as green as ever. The charm of the whist story is, indeed, unique and lasting because of its infinite element of surprise. Abraham Hayward relates how a foreigner played a card so wholly unexpected by the opponent who had to follow him that he was greeted with the testy challenge, "I'll bet you a hundred you had no reason for playing that card." "Done!" said the foreign gentleman, cheerily; "I looked into your hand." This agreeable simplicity was scarcely equalled by the divine who, when he was asked by an angry partner what reason he had for a particular "lead," meekly replied, "None upon earth, I assure you!"

The attractions of whist for the theological mind are notorious. They have been known to subdue even the stern sobriety of Scotch Presbyterian pastors. Archbishop Cornwallis is believed to have played whist every Sunday evening at Lambeth. Paley's love of the game outweighed his claims to preferment in the opinion of George III., who declined to number a taste for whist amongst the evidences of Christianity. Bishop Bathurst sharpened his faculties for the service of the Church by playing for sixpenny points, and his greatest grief was that having served the Whigs all his life he was rewarded with the society of a new canon "who doesn't know clubs from spades." Keble found the Christian year intolerable without whist, and it was Dr. Parr who, when asked by a lady how the game fared,

replied, "Pretty well, madam, considering that I have three adversaries." Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Papist—whist makes captives of all. In 1836 George Ticknor found seven cardinals at Rome, in the resplendent robes of their order, deep in play; though he admits that some twenty years later the austerity of a Pope who knew not whist had banished the cards. Does Cardinal Vaughan sit down to a rubber in the dazzling garb with which he graced the Royal Academy banquet? Within recent years a bishop has fearlessly declared in Convocation that he does not number "sixpenny points" amongst the sins of gambling, which it is his official duty to denounce. We remember the reprobation which the Rev. Mr. Farebrother excited in the society of Middlemarch by his incurable devotion to whist; and even now there are spheres of usefulness which would be very much shocked by a clerical approval of cards. But as a solvent of sectarianism whist has not yet played its most beneficent part in the work of civilisation. When divines put their heads together at Grindelwald to design a basis of reunion for the Churches, why should not whist parties vary the recreations of the conference? A rubber might be found to temper the intolerance of a rubric, and the fund of whist anecdote might be enriched beyond the dreams of avarice. Probably no better means could be devised for allaying the passions excited by the agitation against the Welsh Suspensory Bill than a series of rubbers under the direction of the Bishop of St. Asaph and Mr. Lloyd George. At the whist table Lord Teynham might learn that to interrupt a bishop at a public meeting is not agnosticism, and that to break into an Episcopalian hymn with the Welsh national anthem, "Land of Our Fathers," is not blasphemy. There are eminent persons to whom a sense of humour would be a temporal salvation, and if they could be brought to appreciate Talleyrand's picture of old age without whist, or the venerable ecclesiastic's remark that he was thankful for sufficient eyesight to read nothing smaller than the ace of trumps by candlelight, there would be considerable hope for the appeasement of religious asperities.

There is, of course, an occasional licence amongst whist-players which must be deprecated by the judicious. A bishop cannot be expected to echo the distinguished lawyer who defined heaven as "sitting at *nisi prius* all day and at whist all night." It is not right to gamble like Charles James Fox, though, to be sure, Fox lost his money, not at whist, but at faro. You must take the counsel of the genial chronicler in *Temple Bar*, that "no man should play at any game for stakes which cause him anxiety. If he cannot afford to find the balance of the year against him at the points for which he is playing he should retire into private life." This excellent advice ought to save you from any attempt to emulate Major-General John Scott, "a notorious gamester who acquired numerous estates" to which end he dined habitually on boiled chicken with toast and water. One of Scott's daughters had a dowry of a hundred thousand, which must have been an agreeable token to her husband of other men's ruin. Yet it is said of Scott that he discouraged gaming amongst his subalterns and contentedly played with them for "sixpenny points." Another well-known gambler, Sir James Campbell, applied his gains to the payment of his father's losses, a habit of filial piety which is rare, if not unexampled. These instances of unexpected virtue show what a power for good is exercised by whist, even under the most unlikely conditions. But it is not wise to pursue the primrose path on the chance of turning into virtuous byways. If you limit your acquisitiveness to sixpence a point, there is no reason why a weakness for whist should prevent you from becoming a bishop or a cardinal, or a philanthropist like Peabody; and you will probably find that the literature of whist is the most compendious and practicable form of philosophy which the much-taxed wit of man has framed for our reasonable well-being.

## THE DRAMA.

## "ALAN'S WIFE."

IT is a philosophical commonplace that nature is, in some aspects, unjust, immoral, malignant, ferocious, "red in tooth and claw." Life presents us occasionally with cases of unspeakable calamity for which there can be no compensation, wrongs that can never be righted, hopeless, heartless, odious things which put the glib commonplaces of the pulpit and the copybook to the rout, and leave poor, mocked mankind shaking their fists in impotent rage at the sky. I read the other day in a newspaper of two women whom a recent shipwreck had not only made widows but driven—through the prolonged agony of hoping for tidings of the lost vessel which were never to arrive—raving mad. Are there not scores of instances on record of people done to death by the law whose innocence has been clearly established—too late? Take another case. A young bride, idolising her husband, glorying in his strength and shapeliness, has him brought home to her on a stretcher, an unrecognisable mass of mangled flesh and crushed bones. That, you admit, is an awful calamity, but time, you hasten to add, will bring its anodyne; the woman is herself young and strong, she will outlive her trouble, there is yet a reasonable prospect of a decent, happy life in store for her. But, suppose, further, that a baby is born to her, a baby which will for its whole life bear perpetual witness to the shock its mother has undergone—weak, deformed to hideousness. Here you have, I think, one of those terrible cases which seem to be absolutely without consolation or redress. It is the case which has been presented at the Independent Theatre by the anonymous author of *Alan's Wife*, and presented with no attenuation but rather persistent aggravations of its horrible circumstances. We are shown the stretcher, the mangled corpse, the child.

Worse than that—we are shown the mother, terrified at the bare prospect of the helpless child outliving her, murdering it in its cradle, and we last see her in the condemned cell on her way to the hangman. Moreover, we are shown these things after the latest approved dramatic method, brought into fashion at M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre; that is to say, not in acts, with artistic preparation and alleviation, but in crude scenes—M. Jullien would call them "slices of life"—mere *tableaux vivants*, with the dialogue reduced to a minimum. There is no attempt at presentation of character, no attempt to explain the personages; the bare events are left to speak for themselves.

Now, if we are to evaluate a drama by the mere intensity of the impression which it produces on the spectators' nerves—just as we evaluate a blow by the figure it records on a "try-your-strength" machine—then is *Alan's Wife* a great play. But every instinct within me revolts against any such criterion of value in the arts. I do declare that I am not a dynamometer. The great question is not the quantitative but the qualitative value of my impression. And I add, without hesitation, that in *Alan's Wife* there is no intellectual or artistic quality at all. In the first place, it is not artistic because who says art says pattern, arrangement, selection, the refraction of nature through a temperament. This play deals with some of the things in life which are so tremendous, so overpowering in themselves, that they have only to be stated—anyhow—to produce their effect. The merest idiot could make me shriek with horror by bringing a woman on the stage to smother her baby before my eyes, or by exposing a mangled corpse on a stretcher. In the second place, there is no intellectual quality in this play. It presents no ethical thesis, no *crux*, not even any development of character. A poor wretch, maddened by horrible misfortune, her brain still dizzy with the pangs of childbirth, kills her child. Well, this spectacle shocks me, it tears my very heartstrings; but it gives me nothing to break my mind upon. There

is no problem in the case, no outlet for speculation; it is a hopeless *impasse*. "Not so fast," cries a friend, "you are wrong in calling this woman mad. She is as sane as you or I, and a little more unflinching in her logic. She kills the child deliberately, out of kindness, to save it from the certainty of worse misfortune than death; and she goes as deliberately to her own death, feeling that she, like her child, is better out of the world. This is not madness, it is reasoned conviction. And as for intellectual problems, what problem could there be more profound than that of the value of human life? Are there not, admittedly, cases of hopeless mania or incurable disease—cancer, say, or rapid consumption—in which it would be 'a mercy' to put the sufferers out of their misery at once? Ask any physician, and he will tell you of many instances in his own experience where the question of 'killing—no murder' is at least arguable. This play presents such a case, and so appeals to the intellect." I can only reply that, even if *Alan's Wife* raises this question, it does not thereby stand excused. Such a question is one of the gravest which the human mind can consider; it is only to be solemnly meditated upon in the privacy of the study. A play is a public act performed under conditions the reverse of solemn. The idea of a number of men and women, in lazy after-dinner mood, sitting at ease in their stalls, extracting a new sensation for their jaded nerves out of such a question as this, treating it as a *chasse* to their coffee or a whet for their supper, is positively nauseous. But, of course, *Alan's Wife* does not raise this question. The most determined advocates for a revision of the popular views on the sacrosanctity of human life would shrink from arguing that the—possibly beneficent—task of putting a crippled child out of its misery should be confided to the child's own mother. Look at it how you may, I submit that this play ought never to have been written.

For the sake of Miss Elizabeth Robins, who played the wife, I could wish that Diderot's paradox of acting were true, and that she did not feel her part. But I am sure that she did, for she played it with the very accent of truth, so that if my feelings touched—as they did—the point of agony, what must hers have done? Has a woman the right to lay bare the inmost fibres of her being in this way, before a gaping playhouse crowd? Perhaps she has; possibly she is really performing an heroic act of self-sacrifice in the cause of art. Perhaps not. It is a nice question in histrionics, which I will not pretend to settle. In any case, Miss Robins made the dynamometer swing its index round to a very high figure indeed. Mrs. E. H. Brooke gave a moving picture of the girl's mother, while Mrs. Edmund Phelps and Mr. James Welch were both excellent in minor parts. But the recollection of the play hangs on me like a nightmare; and if the Independent Theatre proposes to pursue this line of dramatic experiment, I shall have to take refuge in the circus.

A. B. W.

## A PORTRAIT IN THE NEW GALLERY.

THE papers have been filled with eulogies of Mr. Sargent's portrait of the lady in the cherry-coloured velvet. We have been told that it is superb, that it is magnificent, that it is extraordinary. Other adjectives have been employed: excellent, astonishing, and perhaps brilliant was used. I noticed, however, that the adjective "beautiful," the most frequently used by art critics, was absent from the criticisms. The omission of this adjective may have been accidental—the hurry of writing—or maybe it was rejected on account of its commonness and therefore its inefficiency, in the ordinary phrase, to convey the enthusiasm felt by every writer. Or it may have been rejected unconsciously, because everyone felt that "beautiful" was not the adjective that corresponded to the sensations that the picture



awoke in him. Now I hasten to approve all that the critics have said about this picture, and nowhere is our agreement more absolute than in the refusal, accidental or intentional, to describe it as "beautiful." Mr. Sargent has painted the portrait of a beautiful woman and of a beautiful drawing-room; the picture is full of technical accomplishment, and yet it is not a beautiful picture. I will try to explain.

The portrait is of a young and pretty brunette. She is dressed in cherry-coloured velvet, and she sits on the edge of a Louis XV. sofa, one arm by her side, the other thrown a little behind her, the hand leaning against the sofa. Behind her are pale yellow draperies, and under her feet is an Aubasson carpet. The drawing is swift, certain, and complete; with one stroke of the brush the artist has defined the line of the hips, and with another he records the exact width of the waist. The movement of the arm is so well rendered that we know the exact pressure of the long fingers that melt into a padded silken sofa. But is the drawing of those hips and that waist distinguished, or subtle, or refined, or is it mere parade of knowledge and practice of hand? Do you not feel tempted to say, What wonderful calligraphy? The face charms us with its actuality; but is there a touch intimately characteristic of the model, those intimate touches which Gainsborough waited for and which illuminate his pictures? or is it merely a vivacious appearance?

But if the drawing when judged by the highest standard fails to satisfy us, what shall be said of the colour? Of a colour scheme there is no trace. Think of a cherry-coloured velvet filling half the picture—the pale cherry pink known as cerise—with mauve lights, and behind it pale yellowish draperies and an Aubasson carpet under the lady's feet. Of course this is very "daring," but is it anything more? Is the colour rich and beautiful like Alfred Stevens' red velvets; or is it thin and harsh like Duran? Has any attempt been made to compose the colour, to carry it through the picture? There are a few touches of red in the carpet, none in the draperies, so the dress is practically a huge splash transferred from nature to the canvas without development or modulation, even the simplest. And when we ask ourselves if the picture has style, we do hesitate for a moment. The answer—"It is merely the apotheosis of fashionable painting"—rises at once to our lips. It is what Messrs. Shannon, Hacker, and Solomon would like to do, but what they cannot do. They have not been able to realise their dreams. Mr. Sargent has realised their dreams for them; he has told us what the new generation of Academicians want, he has revealed their souls' desire, and this desire is—*L'Article de Paris*.

The portrait is therefore a prodigious success; to use an expression which will be understood in the studios, "it knocks the walls silly"; you see nothing else in the gallery; and it wins the suffrages of the artists and the public alike. Duran never drew so fluently as that, nor was he ever capable of so pictorial an intention. Chaplin, for it recalls Chaplin, was always heavier, more conventional—above all, less real. For it is very real, and just the reality that ladies like, reality without grossness; in other words, without criticism. So Mr. Sargent gets his public, as the saying goes, "all round." He gets the ladies, because it realises the ideal they have formed of themselves; he gets the artists, because it is the realisation of the pictorial ideals of the present day.

The picture has been described as marvellous, brilliant, astonishing, superb, but no one has described it as beautiful. It is not beautiful, and none but beautiful pictures live through the centuries. It falls far short of Whistler and Orchardson, and perhaps also of some of Sir John Millais' best portraits—the three Miss Armstrongs, for instance; but nothing else done in this end of the century can compare with it. It is not only the best the younger generation can do, it is the best they can even desire. It is therefore

essentially a picture of the hour; it fixes the idea of the moment and reminds one somewhat of a *première* at the Vaudeville with Sarah in a new part. Everyone is on the *qui vive*. The *salle* is alive with murmurs of approbation. It is the joy of the passing hour, the delirium of the sensual present. The appeal is the same as of food and drink and air and love. Fashionable art is concerned with the appearance and not with the idea that the appearance represents, and as the appearance is always changing, its representation passes away with the time that produced it; if we look back on fashionable books and pictures, when the colour and perspective of their moment has altered, we see something far away—it is like looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass—and we are alarmed and cannot understand the meaning of our former admiration. So, perhaps, it may be with Mr. Sargent's portrait. Surely, when painters are pursuing new ideals, and all that constitutes the appearance of our day has changed, the admirations which I listened to to-day, and which I joined in, will find slight echo in the hearts of those who come after us. Those who come after us may admire the picture as cordially as we do; but, if they do, surely it will be for different reasons. Ten years will wipe the picture clean of social and æsthetic fashions. When these are gone, has it sufficient of those essentials of life and art for it to survive its decade? G. M.

#### THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER.

OTHER people's poetry—I don't mean their published verse, but their absurdly romantic view of unromantic objects—is terribly hard to translate. It seldom escapes being turned into prose. It must have happened to you now and again to have had the photograph of your friend's beloved produced for your inspection and opinion. It is a terrible moment. If she does happen to be a really pretty girl, a girl you wouldn't mind poaching—heavens! what a relief. You praise her with almost hysterical gratitude. But if, as is far more likely, her beauty proves to be of that kind which exists in the eyes of one beholder, what a plight is yours! How you strive to look as if she is a new Helen, and how hopelessly unconvincing is your weary expression—as unconvincing as one's expression when, having weakly pretended acquaintance with a strange author, we feign ecstatic recognition of some passage or episode quoted by our ruthless interlocutor. There is this hope in the case of the photograph: that its amorous possessor will probably be incapable of imagining anyone insensitive to such a Golconda of charms, and you have always in your power the revenge of showing him your own sacred graven image.

Is it not curious that the very follies we delight in for ourselves should seem so stupid, so absolutely vulgar, when practised by others? The last illusion to forsake a man is the absolute belief in his own refinement.

A test experience in other people's poetry is to sit in the pit of a theatre and watch 'Arry and 'Arriett making love—and eating oranges, simultaneously. 'Arry has a low forehead, close, black, oily hair, his eyes and nose are small, and his face is freckled. His clothes are painfully his best, he wears an irrelevant flower, and his tie has escaped from the stud and got high into his neck, eclipsing his collar. 'Arriett has thick, unexpressive features, relying rather on the expressiveness of her flaunting hat, she wears a straight fringe low down on her forehead, and endeavours to disguise her heavy ennui by an immovable simper. This pair loll one upon each other. Whether lights be high or low they hold each other's hands—or rather they stick together with orange juice. They are hard and coarse with labour, and their nails remind one of deep mourning note-paper. But, for all that, they, in their strange uncouth fashion, would seem to be loving each other. "Not we alone have

passions hymeneal," sings an aristocratic poet. They smile stickily at each other, an obvious animal smile, and you perhaps shudder. Or you study them for a realistic novel, or you call up that touch of nature that our great poet talks of. But somehow you cannot forget how their lips will stick and smell of oranges when they kiss each other on the way home. What is the truth about this pair? Is it in the unlovely details on which, maybe, we have too much insisted—or behind these are we to imagine their souls radiant in celestial nuptials?

Mr. Chevalier may be said to answer the question in his pictures of coster love-making. But are those pictures to be taken as documents, or are they not the product of Mr. Chevalier's idealistic temperament? Does the coster actually worship his "dona" with so fine a chivalry? Is he so sentimentally devoted to his "old Dutch"? If you answer the question in the negative, you are in this predicament—all the love and "the fine feelings" remain with the infinitesimal residuum of the cultured and professionally "refined." Does that residuum actually incarnate all the love, devotion, honour, and other noble qualities in man? One need hardly trouble to answer the absurd question. Evidently behind the oranges, and the uncouth animal manners, we would find souls much like our own refined essences, had we the seeing, sympathetic eye. All depends on the eye of the beholder.

Among the majority of literary and artistic people of late that eye of the beholder has been a very cynical, supercilious eye. Never was such a bitter, cruel war waged against the poor *bourgeois*. The lack of humanity in recent art and literature is infinitely depressing. Doubtless it is the outcome of a so-called "realism," which dares to pretend that the truth about life is to be found on its grimy, pock-marked surface. Over against the many robust developments of democracy, and doubtless inspired by them, is a marked spread of the aristocratic spirit—selfish, heartless, subtle, of a mere physical "refinement"; a spirit, too, all the more inhuman because it is not for the most part tempered by any intercourse with homely dependants, as in the merely feudal aristocracy. It would seem to be the product of "the higher education," a university priggishness, poor as proud. It is the deadliest spirit abroad; but, of course, though it may poison life and especially art for a while, the great laughing democracy will in good time dispose of it as Hercules might crush a wasp.

This is the spirit that draws up its skirts, and sneers to itself at poor "old bodies" in omnibuses, because, forsooth, they are stout, and out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. One thinks of Falstaff's plaintive "If to be fat is to be hated!" At displays of natural feelings of any sort this comfortless evil spirit ever curls the lip. Inhabiting modern young ladies, it is especially superior to the maternal instinct, and cringes from a baby in a railway carriage as from an adder. And yet Sir Thomas Browne's patent method for propagating the race, "like trees," has yet to be discovered. At the dropping of an "h" it cringes as though the weighty letter had fallen upon its great toe, and will forgive anything rather than a provincial accent. It lives entirely in the surfaces of things, and as the surface of life is frequently rough and prickly, it is frequently uncomfortable. At such times it peevishly darts its little sting like a young snake angry with a farmer's boot. It is amusing to watch it venting its spleen in papers the *bourgeois* never read, in pictures they don't trouble to understand. John Bull's indifference to the "new" criticism is one of the most charming features of the time. Probably he has not yet heard a syllable of it, and if he should he would probably waive it aside with, "I have something more to think of than these megrims." And so he has. While these superior folk are wrangling about Dégas and Mallarmé, about "style" and "distinction," he is doing the work of the world. There is nothing in life so exaggerated as the importance of

art. If it were all wiped off the surface of the earth tomorrow, the world would scarcely miss it. For what is art but a faint reflection of the beauty already sown broadcast over the face of the world? And that would remain. We should lose Titian and Leonardo, Velasquez and Rembrandt, and a great host of modern precious persons, but the stars and the great trees, the noble sculptured hills, the golden-dotted meadows, the airy sailing clouds, and all the regal pageantry of the seasons would still be ours; and a hawthorn in flower would replace the National Gallery.

What a fine contrast to this anæmic aristocratic spirit is Whitman's—

"What have you thought of yourself?  
Is it you, then, that thought yourself less?  
Is it you that thought the President greater than you?  
Or the rich better off than you? Or the educated wiser than you?  
(Because you are greasy or pimpled, or were once drunk, or a thief,  
Or that you are diseas'd, or rheumatic, or a prostitute,  
Or from frivolity or impotence, or that you are no scholar, and never saw your name in print,  
Do you give in that you are any less immortal?)"

Yes, surely the true way of contemplating these undistinguished masses of humanity, this "h"-dropping, garlic-eating, child-begetting *bourgeois*, is Whitman's, Shakespeare's, Dickens' way—through the eye of a gentle, sympathetic beholder: one who understands Nature's way of hiding her most precious things beneath rough husks and in rank and bearded envelopes, and not through the eye-glass of the new critic.

For these undistinguished people are, after all, alive as their critics are not. They are, indeed, the only people who may properly be said to be alive, dreaming and building while the superior person stands by cogitating sarcasms on their sweaty and dusty appearances. More of the true spirit of romantic existence goes to the opening of a little grocer's shop in a back street in Whitechapel than to all the fine marriages at St. George's, Hanover Square, in a year. But, of course, all depends on the eyes of the beholder.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THERE IS THE WIND ON THE HEATH, BROTHER."

SIR,—Allow me to address through you an open letter to "A. T. Q. C."

When I first saw those extended initials at the end of a *SPEAKER* "Causerie," I thought that it was a Queen's Counsel who had suddenly developed a pretty wit, until my hapless search amongst law reports was terminated by a friend who is second-cousin to the Muses, and my imagination happily denuded you of wig and gown, which—with all respect to the sententious "A. B." be it said—do not seem fit habiliments for you. Your printed communications always seemed to have internal evidence of being dated from a ship's deck or a garden bower; and thus it was a joyous confirmation to read of you in last week's issue cheerily dipping your colours to the Norwegian. My friend The O'Trigger (of Irish extraction), second-cousin to the Muses, parts company with you on your open-air tendencies. A room with regulated temperature, and a volume of Daudet or Rousseau—these are his ideal conditions, and when I suggest that a holiday afternoon in this bright weather is better spent on Botley than in his suburban parlour, he asks me if it is not true that there is an unconscionably strong breeze on that glorious summit! Well, there is, as a rule, more wind on a Surrey hill than in Newington Causeway; and, so much confessed, he holds up a deprecating hand, and leaves me to continue the journey alone. It was grand on that same Botley yesterday. I found a hollow sheltered from the wind and there lay me down, chewing the end of my last-read column of *THE SPEAKER*—to wit, your *Causerie*—as my eye travelled round the horizon thirty miles off. It was a pretty thought dipping your colours to the *Henrik Ibsen*. There is none of your level-temperature literary man about that, but rather of the man of letters whose heart leaps at that conversation (in "Lavengro"), between Situlengro and Borrow touching Death: "But if you were blind, what would life be worth then?" "There is the wind on the heath, brother," answers the Gipsy.



Well, thank God always for "the wind on the heath": there are no books yet written that can take its place; and you, Sir, have been a literary man without forgetting this, rather constantly reminding us of the truth of it. Long may your writings come to us scented with the wind from the heath—the wind from the sea.—Your faithful servant,  
A. G. S.

## PUBLISHERS' BOOKMARKS.

DEAR SIR,—Your literary *causeur* might have saved himself all his irritation if he would only have looked at the matter of which he complains from a business point of view. The obvious reason for stamping books sent out for reviews in the manner he describes is the prevention of fraud both inside and outside of the publisher's office.

I well remember in the old days, before this plan was adopted, serious questions arising between the publisher and his client the bookseller on account of books having been sold at very much below the ordinary trade prices directly after publication, and this was in nearly all cases traceable to the review copies having been put upon the market. By the present method this is rendered impossible, as the stamp at once makes a book a "second-hand one."

Its usefulness from the point of view of the inside of a publisher's office as preventing theft is clear. The addition of the price of the book in the review copies is in response to requests constantly made by newspaper proprietors.

I am surprised to find so ardent a lover of literature as "A. T. Q. C." formulating this complaint as he does. Surely

"The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face";

and if among the books sent to Mr. "A. T. Q. C." there should happen to be anything so good that he likes to place it amongst his choicest treasures, their literary value will not be destroyed owing to the fact that they are "presented by the publisher."

"CHAPMAN."

## THE DAILY NEWS.

SIR,—No living man who, in the course of the last twenty-five years, has served under the Bouverie Street banner, but must rejoice in the tribute, in last week's *SPEAKER*, to the chief who found us and inspired us; and gallant comrades who have fallen in the cause, being dead, yet testify in their work, which does not die, of their devotion to the man whose ever-ready encouragement and praise stimulated them to fresh exertions.

In MacGahan you have worthily mentioned a true hero of war-journalism. The more perturbed the region, the stronger was its recommendation to his blithe dauntlessness. But he never was in the Soudan. The man of the *Daily News* who marched to his death with Hicks's hapless force was Edmond O'Donovan, the intrepid pioneer of Merv; its man who accompanied Herbert Stewart's column across the Bayuda desert was Henry Pearce, who, although wounded, has happily survived that momentous experience.—Your obedient servant,  
4th May. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

SIR,—On reading your interesting article "The Modern Press" in *THE SPEAKER* of the 29th ult., with its reference to the correspondents of the *Daily News* during the Franco-German War, I think it worth while to observe that the first account to reach this country of the Battle of Sedan appeared in the *Daily News* in the historic letter written by Mr. Hilary Skinner from the headquarters of the late Emperor of Germany—then Crown Prince—where Mr. Hilary Skinner represented the *Daily News* as war correspondent during the whole of the war.

A CONSTANT READER.

## SONNET.

10TH MAY, 1893.

THE sons of England shouted, "Let us raise

A princely palace, 'mid a people's cheers,

In memory of half a hundred years

Of queenly progress in all perfect ways!

And o'er its porch this psalm let us blaze—

'Tis England that is prime among her peers;

No powers nor principalities she fears;

To England therefore be perpetual praise!"

And England answered, "Do as ye have said:

That so their fathers' glory shall be shown

To generations that come after you.

But raise your writing, and inscribe instead

The superscription of the prophet's stone—

The Lord our God hath helped us hitherto."

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

## PUBLISHERS AND REVIEWERS.

IN the course of my remarks, the other day, upon the practice of defacing review copies of new books, I asked for a definite statement of the publishers' case. Mr. Alfred Nutt has answered my appeal. "I believe," he says, "that all publishers who adopt this practice will agree with me that they have been reluctantly forced to it as some slight check upon the immediate sale of the review copy, uncut, sometimes in the very wrapper in which it has come from the publishers, to the secondhand booksellers who make a speciality of dealing in new books. I estimate, and I do not think the publishers of larger experience will contradict me, that of any book at all largely sent out to the Press, at least half of the Press supply finds its way *immediately* into the hands of the dealers in question. I estimate, and I believe I under- rather than over-state the case, that as regards a not inconsiderable minority of books, a quarter of the total demand is met from this illegitimate source of supply."

Mr. Nutt submits that this is an evil against which the publisher naturally seeks a remedy. And to this I give a qualified assent. My qualification is, that if a reviewer has honestly written a criticism of the volume sent to him, he has thereby honestly acquired it; that this is part of the understanding upon which the book was sent out; and therefore, that if he does not want it, he may as justly dispose of the volume to a secondhand bookseller, as if he had purchased it with solid coin. This, I imagine, will not be denied. On the other hand it is impossible to approve the conduct of a man who disposes of such a volume "uncut, and sometimes in the very wrapper in which it has come from the publishers;" for of course the condition of the volume proves that he has not read it, and it is part of the unwritten understanding that he should.

I admit that this understanding exists, though loosely. If I dislike aerated waters, and a pushing company sends me down, unsolicited, a case of their latest invention in aerated drinks, with a request that I will make trial of a bottle or two and return the remainder if not approved of, I resent the assumption that a contract exists, and that I am a party to it. But there does exist an understanding, or something sufficiently near it to bind honourable men, between the editor of a literary paper and the publisher who sends his books for review: and the editor must delegate his share in this understanding to his reviewers. So that a reviewer who sells his volume uncut would seem to be wronging his own principal as well as the author and publisher.

At the same time I suggest to Mr. Nutt the reviewer has his hardships, which should not be overlooked. The number of books sent to him is vast; and of these seventy per cent. (I speak of the average reviewer, who cannot pick and choose, and believe I speak well within the mark) are worthless to him. By this I mean that he has no reason for wishing to keep them on his shelves; and if he has fairly satisfied himself that they are worthless, I cannot see on what grounds the poor man should be condemned to keep them. Indeed, if he be a true lover of books, it is positive pain to him to give them house room. We can all sympathise with a man who, being jealous of his cellar's honour, feels it violated by the mere presence of a faked-up Algerian claret. Why may not a reviewer—probably poor, but *ex hypothesi* a judge of books—be equally scrupulous concerning his library? Mr. Nutt says, "I estimate that of any book at all largely sent out to the Press, at least half of the Press supply finds its way immediately into the hands of the dealers." But is this general proposition based on the average fortune of all books, good or bad? Or will Mr. Nutt allow it to be tested in the case of a book of admitted worth? I ask, on the chance that the reviewers' turpitude may turn out to be but an heroic

medicine in the hands of Providence for purging the world of bad books.

Mr. Nutt—whom I must thank not only for the temperate statement of this difficulty, but for the kindliness of his tone towards me—admits that the present practice of defacing review copies is objectionable; and is quite ready to try any better plan that may be suggested. Well, if we are to have ear-marks at all, I would suggest (1) that they be made as little offensive to the sight as possible, (2) that they be stamped neither across the title page nor the false title, (3) that the term "Presentation Copy" be dropped, being a plain misuse of the words. For my own part, if he should ever desire to send me a book for review, nothing would please me better than to see Mr. Alfred Nutt's own handwriting on the fly-leaf.

But I have a better suggestion to offer, and I offer it both as an author and a reviewer. The whole root of the mischief, it seems to me, is the recklessness with which review copies are squandered by the publishers.

Every competent observer knows that there are not two dozen papers in Great Britain whose opinion on any book is (from a literary point of view) worth having. The dozen is probably a generous computation. Let the publishers send clean books, and send them only to these papers, and even if the reviewers sell their copies, the damage will be inconsiderable. But if, for purely commercial reasons, a publisher showers copies on every point of the compass whence he can get a puff, he cannot fairly complain (though his author may, if not consulted) when he finds these books returning upon the market and swamping the legitimate sales. That the abuse is great, and that the responsibility lies with the publishers, is (I think) evident from Mr. Nutt's own words—"I estimate, and I believe I under- rather than over-state the case, that, as regards a not inconsiderable minority of books, a quarter of the total demand is met from this illegitimate source of supply." This speaks for itself; and I cannot think it fair that publishers should revenge themselves upon reviewers for injuries that are obviously in great measure self-inflicted.

Authors, we know, are peculiarly amenable to flattery; nor need we speak disdainfully of the poet who aspires to immortality and is flattered meanwhile by an appreciative notice in the *Little Pedlington Gazette* or the *Sleepy Hollow Advertiser*. But let him sit down in a cool hour with his book of press-cuttings and roughly calculate at what cost to his pocket these advertisements are secured: let him softly repeat Mr. Nutt's words, "As regards a not inconsiderable minority of books, a quarter of the total demand is met from this illegitimate source of supply": and it may dawn on him that the opinion of Little Pedlington's one critic is all too dearly purchased.

At present a man—no matter what his qualifications—has only to proclaim himself editor of a new literary journal, review or magazine, and the volumes come rolling in. Now if the publishing trade would unite to suppress a deplorable extravagance, this enterprising gentleman would be forced to the not degrading expedient of subscribing to a circulating library, and proving his critical capacity at his own expense. The cost of subscription would form but a trivial item among the expenses of conducting a paper; and no doubt when the editor's capacity was proved, publishers (with the authors' sanction) would be glad to supply him with books gratis. But just now the whole thing is overdone, to the damage of author and publisher alike. I doubt if the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow take the slightest interest in literature: I suspect it would rather hurt them than not if they did: but I am quite certain that until we are sure they buy books at their editor's recommendation, we should allow him to seek out merit at his own charges.

Considering this, I suggest to Mr. Nutt that publishers, by defacing review copies, are punishing alike the just and the unjust among reviewers, the capable and the incompetent; and this for an evil which themselves are largely responsible for, and can easily remedy.

A. T. Q. C.

## REVIEWS.

### VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO: A Sketch of his Life and Work. By J. Pringle Nichol. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. NICHOL has done a very difficult thing; he has written a little book about a great man, excellently well. No completer view of Hugo has ever been presented to the English reader. It is a fascinating subject, and it is creditable to Mr. Nichol's strength of head that it has not turned his brain. He is a very cool critic indeed, and amidst the flux of notions, the ever-changing points of view, the disintegration of reputations, may be observed with his lips above water, wisely discoursing concerning the same.

There is something almost terrible, in the course of events, in the rapid destruction of standards of excellence. The changeless is beyond our reach; we but stretch out blind hands after it—

"To draw one beauty into our heart's core,  
And keep it changeless! such our claim  
So answered—Never more!"

It seems only the other day, the week before last, since our blood was stirred by the accounts we loved to read of Hugo's holy war waged on the stage of the French theatre against "the classics" of Théophile Gautier, an *Hugolâtre intransigent*, with his hair flowing over a satin doublet, frantically applauding *Hernani*. But it really happened a long time ago, namely, on Thursday, the 25th of February, 1830; before the Reform Bill, before the London and North-Western Railway, before the Oxford Movement, before the Labour question.

But Victor Hugo lived long, and though "Notre Dame de Paris" goes back to 1831, "Les Misérables" carries us down to 1862, a familiar date, associated with the best work of Tennyson, George Meredith, and George Eliot; whilst "Quatrevingt-Treize" appeared in 1872, and "Choses Vues" in 1887. This surely is to be modern.

Yet there are those who would have us believe that Hugo already belongs to the past; but, then, who for that matter does not belong to the past? The phase an author seeks to describe is over and gone before he has corrected his proofs. It was thus, so Mr. Pater has just reminded us, that Zeno the Eleatic reduced the doctrine of the Heracliteans about perpetual motion to nonsense by pointing out that after all motion must begin somewhere, and move from point to point in an interval of space, and more closely from inner point to inner point within the same interval, till at last the two points, from which to which the motion occurs, are infinitely reduced, and perpetual motion becomes eternal rest. So new and old seem to run into one another, and whatever one writes seems blasted with antiquity the moment one has written it.

This, however, is not a truth of universal application. There are Fountains of Youth in our midst—perennial streams of freshness and joy. 950 B.C. makes even 1830 A.D. look foolish, but Homer is younger than *Hernani*.

Mr. Nichol gives us to understand that "the real leaders of the actual generation of French poets are Paul Verlaine, the enfranchised master of all chords of latter-day emotion, and Stéphane Mallarmé, the exquisite and enigmatic prince of the tribe of *symbolistes*, who are occupied rather with intellectual subtleties than with shades of feeling. It is shadowy suggestiveness, vague musical vibrations, that are sought for by the young poets of France, in



preference to clear, firm colour, moulded plastic outline."

Literature has known many leaders of revolt; Hugo himself was a rebel, and though like the Apostles rebels mostly come to violent ends, mankind often troops through the breaches they managed to make in the stone walls of imprisoning tradition. It is unwise either to glorify revolution or to abuse revolutionaries.

Mr. Nichol further observes "The present tendency of French writers is to express in prose all that can be expressed in prose, all description, all meditation, all that comes from mere intelligence—reserving for verse, and verse in a loosened, almost lawless form, only such inevitably metrical outbursts of the heart and imagination as flow from a lyrical movement of the soul. Such a theory must logically regard a large proportion of Hugo's poetry as the outcome of a bastard art."

Hugo is not the only poet such a theory would condemn. What are we to say of it? Does it not commend itself to the mind? It was very much Carlyle's view, though the mention of that fierce Scot or Pict is not likely to turn away anybody's wrath. Is not a vast deal of so-called poetry artificial and nonsensical? Most people would agree about Aken-side's poetry, Beattie's and Falconer's, and probably about Southey's and Mr. Wordsworth's "Excursion," but we dare not press the point nearer home. None the less, we will venture to protest against the encouragement by the State of the habit of writing in what is called verse. It is little enough that the State does for Literature, but why that little should take the form of doles to poetry-mongers we do not understand. The old superstition lingers that any poetry is better than prose, and that a poet is a loftier and more necessary being than a writer of prose. It is an idle superstition. It is a pity Mr. Gladstone should entertain it.

As for Hugo himself, he may fall into ruins as time goes on, but they will be majestic ruins, affording shelter and giving pleasure to the end of all things. "His joy and interest in mere living, his quenchless hope in the future, his indomitable trust in human nature" may be lost, as Mr. Nichol says, "on a sad generation," but the future is not for ever hypothecated to the melancholists. We may still redeem it. Joy may yet come in the morning.

Mr. Arnold, when he described Hugo as the average "sensual man, shouting and impassioned," uttered one of those illegitimate truths which are always a blot upon the escutcheon of their utterer. Hugo did shout, and had a great deal of the average man about him. He loved a big thing; a fine show; and preferred the thunder of the orchestra to the still small voice. He was an optimist with a large balance at his bankers'. His love poetry, Mr. Nichol reminds us, "has been somewhat brutally characterised as 'le chant du coq après la victoire.'" A phrase intoxicated him, and he had no passion to explore his own meaning or to tear off the frippery of his golden verbiage until he grasped his thought. Perhaps he had an uneasy suspicion it would often prove but a puny thing, the baby of a girl.

To this extent Mr. Arnold was right, and his courage should be applauded, but his criticism was illegitimate, for the genius of the author of "Les Orientales" (1829) and of "La Légende des Siècles" (1859, 1877, 1883) and of "Notre Dame de Paris" and "Les Misérables," was neither glorified shouting nor magnified commonplace. Poetry and prose such as Hugo's when he is at his best is a revelation of beauty and strength, of force and feeling, by the side of which such criticism as this unlucky saying of Mr. Arnold's shows poor and mean.

Mr. Nichol's book, besides much entertaining and useful criticism, also gives an excellent account of Hugo's romantic career. If we must smell a fault, let it assume the shape of this question: "Why drag in Mrs. Molesworth" when referring to Hugo's almost infinite gift of describing the ways and thoughts of tiny children?

## MONKS AND FRIARS.

CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM, FROM THE FOURTH TO THE NINTH CENTURIES. By I. Gregory Smith, LL.D. London: Innes & Co.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS, AND OTHER HISTORIC ESSAYS. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Fifth Edition. London: Fisher Unwin.

It may be assumed, says Dr. Jessopp in his genial and suggestive collection of essays, that there are few subjects on which the great mass of Englishmen are so curiously ignorant as on Monasticism. They feel that it belongs to the past. They are not antiquarians; and what an amount of reading would it not require to get any definite picture of these Benedictines and Basilians, Carthusians and Cistercians, and all the black, white, and grey friars, whose names linger about the streets of London city? Yet, even here, a change is going forward. The old prejudices have almost died away for lack of fuel. There is some talk of reviving Brotherhoods in the Church of England. Asceticism and association have begun to be cried up again as correctives to the demoralising selfishness of modern society. And under the charm of these and kindred influences, men may give a fresh and not wholly disdainful glance towards the vegetarians and teetotalers and communists by the grace of God, who, during fifteen centuries, represented in East and West the highest idea of the Christian life.

But we may go about reviving this strangely chequered history in one of two ways. Dr. Smith has taken the first, and Dr. Jessopp the second. To Dr. Smith, it is "a very questionable position" whether the life of the monk at any time was laudable. He inclines to call it "a subtle form of selfishness." And he sets down the details, of which he has gathered a store, with dry and scrupulous exactitude, but as from the height of Anglican respectability, never getting inside his subject, or warming to the picturesque, if somewhat anomalous, heroes, whose stern austerity and "ingenious self-tortures" shock rather than fascinate him. He abounds in dates and particulars—in fact, these pages are a reprint from the "Dictionaries of Christian Biography and Antiquities," and deserve the praise of all painful learning. But, though we can perceive how many characteristic, odd, and even comical strokes there were in the originals, the result as here presented is deadly serious. That is a pity, for the old chroniclers were very human; and what they have to tell us about the monks' dress, and their eating and drinking, and their use or disuse of the bath, and the ways of their daily life, indoor and out, would make a most speaking and animated sketch, if the artist were not wanting. But, perhaps, he ought to be other than a benighted clergyman who deprecates taking St. Paul *au pied de la lettre*, and whose manner has still something of the eighteenth century, with its "moderate but diligent use of the gifts of Providence." "The Rise of Monasticism" is an excellent book in its kind—accurate, cold, stiff, and full of information, such as, of course, no library should be without. A stronger dose of prejudice would have made it more readable.

Dr. Jessopp has taken the other line, and is sure to be read. He has a style and a mind of his own—the sense that history was once a live thing, great and varied reading, much humour, and no vitriol in his composition. He explains with the utmost ease how monks and friars differed in origin as in their peculiar gifts and calling, what it was that gave the Franciscans their immense power for good in the thirteenth century, and why they became the Evangelists of English towns for three hundred years. He is aware, as the British public has not always been, that they were "masters of every phrase and word in the Gospels"; and he calls them Low Churchmen, because they preached Christ. Now and then he aims a side-stroke at his own Communion. "The Church of England," he says, "has

never known how to deal with a man of genius," and he repeats Macaulay's famous contrast between the treatment of Wesley and that of Loyola, substituting for the founder of the Jesuits St. Francis of Assisi, and describing him as "the John Wesley of the thirteenth century whom the Church did not cast out." He is hard on the monks of that period. "The monk was by birth, education, and sympathy one with the upper classes." If the parochial system broke down, he would partly explain it by the bad old rule, which the monks practised, of robbing the secular clergy. "Every vicarage in England," he tells us, "represents a spoliation of the Church, whose rectorial tithes had been appropriated by a religious house"; and when the monks disappeared at the Reformation it was not in human nature that the parish priests should take it to heart. The friars, who did carry out the voluntary principle, had no riches when their turn came: "There was nothing to rob but the churches in which they worshipped, the libraries in which they studied, and the houses in which they passed their lives." As for the English Franciscans, they became the most learned body in Europe, "and that character they never lost till the suppression of the monasteries swept them out of the land." It would be interesting to compare Dr. Jessopp's feeling but impartial account of the rise and early fortunes of the Friars Minor with the exquisite, though slightly too self-conscious, pages that Ernest Renan has devoted to the Umbrian saint and ecstatic. At all events, five such names as Alexander Hales, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Albert the Great, and St. Thomas Aquinas, who lived and studied under the rule of Francis or Dominic, may serve as an argument that the mediæval friar was something more than a fanatic brooding over the fires of the Inquisition, and hating science and culture as his worst enemies.

The other essays in this volume, especially those on the Black Death, have been widely noticed, and they throw a powerful light upon the decline of Monasticism also. But we should like their author, whose views of the true method of writing history are so well justified in his own case, to enlarge the treatment, and publish all he knows of the Franciscan Annals in England, down to the dissolution of the system. It may be that in Arcady there is little leisure for such an undertaking. And yet, as Dr. Jessopp knows, "in the domain of historical science the labourers are few and far between;" and "in our elementary schools history is almost ignored;" while "a whole people is rapidly breaking with the past from sheer ignorance that there is any past that is worth knowing." They will not learn on the method of the dictionary or of Dryadust. Learn, however, they might, if men like Dr. Jessopp had more opportunity of teaching them. When his lecture on "Village Life Six Hundred Years Ago"—which is one of the most taking chapters in the present volume—was delivered at Tittleshall, it "was listened to with apparent interest and great attention by an audience of farmers, village tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers." Evidently, the audience can be found. But how provide the teachers in an era of school-boards?

#### THE ATHENIAN POLITY.

ARISTOTLE'S CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS. A Revised Text, with an Introduction, Notes, Testimonia, and Indices. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt. D. London: Macmillan & Co.

NOT since the Renaissance have classical scholars had such a magnificent opening as was afforded them by the publication, two years ago, of the *editio princeps* of Aristotle's treatise on the Constitution of Athens, hitherto known only from fragments preserved by late and rather obscure writers. Not the fragments of Hyperides and Alcman, hardly even the unique palimpsest of Gaius, possessed the interest attaching to this treatise—part of the material for the

greatest systematic work on political institutions the world has ever seen. One single copy of this work the solicitude of the executors of some Greek landlord in Egypt under the early Roman Empire has preserved for the students of the present day. Copied economically on the backs of old accounts by four secretaries—only one of whom wrote a decent hand—this curious papyrus will continue one of the chief glories of the British Museum, as the work spent on it is of modern English scholarship. Naturally the find called forth a mass of historical comment and critical elucidation and conjecture, mostly of that kind which, however great its merits, finds a speedy burial in the back numbers of learned periodicals. Now we have the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, already well known to scholars by his work on Demosthenes and Isocrates, preserving for us that part of this mass of criticism which is worth preserving, and producing in a very handy and complete form the first English attempt at that organised machinery which is necessary for the due study of a classical author.

Of the critical treatment of the text we cannot speak in much detail. In the first place, such criticism requires an amount of space to make it intelligible to the general reader which is more than we can spare; in the next, it is only long use of a critical commentary which can enable one to pass a fair judgment on its merits. Thirty or forty years ago it was the fashion to maintain that "the harder reading is the more probable." Then scholars arose such as Madvig and Cobet and Bernays and Mr. Margoliouth, who maintained (as Bentley, indeed, had before them) that the first duty of the textual critic was to make sense. Manuscripts, it was argued, were written from rapid dictation by very ignorant amanuenses, and their readings were no more entitled to respect than those of a "rough proof sheet" in the hands of the printer's reader. Accordingly we have had Greek texts cut about recklessly by unsympathetic critics, with the object of introducing grammar and making sense—according to the lights of the emendator. In this case the temptation to emend freely is especially great, partly because the MS. is a very bad specimen, partly because there is no special sacredness, so far as is known, about its contents. It bears the name of Aristotle, but its language and style are unlike those of the Aristotle we know. It is probably a composite product to which he lent his name; and its minor details, in short, possess about as much sanctity as single words and phrases in the proofs of a newspaper might possess in the eyes of a sub-editor in a hurry. The earlier critics of the text now and then yielded to these temptations, and not only made fanciful emendations themselves, but commented unfavourably on Mr. Kenyon's treatment as being insufficiently drastic. Mr. Sandys on the whole strikes us as a conservative critic. He has, for instance, reverted to the first interpretation of *ὁμολογῶσι* in c. 52 (a passage quite Aristotelian in the uncertainty of its grammar, at any rate). The Athenian Police Committee—the famous Eleven—did not execute culprits summarily if they themselves "were unanimous," but if the culprits "admitted their crime," which is at least less damaging to the view hitherto entertained of Athenian justice. The difficulties about the pay of dicasts (c. 28) and the retirement of the Codridæ (c. 6) are cleared up with a very small amount of emendation; as is another difficulty about the Athenian tribute-ships (*ἀργυρολόγοι νῆες*, c. 24). And, in short, after collating parts of his text (taken at random) with the *editio princeps*, we are rather surprised to find that practically there is no extensive change. Mr. Kenyon well deserves the tribute of praise which his successor has ungrudgingly given him.

In one or two details we confess we think Mr. Sandys might have done better. The picture of "dicast's tokens" is interesting enough; but we should have liked a facsimile of part of the MS.—or,

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better still, a reprint of the several alphabets used by the four amanuenses, as published in Vol. V. of "The Classical Review." The pages of the *editio princeps* might have been noted in his margin for convenience of reference. And in the Introduction we think he has really lost a chance. He might have given us a brief review of Greek political writings—a history of Greek political thought—entering more fully into the subject as a whole, and bringing out clearly the movements which have such a curiously modern look: the analytical and critical efforts of the Sophists and Cynics, the really reactionary treatises of Plato and the pseudo-Xenophon, the inductive political science of Aristotle. He might have told the ordinary reader some of those things which, though the mere scholar may scout them, the philosophic student gratefully accepts. Instead, he merely strings together descriptions of the contents of the "Republic," the "Laws," and the two treatises on Athens and Sparta attributed to Xenophon, of which the substance must surely be familiar to almost all his readers. If such an introduction was beyond the scope of his book there is at least a precedent for it in Mr. Newman's "Politics of Aristotle."

The notes on the matter of the work are, of course, relatively not so full or numerous; but as far as they go they are valuable enough. We notice that Mr. Sandys rejects the rearrangement of the chronology of Themistocles' life suggested by this work, and prefers the authority of Thucydides and the established account. But when he draws attention to the commendation of Theramenes, who is commonly represented as "little better than an Opportunist," one is inclined to doubt if Mr. Sandys' modern politics are as strong as his scholarship. An Opportunist, we take it, is a person who does not push his views in season and out of season, but only puts forward so much of them as is likely to be carried, and takes what means for carrying them he can find. Theramenes had no particular views; he was an independent politician, a "superior person," a mugwump, who was always discontented wherever he was; who, as his nickname "Cothurnus" shows, fitted either party, but always looked as if he belonged to the other. We confess we do not understand Aristotle's eulogy of him, and find in it confirmation of the view that the book is not all by Aristotle.

The danger in a commentary on a classical author is that the notes may be superfluous, diffuse, and indecisive. We do not trace any of these qualities in Mr. Sandys' work, though we could name many greater and more famous commentators whose remains display them all. Yet it is a matter of extreme difficulty to avoid these faults if the commentary is produced at all rapidly, and considering that Mr. Sandys has only had the vacations of about a year and a half to work in, he has succeeded very well. His book should attract all who keep up their interest in classical scholarship—an increasing class, now that the subject has undergone revival in England and has had a new birth in America. Egypt is yielding up her buried treasure; Constantinople may one day be fully searched for MSS., and then there may be plenty of matter for scholars. It is satisfactory to see that English scholars are quite ready for it.

#### AN AGE OF SONG.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS. Edited by George Saintsbury. (Second Edition.) London: Percival & Co.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S name on the title-page of an anthology guarantees us, in the first place, an excellent selection; in the second, an eminently readable and instructive introductory essay. Both these expectations have in this case been fulfilled, and, in addition to this, we have a little book whose format and general appearance are all that heart or eye could desire. Mr. Saintsbury has construed

his seventeenth century somewhat liberally, by, as he says, extending the *terminus a quo* a little into the sixteenth; but nobody will quarrel with him for so doing, and, after all, we have before us a well-marked period in poetic production which, for literary purposes, may well be called the seventeenth century, though it may not quite correspond with it in actual date of years. The introduction dwells on the marvellous outburst of song which filled England from 1580 at least till 1660, "with no small aftergrowths in Dryden, Sedley, and others;" and does not fail to call attention to the remarkable fact that many men not in themselves first-rate produced work in this kind which must rank with the very highest. Into the causes of this phenomenon Mr. Saintsbury does not enter; in fact, he says, "there is no explanation of these things, or rather, the explanations fail to be explanatory to such an extent that we need not trouble ourselves about them." As to the pieces selected, he says he has never omitted an old favourite because likely to be found in other books, or an unfamiliar one merely on account of its strangeness. Accordingly, among the 182 poems included in the book, we find such old friends as Herrick's "Daffodils," Jonson's "Drink to me only" and "Queen and Mistress," Dekker's "Art thou poor yet hast thou golden slumbers?" Carew's "Ask me no more," and others too numerous to mention. Among less well-known writers, we are glad to see that he has drawn largely on Thomas Campion, and included, among other anonymous gems, the splendid fragment to which Mr. Symonds called attention in his recent volume of essays, beginning,

"Yet, if his majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should, of his own accord,  
Friendly himself invite. . . ."

Glad, too, are we to find Ben Jonson's lovely lines on the dead child-actor, Salathiel Pavy, and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Give me my scallop-shell of quiet." The former ranks among the most perfectly musical verse—and in an unusual and beautiful metre—that we know. But, indeed, the common note of the very various pieces contained in this book is their musical quality. They were evidently intended to be sung—and what is more, there existed a large number of people capable of singing them. The very general diffusion of a certain degree of musical culture in England during the 16th and 17th centuries is one of the commonplaces of history. Every document of contemporary life bears witness to it. What has become of it all? One suggests it was killed by the pianoforte; another blames the growth of that British self-consciousness which makes us dread every manifestation of emotion; a third, the introduction of machinery. *Quis judicabit?* It may well be that when simpler instruments and more primitive melodies were in use, it was not so hard for the average person to acquire a certain knowledge of music. But we are wandering away from Mr. Saintsbury's anthology—of which we can say no more than that it has our hearty commendation.

#### FICTION.

THE BLIND ARTIST'S PICTURES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Nora Vynne. London: Jarrold & Sons.

A PAIR OF LOVERS, AND OTHER TALES. By Ida Lemon. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE LAST SENTENCE. A Novel. By Maxwell Gray. In three volumes. London: William Heinemann.

THE VIVVANS, OR THE MURDER IN THE RUE BELLECHAISE. By Andrée Hope. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

MISS VYNNE exhibits a distinct talent for the short story. She writes with ease and spirit, and there is not only brightness, but a good deal of unforced feeling, in her sketches. In "The Blind Artist's Pictures," and its companion stories, she has produced a very readable little volume. Slight as the stories are, they are told with piquancy and point, whilst a

pleasant vein of sentiment runs through the series. This quality is, perhaps, most evident in the very short tale called "An Ugly Little Woman"—a mere sketch, but instinct with sympathetic tenderness. It is not the unattractiveness of feminine ugliness, but "the pity of it," that is shown us here. And there is real pathos, of the quiet kind, in "An Unnoticed Incident," an episode in the life of an unloved wife and unhonoured mother, the crisis of whose fate passes absolutely unmarked by those nearest to her. "John O'Neal's Honour," if the least important, is by no means the least successful of these sketches, in virtue of its simple tenderness and strong sense of the human brotherhood. It is, however, a pity that Miss Vynne, having something to say, has not always taken the trouble to say it in the best way. "I don't know but what I ought not to protest," is a distressing specimen of her grammar; and again, "I don't deserve it, nor you don't need it," strikes one as a singularly unhappy phrase; more especially as both sentences are put in the mouths of persons supposed to have attained a high degree of culture. But it is a little ungracious to find fault with so bright and pleasant a book.

It is long since we have read anything so unaffectedly charming as Miss Ida Lemon's book, "A Pair of Lovers, and other Tales." These tales have all a family resemblance, inasmuch as they all deal with the lives of the very poorest Londoners; but the result is certainly not that of monotony. Indeed, from first to last the little book is both interesting and forcible—one to be read with pleasure and laid down with regret. Sympathy is its keynote; a sympathy too deep and too delicate to be loudly expressed, but yet so heartfelt that it throbs in every page of these pretty, tender stories. "The short and simple annals of the poor," the author very accurately claims as a sub-title for her sketches; and it is obvious that they have been studied from life. Palpable truthfulness distinguishes them equally with artistic treatment, whilst with admirable skill the author has shown the mingled humour and pathos of those simple lives. In "A Pair of Lovers" tragedy is uppermost, that piteous tragedy—separation between a poor old married couple upon whom the grim shadow of death is falling. In the next story, "An Artist of the Pavement," we have a bright little bit of comedy concerning a very different pair of lovers; and then in "Jim" comes a delicate interweaving of those elements of tears and laughter, most artistically wrought into a charming story of child-life. But to go through a list of these good things would be superfluous, since those who appreciate quaint humour and true feeling cannot do better than read the book for themselves.

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" is in danger of falling a victim to her own success. It is only a Paganini who can delight the world by perpetual performances on a single string. Ordinary mortals, even when they have the talents unquestionably possessed by Maxwell Gray, must produce a greater variety of notes if they are to succeed. In "The Last Sentence" we have the theme of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" virtually repeated. Even the climax is similar. The Dean, as the readers of that striking book will remember, makes public confession of his great sin in the pulpit—conscience, long asleep, having at last pricked him to his duty. In "The Last Sentence" it is an honoured and high-minded judge who, for his punishment, is compelled to pass sentence of death upon the daughter he had abandoned in her infancy, and who, in the stress of the emotion he suffers, makes public revelation of his own share in the tragedy. Maxwell Gray should know better than to repeat so striking a situation in this fashion. Nor, we regret to say, can we speak favourably of the story as a whole. The hero, Cecil Marlowe, never touches the heart of the reader. There is a grave defect in his portrait as it is drawn by the author, which must prevent his acceptance as a real, or even a possible, human being. Men who

are noted for their kindness of heart, their sympathy with suffering, and their keen sense of personal honour, do not suddenly act as brutes towards those to whom they are bound by special ties of gratitude and affection. Given the Cecil Marlowe described in the first volume of the story, it is simply impossible that he should have basely and cruelly denied any knowledge of his young wife when she suddenly appeared in the midst of a family party. If for no other reason, he would have lacked the moral hardihood needed for such a deed of infamy—a hardihood that can only be gained by practice in crime. It is even more absurd to suppose that he would have left the poor creature to perish in the snow at the door of his father's house; whilst the climax of inconsistency is reached in his alleged treatment of the blameless child whom in the end he has to consign to the gallows. Maxwell Gray, we are sorry to say, has on this occasion missed her mark; but that is too frequently the case when a writer tries to repeat a well-earned success.

"Murder most foul, most horrible," greets the reader in the opening pages of "The Vyvyans." The scene described is manifestly founded upon the author's recollections—dim and indistinct, alas!—of the inimitable Gaboriau. But we are straightway hurried, in the next chapter, from the Rue Bellechaise and the whole paraphernalia of crime and its detection to an English village, and the society of sundry persons who seem to be as far removed from suspicion as the Emperor of China himself. We confess that it was with some difficulty that we persevered in the perusal of a not over-lengthy narrative until we reached the point at which the two ends of the chain were brought together, and the identity of the murdered man of the Rue Bellechaise with the husband of the beautiful Sylvia Vyvyan satisfactorily established. Even then it was with but a languid curiosity that we followed the track of the detective, and ascertained that the charming Sylvia was *not* the assassin of the "bold, bad man" who had won her maiden affections. Andrée Hope can write short stories that are distinctly interesting to the average reader; but the interest of "The Vyvyans" from the reviewer's point of view centres in wonder at the fact that it should ever have been written or printed.

#### THE MAY REVIEWS.

WITH something of a shock, as on suddenly hearing a familiar voice with a sad crack in it, we come upon a poem in the *Nineteenth Century* this month which contains the following and more like it:

"Stand fast as faith together  
In stress of treacherous weather.  
When hounds and wolves break tether,  
And Treason guides the pack."

It is Mr. Swinburne himself singing about "the Union." Why will he thus, like a mocking echo, with actual words, rhymes, and metres, remind us of the Swinburne of our youth:—

"To laugh and love together,  
And weave with foam and feather  
And wind and words the tether  
Our memories play with yet?"

When he drops into politics Mr. Swinburne ought really stick to a special metre for them. With this exception, no dazzling item stands out from the level of Mr. Knowles's review this month, but it is nevertheless an interesting number. Captain Young-husband, putting himself in the place of a Russian officer reporting to his Government, draws up a very elaborate and well-considered plan for an invasion of India by Russia. We take it that this is intended in the usual way as a means for stirring up our suspicions of Russia's manœuvres in the North-West, and alarming us about that "other political party" whose feeble hands now hold the reins



of power in unhappy England. A dispassionate reading of it, however, does not produce this effect at all; for the one clear impression it leaves is that of the tremendous difficulties of such an enterprise on the part of Russia. Though the task is now supposed to be "infinitely easier" than it was in the days of Czar Paul and Napoleon, we find Captain Younghusband, after twenty pages of preliminary invasion, thus writing (in his character of Russian officer): "It may seem that I show too much desire for peace, at too frequent intervals; but the truth is, that the carrying out of such an immense campaign at such great distances from our base will try the Empire to its foundation, and respites of longer or shorter duration are imperative to recuperate our powers and consolidate our advance." The supposition that Russia is eager to undertake an invasion which would put its whole power to the stake, and yet which could only be carried out by instalments, and that England, under any political party, once having been attacked would allow its foe these convenient intervals for recuperation, is an illustration of what the ordinary military mind is capable of when it gets beyond its depth. Professor Max Müller deals with Mme. Blavatsky and Esoteric Buddhism—which he proclaims to be the least esoteric and most open of religions. Mme. Blavatsky, he says, was both deceived and deceiving, and did not understand what Buddhism was—a charge to which Mrs. Besant will no doubt be prepared with a precipitated reply. Lady Mary Wood reproduces an old article by Cavour on the Repeal of the Union, which is at least curious. Cavour was against Repeal; but his arguments are not applicable to the present controversy, for they were directed against a subordinate Parliament for Ireland, not a subordinate one, and several of his prophecies delivered fifty years ago have been falsified since.

The *National Review* opens with some lines of doggerel by Mr. Alfred Austin on the Queen's visit to Florence, which ought to spoil his chances for the Laureateship, but which may have been intended to have an opposite effect. The most lively contribution in the number is a symposium, by four Tory editors and one Tory malcontent, on the state of the Tory Press. Mr. Fitzroy Gardner thinks the Tory Press is dull, and recommends its adopting some of the methods of the New Journalism, and competing with Radical papers on their own ground. The editor of the *Saturday Review* thinks Mr. Gardner is no Tory to say so. Mr. Cust, the Tory Democratic editor of the *Pall Mall*, however (who says that he is to Toryism what a Buddhist is to Brahminism), agrees with Mr. Gardner; while Mr. Henley, pouring scorn on them both, suggests that their ideal of a Tory newspaper is *Town Talk* edited by "a trinity composed of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. William Thomas Stead, and Lord Randolph Churchill." Mr. Sidney Low, of the *St. James's Gazette*, is equally sarcastic.

The *Fortnightly* has two articles on the Home Rule Bill—one by Professor Dowden, in which he collates a number of Irish Unionist opinions against the Bill; and the other by Mr. John Clancy, M.P., temperately discussing the financial clauses. Sir Robert Ball, in a really fascinating article, suggests that the universe is not infinite; that three angles of a triangle, notwithstanding Euclid, may not be equal to two right angles; and that it has not been proved that parallel lines produced indefinitely will never meet. The most generally interesting article in the number, however, is Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Rome Revisited." Captain Gambier contends that the retention of our hold on the Mediterranean by means of Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt is strategically a mistake, and must, in the event of war, prove a weakness, and he suggests the exchange of these places against positions of more actual importance. With regard to Gibraltar, at any rate, whose uselessness is thoroughly proved, this question of exchange might well be more actively considered. A posthumous paper by Mr. Addington Symonds, on the Jesuit doctrine of obedience,

retracts a statement he had made, in his "Renaissance in Italy," concerning the constitution of the Jesuit Order, which was founded on an ambiguous translation.

The *New Review* has also a posthumous article by Mr. Symonds on the engravings of Mr. Timothy Cole. Otherwise, except that there is an agreeable paper of reminiscences by Mr. Roden Noel, and a pretty little article on "Key Flowers" by Lady Lindsay, the number is not particularly interesting.

The most important article in the *Contemporary* is an able discussion of the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill by an anonymous writer who is clearly master of the subject. Mr. Lecky, on the same Bill, is in a very despairful mood; everything, he seems to fear, is going to the dogs. There is a "Rejoinder from Rome," by Father Brandi, on the policy of Leo XIII.; Mr. Herbert Spencer continues his criticism of Professor Weismann's theories of heredity; and Vernon Lee starts a romantic dialogue in the Roman Campagna, between two beautiful *grandes dames* and a sentimental Russian aristocrat, on the subject of Socialism and the Labour Question. A good article is Mr. Dowling's "Garden in Stone," being an essay on the use of plant-forms in Gothic architecture.

The *Westminster Review* this month devotes itself mainly to political and economic questions. Mr. J. T. Blanchard's criticism of Mr. Sidney Webb's and Mr. Harold Cox's arguments on the Eight Hours Question is an article worth reading. Mr. Hugh Bellot considers the Home Rule Bill in the light of the Canadian Constitution. In a suggestive scientific article Mr. G. W. Bullman discusses the question "Are Bacilli the Causes of Disease?" Lighter matter is furnished by Miss Mary Negroponte's "Parisian Vignettes." These are the chief items of a good number.

#### THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND.

HUMAN ORIGINS. By S. Laing, Author of "Problems of the Future," "Modern Science and Modern Thought," "A Modern Zoroastrian," etc. London: Chapman & Hall.

MR. LAING holds with almost passionate earnestness the modern scientific doctrine as to the antiquity of man, and the critic notes with pleasure not only the general soundness of his thesis, but also his command of the main facts by which it is supported, and his skill in laying them with lucidity and succinctness before those who, "without being specialists, wish to keep themselves abreast of the culture of the day and to understand the leading results and pending problems of modern science." His present work has two main divisions, devoted respectively to the historical and to the scientific proof. In the one the conclusions of Egyptology and Assyriology, in the other those of Palaeontology are mainly insisted on. In neither, so far as we have observed, is reference made to the important argument based on the facts of philology. The main conclusions set forth in the book would doubtless have met with universal acceptance long before now had it not been supposed that the Mosaic cosmogony stood authoritatively in the way. A good deal of Mr. Laing's polemic, accordingly, and especially in chap. vii. (on "The Historical Element in the Old Testament"), relates to the old confusion between Scripture as a source of information on points of natural science and as a record of the unfolding of moral and religious truth. Fortunately, as Mr. Laing himself is able to point out, the necessity for any such polemic is rapidly disappearing; few theologians of any responsibility now propose to make the chronology of Genesis a point of orthodoxy. We cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Laing sometimes (inadvertently, of course) hinders the cause of the higher criticism which he desires to help by incautious statements, which are not in the least necessary to his main contention, and which would be deprecated, we believe, by most of the leading modern exponents of Biblical science. He is, to say the least, original in the argument he bases (p. 225) on the phrase in Genesis, "The Canaanite was then in the land." This expression, if we understand him aright, he considers to be evidence that the Pentateuch cannot have taken its present form till very long after the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, because even in their day the Jews were still intermarrying with Canaanite women. Again, few modern scholars will agree with Mr. Laing when he declares that "authentic annals of Jewish history only begin with the monarchy" (p. 257). This says either too much or too little. Not even the most sceptical of critics, so far as we know, denies that the Book of Judges contains some materials that

in "annalistic" quality and value can be placed on a level with most of those in I. Samuel. And Mr. Laing's brief sketch (pp. 257-8) of what he supposes to have been the real course of the events connected with the conquest and settlement of Canaan differs—not for the better—in several important respects from that given by Wellhausen in his *History of Israel*, as well as by English writers of the modern historical school.

The evidence for the now practically uncontested fact of the existence of quaternary man, and for the strong probability that he goes back to tertiary times, is stated in an adequate and interesting way; but the account is not free from vexatious slips in matters of detail. Thus (p. 335) we read of the well-known "Cannstadt" skull that it was discovered "in the loess of the valley of the Rhone," near "Wurtemberg." Is not this much as if one were to write of "Cambridge, in the valley of the Clyde, near England"?

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Edinburgh, as a little lad was bitten somewhat severely by an ill-natured cur, and in after years, with a touch of characteristic humour, he was wont to say that he had remained "bitten" ever since. Dogs big and little wagged their tails at his approach, as he rambled in meditative mood, a benign and picturesque figure, through the Edinburgh streets. The lonely and half-famished mongrel, dodging along the foot-path in mortal fear of kicks, was surprised into sudden self-respect when Dr. John Brown, with kindly salutation, stooped down to pat the rough coat of the poor little four-footed waif. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals itself has hardly done more in defence of the defenceless than the author of "Rab and his Friends." Far and wide that exquisite story has made its own appeal, and its blended humour and pathos, imagination and sympathy, have moved countless readers first to merriment and then to tears. The devotion of the carrier's dog to his sick mistress has cast a glamour over the meek fidelity of other shaggy dependants, so that Rab in his way has become a benefactor of his whole species. A busy physician in the grey metropolis of the north, Dr. John Brown for half a lifetime was too engrossed in his own calling, and perhaps also too distrustful of his own literary powers, to do more than dabble occasionally with pen and ink. He was eight-and-forty when he published "Horse Subseivæ," his first book—a bundle of half-medical, half-literary papers tied together with loose string. Quick eyes soon discovered the touch of genius in the book, and Dr. John Brown was for a while inclined to be abashed at his own fame. He died just eleven years ago, in May, 1882, and since then many friendly voices have been raised in his praise. He has been described as a Scottish Charles Lamb; but Thackeray and the good old Covenanter race at Haddington from which he sprang had yet more to do with his outlook on life and his methods of expression. In a little volume of less than two hundred pages Dr. Alexander Peddie, of Edinburgh, takes the reader into his confidence, and gives him some genial and welcome "Recollections of Dr. John Brown." The charm of this monograph is due to the fact that Dr. Peddie knew the author of "Rab and his Friends" intimately, and that there was much in common between them over and above the love of dogs. Slight though these reminiscences are, they are suggestive, and we see our Scottish philosopher, so to speak, in his study and in his slippers. Dr. Peddie declares that it is not easy to describe the fascination which his presence exercised over those who found him in good health and spirits by his own fireside. "The influence was something akin to the pleasure felt from the fragrance of freshest flowers, or the harmony of sweetest music. Even solid, soberminded people felt this spell in his company." No attempt is made in these pages to hide the fact that he had his prejudices, his pet likes and dislikes in literature; but Dr. Peddie adds that he had few perverse twists in his mental vision, and not a sour or a bitter spot in his whole nature. Interwoven with these reminiscences are a few characteristic letters, whilst portraits and pen-and-ink sketches lend an additional interest to a record which is both modest and sympathetic.

\* RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. JOHN BROWN. With a Selection from his Correspondence. By Alexander Peddie, M.D., F.R.C.P. Portraits. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo.

SERMONS DELIVERED IN LYNDHURST ROAD CHURCH, HAMPTON. By R. F. Horton, M.A. London: James Clarke & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE LAW RELATING TO SCHOOLMASTERS. By Henry W. Disney, B.A. London: Edward Arnold, 37, Bedford Street. Crown 8vo.

WHERSTEAD: SOME MATERIALS FOR ITS HISTORY, TERRITORIAL, MANORIAL, AND DURING THE EVENTS BETWEEN. By F. Barham Zinke, Vicar of Wherstead, author of "A Walk in the Grisons," etc. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Demy 8vo.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Bernhard Ten Brink. Translated from the German by W. Clarke Robinson, Ph.D. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

ESSAYS ON THE GREATER GERMAN POETS AND WRITERS. By Thomas Carlyle. With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys. The Scott Library. London: Walter Scott. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

MILTON: PARADISE LOST—BOOKS I. AND II. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By H. C. Beeching, B.A., and E. K. Chambers. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 12mo. (2s. 6d.)

Amongst the younger men in the Congregational ministry the Rev. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, holds a foremost place, and if life is spared to him there seems every likelihood that he will yet exercise a wide influence in the counsels of Nonconformity. It is only a few years since he came to the Metropolis—having relinquished the prospect of a brilliant career at Oxford—to take up the burden of the ministry, and since then he has won recognition as a preacher who is not afraid to grapple either with the spiritual difficulties or the social problems of the age. These "Sermons" are quick with life, and touch its practical issues with manly straightforwardness and a moral insight which is seldom at fault. Mr. Horton explains that they were taken down by a shorthand writer and roughly corrected, and were issued, in the first instance, month by month for the use of members of his own congregation; and he adds that they were "chosen for this destination not by the preacher, but by the printer." Let us say frankly, and at once, that these vigorous and suggestive addresses suffer from the lack of revision, and it seems a pity that Mr. Horton allowed them to go forth in this permanent form without subjecting them to the process known as stringent revision. Trifling faults of style apart, however, these sermons bear witness to a brave attempt to promote applied Christianity, as well as to show, by arguments and illustrations drawn from a wide field of observation and reading, the sweet reasonableness, no less than the inflexible authority, of its Founder's claims.

"The Law Relating to Schoolmasters" is an admirable exposition, free from legal technicalities and quibbles of the teaching profession. At the outset Mr. Disney reminds us that the legal position of the schoolmaster, although depending for the most part upon general principles of law, is to a considerable extent affected by peculiar legislation, and varies according to the class of school over which he presides. For the sake of convenience it is possible to classify the schools of this country under the following broad divisions:—Public Schools, such as Eton, Rugby, and Harrow; Endowed Schools under the Endowed Schools Act of 1869; Endowed Schools which have not been brought within the scope of that Act; Board Schools and private academies. Questions which relate to the headmaster and his responsibilities to those who appointed him are first of all discussed in these pages, and then other points connected with the schoolmaster and his assistants are explained, and afterwards the whole subject of his relation to pupil and parent is set forth.

The lights and shadows of rural life in Suffolk are artlessly portrayed in the present vicar's account of the parish of Wherstead. The book is the outcome of contributions to a local journal, and it is rich in archaeological and historical interest. The author, the Rev. F. Barham Zinke, wields a practised pen, and he contrives to render the results of his research interesting to readers who have never even heard of Wherstead before they encountered this volume. He traces the annals of the parish from century to century, and makes us acquainted with a succession of local squires, parsons, and village worthies. The quaint customs and lingering superstitions of East Anglia brighten the page, and considerable light is cast by the book on the old manorial system as it once prevailed. The book is, in short, full of curious information, and, as it is written in a genial and picturesque manner, it deserves to be welcomed far beyond the borders of Suffolk.

After an interval of ten years the second volume of the late Professor Bernhard Ten Brink's "History of English Literature" has at length appeared. Professor Ten Brink died suddenly in January of last year, and among the last acts of his life was the revision of Dr. Clarke Robinson's English version of the German text. This scholarly version of a work of great and original research may be said, therefore, to appear, not merely with the sanction, but the co-operation of its distinguished author. The first volume traced the development of English literature from the earliest times to the middle of the fourteenth century, and this instalment of the work is chiefly devoted to a masterly analysis of Chaucer and Wyclif, whilst the closing pages deal with the new learning and its influence on the growth of English prose. If we rightly understand the translator's preface, Professor Ten Brink left material for another volume, and in it he traces the progress of the literature of this country to the accession of Elizabeth. If that is so, we trust that it may be promptly published, for the work is one of permanent value, and it ought to be, without any unnecessary loss of time, placed in its completed form in the hands of students.

Carlyle's little work at Craigenputtock, when he dwelt apart there an austere recluse, between the years 1828 and 1834, included "Essays on the Greater German Poets and Writers," with which the world by this time is tolerably well familiar. They were originally printed in the *Foreign Review*, the *Westminster Review*, and *Fraser's Magazine*, and they belong to the period when "Sartor Resartus" was beginning to take shape in its author's mind. These essays on Novalis, Richter, Schiller, Goethe, and the "Nibelungen Lied," have just been issued in the Scott Library, with a brief introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys. Mr. Froude is inclined to think that too much has been made of the German influence in Carlyle's literary development. On the whole, however, we agree with Mr. Rhys that, after due

allowance be made for the force of Goethe, Schiller, and the moral of tremendous to listen to Thomas Carlyle. Two weeks and Mr. E. and 11., for with Home whit behind nobleness, sureness of master of first two Milton's ca the literary great poem

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allowance has been made for the cottage home at Eeclefechan and the force and fervour of its inmates, it was the spell of Goethe, Schiller, and other great masters in German philosophy and morals which alone accounts for that "extraordinary display of tremendous intellectual energy" which compelled the world to listen to the oracular and often enigmatical utterances of Thomas Carlyle.

Two well-known Oxford scholars, the Rev. H. C. Beeching and Mr. E. K. Chambers, have edited "Paradise Lost," Books I. and II., for the Clarendon Press series. Epic poetry starts with Homer, and it is urged in these pages that Milton is no whit behind the singer of the Iliad and the Odyssey in nobleness, in the sustained dignity of his poem, and in perfect sureness of touch, and there is truth in the assertion that as a master of style he is incomparable. This school edition of the first two books of "Paradise Lost" gives a brief summary of Milton's career, and also discusses with care and suggestiveness the literary characteristics, the structure, and the intent of his great poem. The notes are brief, numerous, and critical.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CARMINA MARIANA. An English Anthology in verse in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected and Arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Spottiswoode & Co.
- THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF JIM DUNCAN. A Novel. By J. P. Marsden. Three Vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
- PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Horatio Bridge.
- PRIMARY CONVICTIONS. Discussions by William Alexander, D.D., Lord Bishop of Derry. Columbia College Lectures. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
- THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. II. London: Williams & Norgate.
- JAPAN AS WE SAW IT. By M. Bickersteth. With a Preface by the Bishop of Exeter.
- FAITH AND CRITICISM. Essays by Congregationalists. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited.
- INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE. By Edward Dowden, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L.
- CHEMISTRY FOR ALL. By W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., and Robert J. Bailey. *Blackie's Science Text Books*. London: Blackie & Son, Limited.
- UNDER THE GREAT SEAL. A Novel. By J. Hatton. Three Vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.
- THE £1,000,000 BANK NOTE, AND OTHER NEW STORIES. By Mark Twain. London: Chatto & Windus.
- THE INFLUENCE OF BUDDHISM ON PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY. By Arthur Lillie.
- PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY IN SOME OF THEIR HISTORICAL RELATIONS. By James Bonar, M.A., LL.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
- GUN AND CAMERA IN SOUTHERN AFRICA. By H. Anderson Bryden. London: Edward Stanford.
- CHRONICLES OF THE CID. By Adela E. Orpen.
- SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE ASSYRIANS AND BABYLONIANS. By A. H. Sayce, LL.D. "By-paths of Bible Knowledge, XVIII." London: The Religious Tract Society.
- HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA DURING THE SECOND ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES MADISON. By Henry Adams. 1813-1817. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- FLEET STREET ECGLOGUES. By John Davidson.
- A POET'S HARVEST HOME: BEING ONE HUNDRED SHORT POEMS. By William Bell Scott, H.R.S.A., LL.D. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.
- THE MATADOR, AND OTHER RECITATIVE PIECES. By Hume Nisbet. London: Hutchinson & Co.
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Our income from investments, subscriptions, donations, and other sources is £8,000, whilst the expenditure, which does not increase except in proportion to the done, is about £12,000. Unless the difference is subscribed, we shall have to reduce the number of cots.

The good conferred on the community by this Hospital is now so fully recognized that I am sure you will consider that it is worthy of your support.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LUCAS, Chairman.

P.S.—Should you be willing to aid us, please to send your donation to me or to the Secretary, Adrian Hope, Esq., The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1893.

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## THE WEEK.

**PUBLIC AFFAIRS :** THE opening of the Imperial Institute on Wednesday by the Queen was made the occasion of a state ceremonial of unusual splendour. The Institute itself will probably prove more useful as a symbol than as a place of actual work. It is, however, the principal visible memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and, as such, it will always possess a real historic interest for the people of these islands. It is a notable fact that, although six years have been occupied in the erection of the building, the Queen whose fifty years of reign it commemorates was able to take the chief part in the ceremonial. The vast crowds which occupied the route of the state procession received her with enthusiasm, whilst it was obvious that those who held the second place in the favour of the multitude were the young couple whose betrothal has just been announced.

THE proceedings in the House of Commons during the week have been extremely unsatisfactory. The members of the Opposition, having succeeded in working themselves up into something like a state of frenzy, have shown that they are resolved to oppose the Home Rule Bill in Committee by all the means at their command, whether legitimate or not. Last Saturday Mr. Balfour, speaking at a Primrose League demonstration, bluntly declared his determination to support every amendment to the Bill, whether those amendments were intended to improve it or to destroy it. In other words, he intimated his resolve to meet the Bill by an unrelenting obstruction. In these circumstances we can hardly be surprised at the manner in which the debate in Committee has begun. The Opposition have professed in Parliament a great desire to secure a full discussion of its provisions, but they have done everything in their power to prevent such a discussion. By farcical amendments, and still more farcical speeches, they have wasted the time of the House and effectually prevented anything like fair debate. Raising the black flag of obstruction, they have protested with simulated indignation against any attempt on the part of the Government to use the rules of procedure for the purpose of expediting the measure. Mr. Gladstone reminded Lord Randolph Churchill on Monday that those rules of procedure were the invention of the men who now denounce them so hotly, and were devised for the purpose of enabling Mr. Balfour to imprison his political opponents and to suppress the liberties of the Irish people.

WHEN the *Morning Post* goes out of its way to rebuke the Tory leaders for abandoning their principles in order to gain a momentary advantage, it can hardly be necessary for Liberals to emphasise the charge. The House of Lords is, of course, in the eyes of our Conservative contemporary, a matter of still greater importance than the maintenance of the Paper Union, and it is virtuously indignant at the conduct of the Tories in the House of Commons in supporting Mr. T. W. Russell's amendment for preventing the establishment of a Second Chamber in Dublin. This has been the most important discussion of the week in Committee; but by far the most brilliant episode was the duel on Thursday evening between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain was allowed by the Chairman of Committees to make what was virtually a Second Reading speech on Clause 1, and he availed himself of the opportunity to make a most bitter attack on the Government and their supporters, charging them, among other things, with failure of duty in not discussing the provisions of the Bill more fully. This drew from Mr. Gladstone a reply which, by universal admission, was one of the best things of the kind we have ever had from the Prime Minister. Mr. Gladstone literally tore Mr. Chamberlain's argument into shreds, and, after making him the laughing-stock of the whole House by exposing his inconsistencies and absurdities, declared emphatically that Ministers knew their business better than he did, and would carry it on in their own and not in his way. The speech made a great impression upon the House, and excited extraordinary enthusiasm among the Irish members, to whom Mr. Gladstone alluded with even more than his usual friendliness.

ONE of the most notable features of the political situation is the extraordinary manifestation of bad temper on the part of the Opposition. There has been nothing like it in our political history since the days when a Jingo mob broke the windows of Mr. Gladstone's house because he was opposed to our going to war with Russia. So long as mere violence of invective was confined to Tory newspapers and to speakers of the second class it was hardly necessary to draw attention to the matter; but when we find men of the political rank of Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill making use of the kind of language which has hitherto been monopolised by the most violent class of agitators, it is impossible to leave the thing unnoticed. In his speech at Paddington last Saturday, Mr. Balfour talked of the "hatred, the loathing, and the contempt" he felt for

Home Rule, spoke of the measure itself as "an infamous and a monstrous Bill," of the Ministry as "audacious and unpatriotic," and generally used that kind of language which only falls from the lips of a man who knows that he is beaten. Lord Randolph Churchill, not to be behind his rival, declared Mr. Gladstone to be guilty of "a deliberate attempt to use the remaining years of his life to humiliate, to injure, and to ruin that England of which he was at one time the idol." Ministers as a whole he described as "inflated with an arrogance and an ambition which almost go beyond ordinary insanity." This is the language in which the two chief members of the Opposition in the House of Commons are now discussing the Home Rule question. Surely there are some reasonable men among their colleagues who can see the folly, to say nothing else, of language of this kind. Will they not point out to Lord Randolph and Mr. Balfour the certain interpretation which sensible people will place upon this extravagant licence of invective?

THOUGH the tactics of obstruction have not been over-successful so far, it nevertheless seems to us that, taking all things into account—the reckless and desperate temper of the Opposition and the length of the Bill—it will become necessary for the Government to resort to the plan of applying the Closure described by us shortly after the meeting of Parliament. The week past has been full of illustrations of the temper-spoiling, time-wasting, and, under such circumstances as now exist, ineffective qualities of the present plan. The wrangle goes on, blood gets up, somebody moves the Closure, Mr. Mellor gets bewildered and refuses the motion; then there are howls, and blood gets higher, and the wrangle goes on for another hour, when somebody moves the Closure again, and Mr. Mellor probably again refuses it; after which, someone moves to report progress, and the wrangle rages worse than ever, until Mr. Mellor finally plucks up nerve to allow the scene to be brought to an end. This sort of thing need not happen at all if at the close of each week the Government mention the amount of progress they think it reasonable to make by the close of the following week, and give notice at the same time that on the last day of the following week they will move urgency for any clauses or amendments included in the limit of progress mentioned which may remain undisposed of, and will put them to the vote with the aid of the Closure.

A PRECEDENT for this course (though, indeed, no precedent should be considered necessary) is to be found in the manner in which Mr. Balfour's Coercion Bill was carried through its final stages in Committee. It is only necessary to systematise that precedent and, instead of applying it to the undisposed-of clauses in a lump at the eleventh hour (a method which, for various reasons, would hardly suit in this case), to distribute its force in a regular and rational manner from week to week. Then the Opposition would have their week to do as they pleased in, knowing that no matter how they behaved, it would make no difference in the amount of progress to be achieved at the end. The chances are they would then make a rational use of their opportunities for debate. In any case Mr. Mellor, advertised of his duty in good time, would be troubled with no nervous qualms, and the work would be done smoothly, if drastically. Otherwise the difficulties will be great. There are 840 lines in the Bill, not counting the schedules, and the first clause is not got through yet. The Government have the utmost moral backing they need for such a

course, which is, after all, neither revolutionary nor violent. The opposition is avowed and open, and the country is ready to see it met in a proper spirit.

WE invite those of our readers who wish to see the Home Rule question discussed dispassionately by those who have a thorough knowledge of the subject, to peruse the remarkable paper we print to-day from the pen of Sir Robert Hamilton. As most persons are aware, Sir Robert Hamilton became convinced both of the justice and the necessity of Home Rule when he was filling the important post of Permanent Secretary at Dublin. He is not the first man of high distinction who has been converted to this side of the question by learning the actual facts as to the government of Ireland. Against him, at least, the accusation cannot be brought that his conversion was a mere act of political expediency or of subservience to the will of his leader. If anyone doubts the intolerable character of the grievances suffered by the Irish people under the present system of British supremacy, he will only need to read Sir Robert Hamilton's article in order to have his doubts removed. The argument which Sir Robert sets forth, coming from such a quarter, must outweigh all the fiery and impassioned speeches against Home Rule which have yet been delivered on Tory platforms.

LORD ABERDEEN is to succeed Lord Derby as Governor-General of Canada. It will be conceded, we fancy, without a dissentient voice that no happier choice could be made. Lord Aberdeen has already proved during his period of office in Ireland that he possesses not merely adequate but exceptional qualifications for a great viceregal post. To the dignity of high rank and the old and illustrious traditions of a family of statesmen he adds, for his own part, great tact, great administrative ability, and an intense personal interest in those questions affecting the condition of the masses of the people which are now agitating society in every country. He has, moreover, made a special study of Colonial questions, and, indeed, may be said to be in every way peculiarly fitted for the appointment to which he has just been gazetted. It is needless to add that in all his tasks he will be immensely assisted by Lady Aberdeen, who has earned not less distinction for abilities and good works than himself. We predict there will have been no more popular tenants of Government House in Ottawa since Lord and Lady Dufferin left Canada.

IN demanding that something be speedily done for the relief of the London ratepayer, the London Liberals and Radicals are assured of the sympathy of the general body of Liberal opinion. But it is only too obvious by this time that questions involving so many obscure and difficult problems of finance and administration as the proposed municipal death duty and the taxation of ground values cannot be raised in a session already fully occupied by measures of the first importance and likely to be indefinitely prolonged by the tactics and temper of the Opposition. The practical difficulties attending the imposition, collection, and apportionment of a "municipal death duty" have as yet hardly come in sight; and even the promise and scheme for the future treatment of both problems, to which the London Liberal and Radical Union wisely restricted its demand on Monday night, can hardly be immediately forthcoming. The Union strongly urges the passing of Mr. Fowler's Equalisation of Rates Bill in the present session; and the Government have every intention of compliance.

ANOTHER subject, only less urgent, was discussed at the meeting—the rearrangement of the electoral

WHITSUNTIDE RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—The Midland Railway Company have arranged for the Booking Offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street to be open for the issue of Tickets on Friday and Saturday, May 19th and 20th, and Tickets to all principal Stations can be obtained beforehand at all their District Offices. Cheap Excursion Trains will run as set forth in our Advertisement Columns.



divisions of the London School Board so as to correspond with the Parliamentary divisions of London and the assimilation of the elections to those for the County Council. The next School Board cannot be quite so bad as the present one—Mr. Athelstan Riley and his friends have at least secured us that much improvement—but there is always the danger of electoral apathy, and the fact is that, as matters stand at present, the only systematic organisation affecting the elections is permanently secured for the reactionary cause; and counter-organisation is practically impossible while the School Board divisions are of their present size. It is a pity, of course, that contests on educational questions should come to be fought out by political bodies on political lines. But so long as the religious question and separate Church schools are still with us, the admixture of political matter is inevitable.

THE approaching retirement of Sir Henry Calcraft from his position at the Board of Trade places a very important post at the disposal of Mr. Mundella. Happily, there can hardly be any question as to the manner in which the President of the Board of Trade will exercise his patronage. There is one man among the various departmental secretaries whose name, by common consent, outweighs all the rest, and whose appointment as successor to Sir Henry Calcraft will be received by men of all parties with acclamation. We refer, of course, to Mr. Giffen. As an authority upon those subjects with which the Board of Trade is specially called upon to deal Mr. Giffen has no equal, whilst the additional labours which have been imposed upon him in recent years owing to the extension of the work of the Board in connection with labour questions, shows how highly his abilities have been appreciated by successive presidents. We imagine there can be no doubt as to his appointment to the office vacated by Sir Henry Calcraft.

THE *Daily Chronicle* and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P. have performed a public service by bringing the case of Richard Hall before the notice of the Home Secretary and insisting upon a strict inquiry into all the circumstances of his imprisonment. That it should be possible at any police-court or police-station for a man to be accepted as bail by personating an absent householder betokens a looseness of procedure which is highly reprehensible; and the sooner the authorities close a door which offers to wrong-doers so easy an escape from justice, the better it will be for the public interests. But the case of Richard Hall disclosed a still greater evil. It proved that under the law as at present administered a citizen of this Empire can be imprisoned under a writ of attachment, although he protests that there is some mistake and that he is not the individual meant in the committal order; and it proved that a man so wrongfully imprisoned has no chance of obtaining his release except by a writ of Habeas Corpus issued under the pressure of *outside* agitation. Practically, therefore, it would seem that in spite of all our boasted safeguards for the liberty of the subject a man, if he happens to be friendless, can in England to-day be put in prison and kept in prison without a trial. That it should be possible for any man who protests that he is not the real culprit to be imprisoned without his identity being properly proved in open court is a very serious danger, and one which ought to be very speedily removed.

THE present lull in the storm of  
ABROAD. French politics has brought forward two constitutional questions of a rather curious kind. One, which has been discussed

for some time in the press, is still purely academic. Ought the Chamber to be elected all at once? Would it not be better if it were renewed by instalments—say, one-half or one-third every two years? Thus it would be safe from great waves of popular feeling like that which, during the Boulangist agitation, seemed so likely to submerge the Constitution by a military dictatorship, or that which has been foreseen as the effect of the Panama scandals, though as yet all the efforts of reactionists and revolutionists of every kind have entirely failed to bring it about. Moreover, it is argued, there would be more continuity in the policy of the Chamber, and less danger to established principles of finance and taxation—such as has resulted, for instance, from the recent action of the present Chamber in deciding to remove the taxes on wine, beer, and cider, without providing any adequate substitute. But the scheme is strongly opposed to French traditions—the bare idea ought to raise the ghost of Jean Jacques Rousseau in active protest—and it cannot be said that it is favoured by the practical experience either of the Belgian Chamber or of the French Senate.

THE other proposal is more immediately practical and implies a different order of political ideas. The Chamber, it is suggested, is worn-out; it has lost touch with the electorate; it ought "to steep itself afresh in universal suffrage," and emerge with renewed force and vigour. In other words, it ought to promote its own dissolution, by passing either a resolution to that effect on which the President and Senate could act, or a bill hastening the date of the general elections, which according to the present law cannot normally take place before August 14. The Ministry has expressed its desire to give the Chamber a free hand on the question; but the scheme does not seem to find favour. M. Constans is probably "lying low," with a view to eventual succession to the Presidency; but a considerable number of people seem to hope that the elections may take place under a Ministry directed by him, rather than under the more impartial but less skilful supervision of the present Cabinet. To effect this will require time; and it does not seem that any party or section has yet made up its mind on its programme—except, of course, the Radical-Socialist coalition, which seems likely to frighten the bulk of the Moderate Republicans into an equally decided coalition with the converts whom the Pope has secured for the Republic.

THIS week has been marked in France by two fresh assertions of Protectionism—an emphatic speech from M. Méline, and a bill designed to check the alien immigration which is so conspicuous a feature in France to-day. Proposals have been made to impose a special tax on aliens practising any profession or trade; or upon their employers; or to subject them to the tax in lieu of military service paid by French citizens who are unable to "pay with their persons." It has been necessary for the Minister of Justice to inform the Chamber that the first and third of these courses are barred by treaties which do not expire till 1897; and as for the second, French population being nearly stationary, it may well be asked where the employers in some trades would get their labour if the foreign supply were cut off. What would the Pas-de-Calais do without its Belgian miners, or Paris without its German waiters, for instance? Accordingly the bill has primarily given legal form to a police regulation of 1888. Every alien immigrant who intends to earn his living in France must notify his address to the local authority within eight days of his arrival, and pay a small fee, in return for which he will receive a certificate. But any person employing aliens not thus certified will be liable to a fine. It is hard to

see how this bill will keep out the alien labour necessitated by the Malthusianism of France.

Now that universal suffrage is inevitable in Belgium, great efforts are being made by the Ultramontanes to capture the new electorate. For those who can read, there is to be an extensive development of the cheap press. For the illiterate in particular, there are to be a multitude of new Catholic clubs. The priesthood, too, is exhorted to "emerge from the sacristy" and take its place as the political instructor of the people. Even these terrors, it is to be feared, will hardly avail to promote the reorganisation of the old and essentially bourgeois Liberal party in Belgium. Its Moderate wing will only see a confirmation of its worst fears in the present attitude of the Ultramontanes; its Advanced and "Progressist" sections are more likely to be driven to coalesce with the Labour party than with their old allies. Universal suffrage is no doubt a great educator, but the immediate outlook is unpromising. It will be curious if the fancy franchises and plural vote come to be regarded as the chief safeguards of Liberalism. But after all it is not very improbable.

THE situation in Norway is more complicated than ever. The Stang Ministry has been met with a vote of censure, which has been carried after scenes of extraordinary violence both in the Storting and in the streets of Christiania. Moreover, the outgoing Radical Premier, M. Steen, has been granted, in recognition of his past services, a pension on which a man may be passing rich in Norway, but which amounts in English money to the modest sum of £335 annually. It need hardly be said that the consular question is only a pretext, though, no doubt, a serviceable one; indeed, apart from those representatives of Sweden abroad (*consules electi*), who, like the vice-consuls of other nations, are frequently foreigners, nearly three-fourths of the Swedish consular service are, it is alleged, Norwegians.

It is said, however, that Norway desires to remain a monarchy, though not under the rule of the "upstart Bernadottes," whose dignity, after all, only dates from 1810. But it is also said that the country would accept a son of King Oscar, either Prince Oscar or Prince Eugène by preference. The former, it will be remembered, made a romantic marriage some years ago—at Bournemouth—and so renounced his right of succession to the throne of Sweden. The latter is an artist, and more or less of a Bohemian. Either characteristic would, no doubt, appeal with special force to the democratic and romantic sentiment of the Norwegian people.

WITH the crisis in Germany we deal elsewhere, and need only note that the ground is strewn with the fragments of the old parties and the air thick with electoral manifestoes and party cries. The aristocratic leaders of the Catholic Centre, Baron von Huene and Count von Ballestrem, are meditating retirement from political life, but their action may probably detach a considerable number of votes from the party, especially in Silesia. The two sections of the Freisinnigen (both of them Advanced and Individualist Liberals) have agreed most amicably to differ, but will not contest each other's seats, and will arrange for a division of their present campaign fund. Herr Richter and Professor Virchow lead the orthodox body, who have temporarily coalesced with the "People's Party" of South Germany. Major Hinze, Herr Rickert, Herr Bamberger, and Herr Barth of the *Nation*—"the leading Liberal weekly"

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

of Germany—are unfortunately on the side of the Secessionists. So, it would seem, is the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

THE vigorous manifesto issued by the new Liberal coalition above referred to lays great stress on the never-ending drain on the resources of Germany entailed by the acceptance of the military scheme, but dwells still more on the dangers to liberty and progress which the victory of the Government would involve. Freedom of movement is threatened by the proposed restrictions on migration; the commercial treaties by the "agrarian" Conservatives; the currency by the bimetallicists, also "agrarians"; the equal rights of citizens by Anti-Semitism; and there is a disposition to cure all social evils by mere additions to the criminal law (an obvious reference to the recently pending legislation on public morals). Even universal suffrage is threatened, and there must soon be danger to the rights of combination and free speech. The manifesto closes with an emphatic condemnation of Anti-Semites and Socialists. The two latter parties, by the way, are active enough. Herr Ahlwardt (who, by the way, now that the dissolution of the Reichstag has removed his immunity is serving out his sentence for criminal libel) is to stand in Berlin; and the Socialists hope to carry no less than six seats in that city, and double their Parliamentary representation. There can be little doubt that they will make considerable gains—many of these, doubtless, at the expense of the Advanced Liberals, whose leader, Herr Richter, has long been one of their most vigorous opponents.

IN Italy the banking scandals drag on without result. The Ministry hesitates and totters, but does not fall; but it has just lost two bye-elections. One of these, at Cortecolona, near Pavia, has resulted in the return of Signor Cavallotti, the leader of the Extreme Left, whose rejection at the general election afforded the most flagrant instance of the electoral pressure and open corruption exercised by the Ministry.

THE Spanish Cortes are now debating the bill for the adjournment of the municipal elections for six months—in order, of course, that the registers may be so altered as to reduce the chances of Republican success. It has been thought advisable to take military precautions against disturbance, and it has been threatened that unless the bill is passed by to-morrow the postponement will take place by decree. It seems that, in view of the pending financial reforms, Señor Sagasta's object is to bid more particularly for Conservative support—whence his slackness in the matter of the recent municipal scandals in Madrid. His present action, it would seem, has still the support of the Possibilist group of Republicans, headed by Señor Castelar. The rest, aided by the Carlists, are practising the art of obstruction; and it is expected that the elections will take place, the Republicans alone voting, and then will be quashed *ex post facto* when the Bill at last gets through. But the situation is extremely dangerous.

THE expected crisis in Greece has come in an unexpected way. The Tricoupis Ministry resigned on Wednesday, apparently through a hitch in the negotiations recently pending for a new loan. A non-political Cabinet under M. Sotiropoulos affords the most likely escape from the eternal duel between M. Tricoupis and M. Deliyannis, which suggests the conflicts of ancient Athens between Pericles and Cimon, or Demosthenes and Phocion. But, as we noted last week, there are observers who expect much more comprehensive changes. In Bulgaria the Great Sobranjé is convoked for the revision of the Constitution to-morrow (May 14th); but the result is a foregone conclusion. No opponents of



the Government have apparently been returned, nor is there any appreciable minority adverse to the Government among the electorate.

OUR Constantinople correspondent writes:—The fate of the remaining Armenian prisoners at Angora is still unsettled. As far as I can learn, about 90 per cent. of those under arrest were set at liberty by the Sultan's order. The rest of them are awaiting their trial at Angora. If we could have the assurance that the trial would be a fair one, there would be nothing more to be said; but, with the trial of Moussa Bey at Constantinople in our minds, it is not clear that even the presence of foreign representatives is any guarantee of fairness. There seems to be special interest in the fate of two of these prisoners, who were teachers in the American School at Marsovan, and who are believed by their American associates to be innocent of all participation in any revolutionary movement, but against whom there is considerable documentary evidence which their friends believe to have been forged. It is just one of those cases where everything will depend upon the fairness with which they may be tried. It will be but a partial consolation to have them pardoned after they have been condemned. If they are really innocent they ought to have a chance to prove it, and be fully acquitted. I understand that the British Embassy is interested in the case, and will do what it can to secure a fair trial, and that it will be supported by the German Embassy. I have no doubt that the Sultan himself desires a fair trial, but the interest of the officials who have been concerned in this affair is all on the other side, and the power is in their hands. This makes the result doubtful.

#### LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

MR. O'CONNOR MORRIS'S study of Napoleon in Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations Series" is out this week. It is a volume that has been awaited with much interest by all who know Mr. Morris's high capacity as a critic of military history; and from what we have seen of it so far (we hope to notice it more fully next week), it seems as if it were not going to disappoint expectations. Mr. Morris has founded himself mainly on Napoleon's own "Commentaries" and "Correspondence," which in his opinion form "the best available elements for a study of his life"—these, of course, corrected by collateral evidence. The invaluable Marbot has also been availed of. As might be expected, Mr. Morris runs counter to the now discredited estimate of Taine.

THE annual May Soirée of the Royal Society, commonly known as "the Black Soirée" owing to the fact that it is confined to men, took place on Wednesday. As usual, there were some very interesting objects exhibited by Fellows of the Royal Society and their friends, electricity and astronomical photography being the subjects which were most generally illustrated. But even more interesting than the beautiful experiments by means of which the latest advances in scientific knowledge were displayed to the spectator, was the great company of distinguished men that filled the rooms at Burlington House. Hardly a name of eminence in the scientific world of Great Britain was missing from the list, whilst there was a plentiful sprinkling of celebrities in other paths of life. Professor Thorpe, who had reached England only a few hours before, was generally welcomed on his return from his successful journey at the head of the British eclipse expedition.

IN view of the promised Bills for Registration and the Organisation of Secondary Education, the Head Master of Haileybury, our educational look-out man, has issued a circular to masters in the large

public schools calling upon them to be up and expressing themselves. The fear he has that many of these gentlemen have a mortal terror of State interference, even when it aims at introducing order into a formless chaos, is well founded: it may safely be said that among no body of men does a stronger support still continue to be given to Spencerian individualism than the class to which he appeals. Equally well does he suggest the Teachers' Guild as the medium through which their wants are to find expression. The Guild, with its museum, registry, legal advice committee, bureau of information, and library, is well worthy to form a starting point for a much more thorough organisation of secondary teachers such as is prevalent in America. All who were present at the recent Oxford conference, or who have read the report of its transactions, must feel that the lucid treatment of the situation by Mr. Sidgwick, Mr. Sadler, Mr. Lyttelton, and others has done much towards clearing the air and shaping material for Mr. Acland.

#### OBITUARY. CARDINAL ZIGLIARA and Prince Adolphe George, the ruler of Schaumburg-Lippe, were hardly known out-

side their own immediate spheres of activity. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, whose connection with the present head of the family is extremely remote, was one of the best-known leaders of London Society, a brilliant talker, and an ardent admirer of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Petre was the only Roman Catholic ecclesiastic who has sat in the House of Lords since the Reformation. He had done much towards the education of English members of his Church. Field-Marshal Lord William Paulet, G.C.B., had served in the Crimea and held numerous high appointments at home. Count Bernhard von Bismarck, eldest brother of Prince Bismarck, had long been a member of the Prussian Lower House. Signor Seismit Doda had been Minister of Finance in Signor Crispi's Cabinet in 1890, but had been compelled to resign because he had been present at a banquet at which one of the toasts savoured of Irredentism, and had made no protest. Sir Thomas Alfred Jones was President of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts. Mr. W. G. Romaine had been Deputy Judge Advocate General in the Crimea, and had since been prominent in various departments of the Civil Service. Mr. T. H. Dudley, United States Consul at Liverpool during the War of Secession, had only partially succeeded in the difficult duty of preventing the despatch of Confederate privateers. Sir James Anderson had been successively an officer and captain in the Cunard Line, captain of the *Great Eastern* both as a passenger ship and a layer of ocean cables, including the Atlantic cables of 1865 and 1866, and one of the most prominent members of the financial and administrative section of the world of telegraphy; while Dr. Hipp, of Neuchâtel, was no less prominent in its scientific section, and had been one of the pioneers of applied electrical science.

#### TEMPER IN POLITICS.

IS it of any use, we wonder, to address an appeal to the over-excited politicians who are engaged in the discussion of the question of the hour? Excitement in a controversy like the present there needs must be, but a sober-minded and temperate people like the English ought to be able to keep that excitement within legitimate limits. Usually the people of this country are ready to recognise the fact that mere violence of language and loss of temper are inevitably regarded as the signs of weakness of position. It is not the man who is on the winning side who, as a rule, loses his self-command. The Unionist party

proclaim from every platform the fact that they are certain that victory must in the end lie with them in the great and vital contest in which the nation is now engaged. But every day they belie their own assertions by the unprecedented vehemence of the language in which they indulge. It is hardly possible now in any ordinary assembly to discuss the Home Rule question with that absence of heat which is necessary if such discussion is to be really useful. We do not complain because in the House of Commons there are at times loud outbursts of the spirit of disorder. The atmosphere of Parliament becomes at times extraordinarily heated, and men who in their reasonable moments would be quite incapable of saying or doing anything discourteous to their political opponents lose their heads and indulge in extravagances of speech which are distinctly discreditable. So far as Parliament is concerned, we fear that we cannot say that either party has an absolute monopoly of this foolish violence of language; yet we must point out, in common fairness, that during the present session there has hardly been an occasion on which a disorderly scene has taken place when the provocation to disorder has not come from the Opposition. It is not, however, with the purpose of inquiring into the comparative merits of the two parties in this respect that we have ventured to touch upon the subject. Let us admit, for the sake of conciliating our opponents, that there is nothing to choose between them. Even then it must be obvious to every cool-headed observer that no good can possibly result from loss of temper. When Lord Randolph Churchill makes a speech of incoherent rage, such as that which fell from his lips on Monday evening, he certainly does not strengthen the cause which he is supposed to represent. Everybody can see that his lost temper is merely a sign of a lost cause, and the fortunes of the Unionists, so-called, fall more nearly to zero the higher his own temperature rises. If the clauses of the Home Rule Bill are to be discussed at all with any advantage either to the measure or to the State, it is essential that they should be discussed calmly. Of course, if the Opposition should adopt the foolish policy of Mr. Balfour and decide to support every amendment to the Home Rule Bill, no matter whether it is likely to injure or to benefit the scheme of the Ministry, we cannot hope for any amendment in this respect. But, in that case, it is obvious that the discussion itself becomes a farce, and that Ministers would be justified in the interests both of Parliament and the nation in putting a summary stop to the whole procedure. If the Tory party really wishes to justify an extreme step of this kind on the part of the Government, it only needs to persevere in this course of foolish and unreasoning violence. But, after all, we cannot believe that a great historical party has altogether lost sight of its duty to the nation. It professes to desire a full and adequate discussion of a great political measure. We share in the desire which it thus professes. By all means let there be discussion. But discussion to be of the slightest value must be conducted with as great an absence of temper as is possible in a heated political assembly, and not, as has been the case hitherto, with the maximum of that temper on the part of the Opposition, at all events.

It is not, however, with the proceedings in the House of Commons so much as with what is being said and written out-of-doors that we desire to deal here. Mr. Gladstone's Bill may be a bad one. We have our own opinion upon the point, but we do not desire to thrust it upon our adversaries. It may even, in the opinion of some persons, be a Bill which it is their duty to resist to the uttermost. But, however bad it may be, it is of no use to

attempt to fight it with mere angry invective. The newspapers of the Opposition have of late taken to describing the measure in terms which are unquestionably violent enough, but which cannot be expected to convince anybody who is not already of that way of thinking. Anybody who turns to the newspapers of the present week may discover passages in which a measure brought in by the responsible Ministers of the Crown is described as "infamous," "iniquitous," "dishonest," and "designed to satisfy only the enemies of England." Supposing for a moment that all this were true, of what good is it to assert the truth in language of this sort? The last General Election proved that the majority of the voters in the United Kingdom held the contrary opinion. If it is the desire of Lord Salisbury and his followers in Parliament and the press to convert that majority to the opinion now held only by the minority, they are hardly likely to attain this end by mere noisy assertion. It is by reason, not by clamour, that the people of Great Britain are apt to be moved when their opinion is sought upon a question of this kind. To fling hard words like those we have quoted at the Bill is merely to show that its opponents have lost their tempers, and are quite incapable of playing their parts as reasonable members of an eminently reasonable community. We do not quarrel with the prophecies of evil in which those who are opposed to Home Rule indulge so freely. Nobody who is acquainted with the history of this country, say at the time of the passing of the great Reform Bill, can be ignorant of the fact that similar prophecies were then uttered by those who imagined that they represented the culture, the intelligence, the social standing, and the wealth of the community. Nor is there anybody now, from Lord Salisbury downwards, who has not recognised the fact that those prophecies of evil were wholly foolish and unfounded. But that which we do object to is the extravagant ill-temper which is being so universally displayed by the minority. It will not answer. Its only effect must be to make the majority more resolute than ever in pursuing its own path and in treating with contempt the opposition it has to encounter. But though it cannot harm the fortunes of Home Rule, this foolish and peevish ill-temper may do infinite harm to public life in Great Britain. We were wont a few years ago to pride ourselves upon the manner in which the nation had been emancipated from the evil traditions of the past. We could point with pride to the fact that men could differ upon even the gravest political problems without losing their mutual respect and without severing the ties of personal friendship. Nay, it seems but yesterday that English writers and speakers were wont to point with something like contempt to the angry passions which political questions aroused among Continental nations, and to rejoice in the thought that in this country we managed things differently. But all this must be a thing of the past if the temper in which the Opposition is now combating Home Rule is to be again acclimatised amongst us. If one political party is to be denounced, not as mistaken, but as wicked, iniquitous, unpatriotic, and traitorous, because it holds a particular view upon a burning question of the hour, there must be an end to the sweet reasonableness which in our pride we imagined had come to be the distinguishing mark in English political life. If many speeches such as that delivered by Lord Randolph Churchill last Saturday are to be made, and if the journalists of the Opposition are to continue to rant and rave against the Ministerialists as though the latter were a body of criminal lunatics, political life in this country must become more embittered than it has ever been, even

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in France. Is it too late to appeal to our adversaries to show a greater degree of self-restraint than that of which they seem capable at present? They may depend upon it that they will fight the Home Rule Bill far more effectually if they keep their tempers than if they continue to pour forth mere violence and rather vulgar and wholly foolish abuse against those who differ from them. It is a serious question which we have raised. Upon the answer to it depends not merely the issue of this Home Rule question, but other issues even more important. We wish we could believe that any appeal to the heated partisans of the hour would be likely to have its due weight with them; but if they are insensible to the voice of reason, or to the weight of old traditions, they ought at least to bear in mind the unquestionable fact that bad temper is universally regarded as certain evidence of a bad cause, and that mere violence in invective is the surest sign of coming defeat.

#### PAGEANTRY AND IMPERIALISM.

OUR imagination does not enable us to perceive what useful function the Imperial Institute is going to fulfil once it is completed and has settled down in forlorn state amid the dull decorum of South Kensington. But Wednesday's pageant seemed to furnish it with a temporary excuse, and was, while it lasted, a very good show. For a brief spell, under a brilliant May sunshine and along ways bordered with the refreshing green of trees, the somewhat starved British sense of colour was able to feast itself on the splendours of Royal and Imperial state. Glittering uniforms of Household troops, gorgeous liveries; symbolical deputations of vassal princes from what Mr. Disraeli would call the golden Orient, and from free Colonies beneath the Southern Cross and the Aurora Borealis, playing the part in this procession which the barbarian captives played in a Roman triumph; the symbolism of ordered ceremonial; judges in their ermine, archbishops in their lawn, Ministers in their gold lace; pursuivants, heralds, their coats stiff with heraldic blazon, men-at-arms, sleek and caracoling horses;—it all filed before the eyes of a mighty crowd, which assembled in tens of thousands from every quarter of the town, and took it in with huge delight. One cannot help thinking, considering the great amount of pleasure thus innocently bestowed, not to speak of the imposing idea of the Constitution and the Empire which it picturesquely impressed, that it would be a good thing for the monarchy if it could manage to organise such pageants oftener. There are some people, of course, who think the monarchy an anachronism, and would like to see it abolished, and a president endued in the virtues of a black coat and a tall hat substituted instead—it was one of Mr. Chamberlain's early ideas—and such people naturally regard all State ceremonial as ridiculous mummery. The abolition of the monarchy is an academic question which we will not discuss. It is enough for us that the monarchy exists, and is doing no harm; that it has grown up out of our history, and has roots deeper than might be imagined; and that, on the whole, it is probably as cheap and as decent a way of providing a head for the State as the election of a president every four years at the cost of "bar's of boodle" and mountains of jobbery and corruption. Yet it is possible for a man to wish for the abolition of the monarchy and be a reasonable being. But to wish for the abolition of pageantry is quite another matter. To rail at State shows, to speak, with scornful curling of the lip, of the "mummery" of picturesque and ancient functions, is the mark of a

narrow and barren soul incapable of understanding one of the most constant instincts of more completely constructed fellow-men. Like laughter and the wearing of clothes, the love of pageantry or of symbolism, which is the essence of true pageantry, is one of the things which distinguish man from the brute creation. Indeed, it might be said to be a more primeval instinct than the wearing of clothes, for the naked savage, who wears no clothes at all, has his symbolism, his mystic rites, his pageants, his State dances. Its origin is only to be traced through the profoundest investigations of anthropology. Throughout all ages, and all races, and under all skies, this instinct has manifested itself vigorously in man, especially in civilised man.

It can never be extinguished. Where the attempt has been made to do so, as under the influence of the Puritan spirit in England, it has broken out in the strangest forms—in the ceremonial of secret and convivial societies, such as Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Foresters, and the Ancient Order of Buffaloes. In America they began with the severest notions of Republican simplicity in all departments of the State, but one has only to look at the development of the Presidential inaugural ceremony to see how wonderfully the instinct for pageantry has also asserted itself there. In Andrew Jackson's day people told with pride of the Spartan style of his inauguration. He drove up alone in his old farm buggy, hitched his horse to the railings of the White House, and went in and took the oath in the parlour. When President Cleveland inaugurated his term the other day there were twenty thousand ornamental troops in Washington, deputations from every State in the Union marched in procession, and the President, on a huge platform in front of the Capitol, took the oath on his mother's Bible, *urbi et orbi*, while the troops saluted, like a Pope giving his Paschal blessing from the loggia of St. Peter's, or a Hungarian King at Buda-Pesth waving his sword to the four points of the compass after his coronation. The Americans are now raising their Ministers Plenipotentiary to the rank of Ambassadors, their Judges of the Supreme Court already wear robes, and there is a movement to enhance the dignity of the judicial office by bestowing these togas on the Puisne Judges also. Need we pursue our illustrations further, or point to the sinister craft with which Roman emperors found out this spectacular instinct of the populace and pandered to it in a fashion which, let us hope, we may never see emulated? It will be conceded, we think, by all reasonable men that pageantry is a thing people like to see, and the monarchy which gives the people the most of it—without going to excess or abuse, and all things else being equal—will win for itself a popularity not otherwise to be gained. Since we are not a republic, and have not to invent a new ceremonial, like America, let us at least see more of the historic ceremonial that we have. Since we are a monarchy, let us at least have the attractions as well as the anomalies of the system. Let it brighten for us a little more the depressing drab of our national life, and lift the weary man in the crowd for a moment out of himself with the glad colours of hope and the sight of high, suggestive, and symbolic things. There are reasons, of course, why the ceremonial appearances of our aged and widowed Queen must be few and far between; but the Prince of Wales might do worse than give the matter some consideration.

Perhaps a more serious view of this question is that such pageants as that of Wednesday have an effect in conveying a vivid idea to the minds of people at home of the greatness of our Empire, while at the same time helping to gratify the local pride of the various Colonies and Dependencies